

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 22, 1953

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By Jane Wetherell

This above-average light novel tells the story of Emily Ashburn and Jim Riley in a pioneer settlement. Both are rather tragic figures in the beginning, but the unavoidable give and take in close association with other people at that isolated spot forces them to effort which results in success and happiness.

15/- from all Booksellers.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 22, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 8

A FUND FOR THE FUTURE

THE establishment of a Coronation Gift Fund to commemorate Queen Elizabeth's Coronation was a welcome step, sure of the warm support of all sections of the community.

Even more welcome is the practical form this commemoration will take.

In accordance with the Queen's wishes, the Fund will be devoted to the welfare of young Australian mothers and children.

One obvious cause of this Royal concern for maternal and child welfare is that the Queen is herself the young mother of young children, and as such can identify herself with every mother among her subjects.

But another cause stems from the down-to-earth view she unerringly takes of everything pertaining to the welfare of the people of her Commonwealth.

One of Queen Elizabeth's many shining qualities is an abundance of practical good sense that has become all too rare in this doubting, mixed-up world.

This good sense is nowhere more apparent than in the upbringing of her children.

She has perceived that a happy, healthy, self-reliant early childhood is the best possible training for adulthood, whether in the humblest occupation or for the exalted jobs the Royal children will inherit.

The use made of the Fund will respect the Queen's sound ideas. In building happy adults, it will also be—as she has wisely foreseen—an investment in the future of the nation.

Powerful character study set in dark ages

Book review by
GEORGINA MORLEY

THE disintegration of pagan Rome in the closing years of the fourth century and the emergence of Christianity from the ruins of the imperial splendor form the background of Robert Raynolds' powerful novel "The Sinner of Saint Ambrose."

Using a fictional character, the handsome pagan nobleman Gregory Julian, as the pivot of his story, the author gives an intimate picture of the lives of men and women caught up in the social, cultural, and spiritual revolution of their times.

It is history, well written, and in a form which should please the most modern reader.

Gregory Julian, nurtured in a world of luxury and convinced that life is a matter of rejoicing, is the equivalent of to-day's young man starting out with the illusion that birth and wealth will protect him from all troubles.

Gregory finds the world a hard school. He rises and he falls—but he also learns.

He marries the beautiful girl next door. In his case, "next door" is a palace equal in magnificence to the one owned by his father.

He is unfaithful to his wife again and again, but she is a powerful influence in his life.

In his search for adventure, Gregory is fre-

Our cover:

● Our cover this week shows one of the many lovely lampshades which Rene, our fashion artist, designed and tells you how to make in this issue. You will find the handicrafts section, where the other shades are featured, beginning in the middle of the paper, on pages 32 and 33.

This week:

● On pages 16 and 17 is a story from George McGann, of our New York staff, about the new United States Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Amos J. Peaslee, and his wife and daughter. The color pictures of the Peaslees and their delightful farm were taken for us by Mr. Stirling Macoboy, an Australian living in New York. Mr. Macoboy is not a professional photographer, but a very keen amateur. We have published several other examples of his work in previous issues.

Next week:

● As a special feature next week we give you 12 knitting and crochet designs for spring that at first sight will banish winter blues. New York air-mailed us for after-dark wear a lacy, light-as-air stole with hand-warming, angora pocketed borders as a glamorous wrap-around. Also from the U.S. is a striking new, tri-shaped shawl as well as a dramatic, black-and-white sweater. From Paris came a new, sleeveless, high-necked sweater—a real sophisticate—and a glittering evening affair. Instructions are also given for colorful light-weight sweaters and cardigans, many of them in several sizes.

A lovely dress and a lacy, guipure-like evening blouse are among the high-style fashions to crochet in cool cotton."

● There are many other ways of cooking fish besides coating it with batter and dropping it in hot fat. Next week our food and cookery experts present some most attractive ways of serving fish; planked flathead, for instance, or baked whiting prepared with mushrooms and white wine. These are recipes that you will want to keep by you.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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This fault is at times evident in "The Sinner of Saint Ambrose," but not enough to tarnish the story. It is offset by his complete absorption with humanity and his ability to subtly contrast the period of which he writes with to-day.

Published by Seeker & Warburg, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

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Over the fence

BY MARGOT NEVILLE

AS the train drew into the little station of East Winstead and Primrose Reed stood up to get out, the old gentleman in the seat opposite looked at her once again over his newspaper, his eyes resting on her lingeringly but discreetly.

Not often, he thought, that you had the luck to travel thirty miles into the country with a girl as charming as this one.

Pretty as a picture. Never had he seen anything better than those velvet-brown eyes and that cloth-of-gold hair. What in the world, though, would she have to be looking so unhappy about?

The train stopped. He opened the carriage door gallantly and watched the delicious creature out of sight along the platform and through the ticket barrier...

A love affair, he supposed... an unhappy love affair. Some worthless fellow on her mind, no doubt.

But it was nothing to do with love that was troubling Primrose as she crossed the road from the station and made her way up the main street. What was she going to do now was the thought that was running around inside that cloth-of-gold head. Had she really better give up the stage? Perhaps it had given her up! she thought bitterly.

The show had closed after a fortnight, her first decent part in an important production. A fortnight of glorious excitement, and then—crash!—here she was back home again. For how long, she wondered. Most of the cast had got other engagements, but nothing had come her way.

That notice, that cruel notice signed "Touchstone," in the "Weekly Echo" relegating her to the ranks of those pretty little amateurs who couldn't act and never would be able to!

Since that morning when she'd opened the "Echo" she hadn't been able to get it out of her mind. None of the notices for

"The Forbidden Hour" had been good, but it seemed to Primrose that the most stinging criticism had been reserved for just her, making even her doubt herself and wonder if those two years spent at the dramatic school, those struggles in Repertory had all been a hopeless waste of time.

Was that critic right, and was there to be no fame for her, no brilliant career with star parts, films, Hollywood?

Then if not—what? Domesticity, she supposed, a husband—the local doctor or solicitor or some such—and ending up where she'd started out from in this dead-and-alive little place, where her father and mother lived in cabbage-like contentment with their bridge and good works and prizes at the local flower show...

When the main street ended, Primrose continued along the road, with its neat cottages. And, presently, the cottages thinning out, small paddocks and a distant hill could be seen.

At the end of the road, where it curved and turned homewards, there was a small house—an old brick cottage with a worn brick path leading up from the gate to the door. Two rooms above and two below. The two old Miss Harrisons had lived there time out of mind.

Just a part of the landscape it had been to Primrose since first she had opened her eyes on this corner of the world. But to-day—

Well, for goodness' sake, she thought, catching sight of it out of the corner of her eye and suddenly remembering that one of the old ladies had died recently and the other had gone away.

She stopped short and stared up at it. Pale pink wash and peacock-blue doors and windows. Could you believe what

a lick of paint could do for a place? Completely transformed it was. The peach tree at the side was coming into bloom, pale pink against the sky. Altogether, the whole place looked quite different, quite cute and pretty.

In the garden, not far from the fence, a man was kneeling, planting a rose tree.

Primrose watched for a minute, watched him holding it upright, piling the earth

around the roots and stamping it down, a business demanding, apparently, so much concentration that he didn't seem to have heard her approach nor see her as she lingered, looking in from a few feet away.

Piling the earth high and solidly... Almost before she realised, she had spoken: "Look, you're doing that all wrong."

The silvery voice, too light in tone for a

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"Look," said Primrose in her silvery voice, "you're doing that all wrong."



ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

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FIRST BORN

By
Marion Valensi

ILLUSTRATED
 BY HEDSTROM

THAT morning, at breakfast, Robert sat alone with his father in the big, quiet dining-room. The door between the dining-room and the pantry swung to and fro silently while Mrs. Hansen served them.

It was the same as it had been each morning before his stepmother arrived, the same as it had been all the mornings in the year after his mother died.

Perhaps his stepmother had decided not to come down for breakfast any more. He hoped that she had, but he knew better. His stepmother would come down for breakfast every morning, just because his own mother never had.

"It's a fine morning," his father said. "Have you plans for the day?"

The boy nodded slightly, and his father continued: "Your mother wasn't feeling very well this morning. Mrs. Hansen will take her a tray later."

"I'm sorry. Has she a cold?" Robert asked. He couldn't make himself say "Mother."

"No, she hasn't a cold," his father said. "Just a little upset. She'll feel better later, I'm sure."

Robert felt the effort on both their parts to make talk. Before his mother died he had breakfasted with her in the small, bright sitting-room that overlooked the garden.

At eight-thirty, and on Saturdays and holidays later. He had been a small boy then, and happy. Everything about his mother had been happy.

Once he had heard his father say, "It might be good for the boy to know some discipline."

But his mother had said, "That will come in good time. Now it's more important for him to learn to get a little fun out of life. But I suppose you couldn't see that?" Then his mother had laughed up at his father and across at him like a little girl, but with a quiet look in her eyes.

Then he hadn't understood; but now, since he was older and since he had so much time alone to think about things, he thought he did understand.

His father and his mother had really been cross at each other. His father had not liked many things his mother did. He thought she was silly and too gay and too easy-going with the maid and with him.

And Robert knew now that his father realised that he was like his mother. For everyone said that the very first thing: "Robert is just like his mother, isn't he?"

His father always agreed: "Yes, he is, isn't he?" Then he would look at Robert and try to smile. But Robert knew he was trying.

Once Robert had heard his mother cry out, "Why did you ever marry? Why? You care nothing for me or your son, or for pleasure or anything on earth but a stethoscope!"

Then his mother had seen Robbie and laughed. But he knew now she hadn't meant to laugh; she had been crying.

Across the polished table his father was saying, "Robert, I had a letter to-day from your Uncle Harry, your mother's brother. He has invited you to spend the summer with him. When you were younger I wrote him that I didn't want you to go, but now that you are older I think you will have to decide for yourself." He stopped and looked at Robert, waiting.

For a second Robert didn't answer.

He guessed now since his father had a new wife he would like to be rid of him for the summer. He said, "Yes, I might like to go."

"I thought you might," his father said. "Well, make up your mind and write your uncle to-night."

Robert went back to thinking about his plans for the day. First he was going into the woods to pick violets, big, long-stemmed ones that grew at the stream's edge.

The spring his mother had died he had picked a huge bouquet of them for her. She had cupped them in her hands, looked at them as fondly as if they were purple jewels set in emerald leaves.

"Robbie, darling," she had cried, "they are my favorite flower. My mother used to wear them pinned to her grey fur. They make me think of the theatre and the beautiful shops, and Paris—"

Yes, he was going to pick violets and put them on his mother's grave.

His father was rising from the table. "Well, Robert, have a good day, and if you really want to visit your Uncle Harry, write the letter." Then his father looked down at his watch for too long a time. Robert sat very still, waiting.

"Robert," his father said, "you are not a child any more and you are a doctor's son. I think you should know that the reason your mother did not feel well this morning is because she is going to have a baby. I think you should know so that you can help her, be considerate. And, too, it may help you to make up your mind about this summer, about your Uncle Harry's invitation."

Robert's stomach tightened. So that was it. But it wasn't as if he hadn't been expecting it. Mrs. Hansen was forever saying, "You should be having a little brother. It isn't good for a lad to be an only child. And your stepmother is a fine woman; she'll make a fine mother."

It was as if on every side he was being told his mother had not been as good a wife as his stepmother. And now there would be a new baby, probably a fine boy who would look like his father.

And he would be smart and fine and sensible like his mother; not like Robert, who was like his own mother, who failed in history and caught cold easily, and got faint when Mrs. Hansen cut her finger, and could never remember dates or where he had put his galoshes.

He realised his father was speaking: "Well, aren't you pleased, Robert?"

"Yes, of course, Father," he said.

"Oh, yes," his father said. "Maybe you'd better plan to keep your mother company to-night. I'm going over to Milton for a consultation, and I'll be late coming home."

"I half promised Joe Braden to go to the pictures to-night, Father, but if you wish—"

"No, go ahead. I'm sure your mother won't want you to break your date. You won't be late, and Mrs. Hansen and Mister will be there."

Robert felt a little bit sorry he hadn't said he would stay at home. But he hadn't. He had felt as if he couldn't stand it to stay all evening with his stepmother and keep thinking about the baby.

Robert got up and went into the pantry carrying most of his cereal and cream out to the kitchen for Mrs. Hansen's dog, Mister. He walked carefully so as not to spill the cream on Mrs. Hansen's floors.

No one had ever kept house as perfectly as Mrs. Hansen. He remembered the day she had come with her suitcase and her funny-looking brown mongrel dog.

His father had said, "I like her. She's clean and capable and kind. You can see she is kind the way she treats that dog."

"Mother hated mongrel dogs," Robert said. "She liked thoroughbreds. She said the others were not to be trusted."

"Yes, I know," his father said. "But that isn't quite true. Some mongrels are brighter and more loyal than some purebreds. Dog are like people. Your mother probably didn't believe what she said. She often said things without really thinking." He had smiled.

Robert had hated his smile. It was as if his father was making fun of his dead wife.

Mrs. Hansen was mixing rolls. She wiped the flour off her hands and looked suddenly old and worried. She said, "Robert, Mister didn't come home this morning. He wasn't in his kennel and he wasn't at the door, I'm almost sick. That big dog of Maitlands', and all the cars. And Mister isn't young any more."

"Oh, he'll come back," Robert said. "Dogs find their way home. Mister's smart. He keeps out of the road. I'm going out on my bike. I'll look for him."

He did feel a little bit worried about Mister. It was hard not to like Mister, even if he was a mongrel.

Robert went out to the garage and got his bike. He rode the long way round and through the Marlin Road entrance to the woods, because he could ride in. He leaned his bike against a tree and climbed down the bank towards the stream where the violets grew.

When he had a large bunch of violets he put them carefully in the basket of his bike and covered them with his handkerchief. Then he rode out to the cemetery on the hilltop.

At first when Robert had come to the cemetery alone he had put his head down on his mother's grave and cried and thought only of her.

Now, as he fixed the violets, he thought of many things. He had to, for suddenly now his life was going to change. He would first of all write to his Uncle Harry to say he would visit him this summer.

And when he got there he would try to make his Uncle Harry keep him forever.

It was the only way. He couldn't stay here any longer living with his father and his stepmother and then their son, who would take his place and not always remind his father of his first wife.

Robert sat in the shaded, still cemetery and looked down at the town and wondered if anyone at all would miss him. He guessed his mother would have been the only one to miss him, the only one to seem to need him.

He remembered the night she had died, how she had called him into her room to zip up her white dress. "What would I ever do without you, Robbie?"

She had been so beautiful that night, so gay, not once cross with anyone. She had always been wonderful and happy when she was going to a party. His father had promised to take her.

Then he hadn't come home. All ready in her new white dress, his mother had

**Deep in his heart the boy
kept the precious memories
of the woman who had
been his real mother.**

began to walk up and down, when the telephone rang. Something had happened at the hospital, an emergency. His father had to operate.

His mother hadn't cried or stormed at all. She had just said sweetly, "All right, dear; don't worry. But I'm afraid you can't keep me at home this time."

What his father had said, Robert didn't know, but his mother had laughed. Then she had put on her coat, kissed Robert and told him to be a good boy, and she had caught up her keys to the little car and raced to the garage.

The party had been at Norton's big, new country house on Mountain Road, and it was a bad road. It hadn't been raining then, but the storm had come up suddenly.

When they found her, the men said that the rain had probably been so heavy that she hadn't seen the bridge. But Robert knew it was because she had been crying so hard she couldn't see the road.

It was past lunchtime when he got home, but Mrs. Hansen gave him some sandwiches and a piece of apple pie. Mister had not come back.

"I can't get my mind on my work," she said. "I'm just about wick. I keep running to the door thinking I hear him. Your mother was asking for you. She went down to the market."

"When she comes back tell her I've gone to the library," Robert said.

"Are you walking or riding your bike? If you walked you might go past Maitlands' and see if that big dog is there—" Mrs. Hansen started to cry and her hand shook as she picked up his plate.

Robert felt sorry for her. She loved that dog a lot. He said, "I'll walk. I'll look for him better than I did this morning."

On the way through the woods he called Mister time and again. Afterwards he stayed in the library until closing time, then began the loitering walk home. He kept whistling and calling Mister, but there was no sound but his own footfalls and the splash of the stones.

Suddenly, almost without knowing it, he was home. And his stepmother was on the porch. She didn't look sick. She looked just as usual, calm and brown and unworried.

"Hello, Rob," she said. "I haven't seen you all day. Have you had fun?"

"I've been in the library," he said. "And looking for Mister. He's lost."

"Yes, I know," she said. "Poor Mrs. Hansen. And on top of that, Rob, she has had more bad news. Her sister has had a heart attack. I let her go right away. I told her if we had any word about Mister we'd let her know. It was all I could do. Maybe I'm not as good a cook as Mrs. Hansen, but we'll manage."

She smiled as if it didn't matter at all, as if she knew she could cook and run the house as well as Mrs. Hansen. It seemed to Robert like bragging. He supposed his father had told her about the time their cook left when his mother was alive.

He remembered his mother trying to get the dinner and burning a cake and her hand, and trying to make something fancy with cheese and laughing and crying almost together.

Robert wondered if his stepmother knew about that night. Her smile was so satisfied, he guessed she did. He said, "My mother could



cook, too. She made waffles for Sunday night suppers." It wasn't a lie. She had, several times.

"How nice," his stepmother said. "Good waffles are an art." She smiled again as if she were amused, Robert thought.

"I'm not very hungry," he said. "Mrs. Hansen gave me a big lunch."

"Mrs. Hansen feeds us all well. But it has been a long time since lunch. I'll have our dinner ready in ten minutes. After dinner, if you like, we can go for a drive."

"I had half promised Joe to go to the pictures."

"Go right along," she said. "I don't mind being alone. You won't be late."

Robert went upstairs to wash. At dinner, he sat opposite his stepmother in the big quiet dining-room. The food was good. Thick chops and baked potatoes and fresh green peas. Gingerbread. He was hungry and wanted to eat plenty, but he wouldn't give her the satisfaction. But he guessed it didn't matter. She seemed not to notice what he ate.

After dinner he offered to help her dry the dishes. He remembered what his father had told him.

But she thanked him and said,

"I think Mister's eyes look better now," Robert's stepmother said. "He's breathing steadily, too."

"There are so few. I don't mind at all."

He got his bike and rode down to Joe's. On the way he stopped several times and called Mister. He looked at the side of the road with a kind of fear. What if he were to see a mangled little bundle of brown fur?

He guessed, even if he had been smart like his father, he could never make a doctor. He remembered how he had got faint and had to sit down when Mrs. Hansen cut her hand.

Joe was ready and they went on to the pictures. It was a good picture and seemed short. It came time to go home too soon. Joe asked him to come in and have a lemonade.

Robert wanted to go in and stay a long time, but he said, "No, thank you; I have a letter to write." But it wasn't just the letter to his Uncle Harry; it was because he had left her alone. He remembered what his father had said. He guessed it was his duty.

At home he found his stepmother

reading in the library. She said, "I'm glad you are back, Rob. It has been very quiet here without your father, or Mrs. Hansen, or Mister. You didn't see any trace of him, did you?"

His stepmother looked at him and he knew she was silently voicing his own fear, that Mister had been killed. A kind of loneliness held him, so that he almost wanted to stay down with her and talk. But he wouldn't give in.

He said, "If you will excuse me, I want to write a letter to my Uncle Harry. He has invited me to spend the summer holidays with him."

"Yes, I know," she said. "Do you want to go?"

"I want to go very much," he said.

For a minute she looked at him as if she were going to say something more; then she just said, "Well, since I have a man in the house now, I think I'll go to bed. Your father may be late. Suppose we just lock up and leave the hall light burning and go up together?"

"I'd better take another look out

the back door to see if there is any sign of Mister," he said.

"Yes," she said. "We'd better."

She went with him to the back door. Robert called out, but his voice seemed very small thrown out into the darkness. How could Mister ever hear him? He said, "I'm afraid he may never come back."

"Oh, I hope he does," she said. "Mrs. Hansen loves him so much. It is a terrible thing to love even an animal so much."

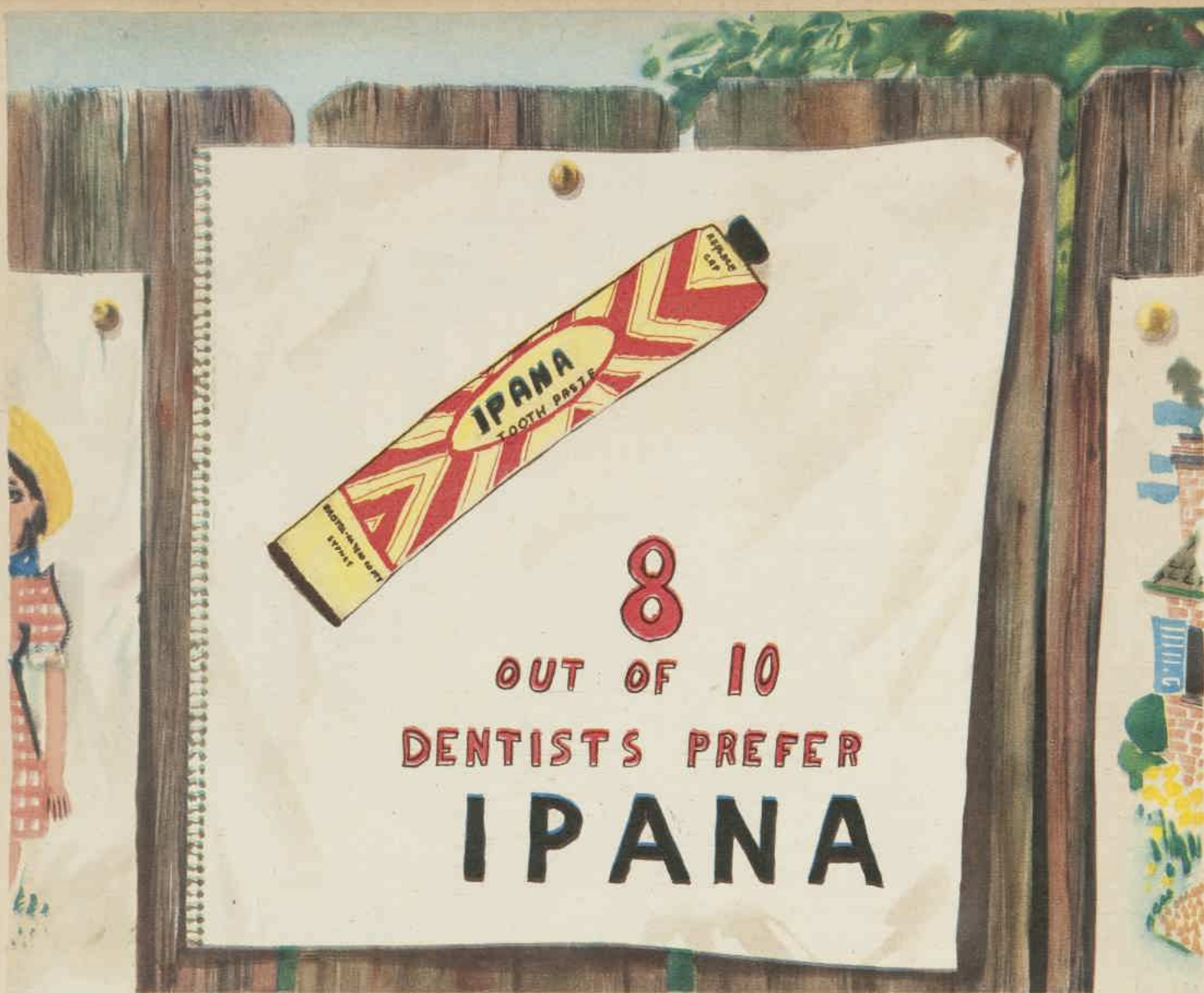
And her voice sounded small and lonely too, so that for a moment he felt an odd kindness towards her. But he just said, "Yes, I know. I loved my mother very much." And like a flash the moment was gone. She was his enemy again.

In his own room Robert prepared to write the letter. It seemed to take him a long time to get everything together on his desk.

Then, suddenly, he heard something outside. A kind of whimpering. He felt scared. What if it were Mister, and what if he were hurt and bleeding?

He stood still and listened again. It was Mister. All at once he didn't want to go down alone. He went

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Simple truths are the most significant

When young Timothy Wright, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., completed the design shown above and entered it in a children's poster competition, he did not contemplate any likelihood of his work being published in a magazine circulating all over Australia!

Actually, the original design bore the caption, "Use Ipana daily for brighter teeth and healthier gums," but, although a very sound thought, we felt that this statement was not as important as the fact that 8 out of 10

Australian dentists prefer IPANA toothpaste—so, at our request, Tim altered the lettering.

That we should reproduce Timothy's poster is merely incidental, but the boy's choice of a subject was *not*. The significance of the fact that 8 out of 10 Australian dentists prefer Ipana is recognised by tens of thousands of parents in every State. As a result, Ipana always—and rightly—dominates the picture as far as dental hygiene is concerned.



Timothy Wright.

8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA

In an independent survey, over 8 out of 10 dentists recommending a particular toothpaste recommended IPANA above any other brand.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1953

CRASH LANDING

DYEA was the first to speak. "Don't anyone move." His voice was quiet, and its calm destroyed the moment of panic. "The plane may be resting insecurely, yet there need be no danger if we act carefully. I will investigate."

With infinite care, he straightened himself from his seat, glancing briefly at the wreckage of the nose. There was no possibility that the pilot or co-pilot was alive. The stewardess, crouched, looked towards him uncertainly.

"Miss Taylor, I was an officer in the Army and I've some experience with this sort of thing. If all will co-operate, we will be all right."

He could see the relief in her eyes. "Sit still," he said. "I'll only be a moment. The plane is resting, I believe, on a mountainside. Its position may be precarious."

The crashed airliner lay on the mountain, and could be no more than a dozen feet from the crest of the ridge. Balancing his weight, he crossed to the door. Fortunately, it had not jammed. The wind seemed to have lulled, and he stepped out.

Snow swirled around him and he looked down into an awful void that dropped away beneath the very tail of the plane. For a long moment he stared, awed by what he could realise rather than see. The slightest gust of wind or concerted movement could start the plane sliding, and it would fall off into the back void.

Yet, where he stood, the rock was solid, covered only by a thin coating of ice and snow. He checked the position of the cliff edge and the area nearest the crashed plane. Then he returned to the door.

Five faces turned to stare at him. "You will move one at a time, and at my direction. The plane is in an extremely dangerous position. If there is any scramble it may start sliding. You, in the right front seat, rise carefully."

A voice came from the seat where no face showed. "I can't move. You must all go first."

"Thank you," Dyea looked at a fat man who was near the door. "You, sir, will begin. Bring your pillow and blanket with you."

As if hypnotised, the man rose from his seat. Patiently he gathered the blanket and pillow under his arm, moved to the door. Dyea said: "Walk ten steps forward, then three to the left. There is a rock there that will protect us from the wind."

The man moved away and Dyea turned to the next. Only when the five capable of moving had left the plane did Dyea look to the hostess. "Gather all the remaining blankets and pillows and pass them to me."

"What about this man?" She indicated the front seat.

"He must wait. All our lives are in danger, for we may still die of cold and exposure. We must think first of the greatest number. When you have given me all blankets and coats, then get your first-aid kit and as much food as you can. Don't forget the plane is resting upon the very lip of a cliff that is more than 600 feet high."

Dyea looked towards the seat where the remaining occupant sat. "My friend, moving you is going to be extremely dangerous. I shall move you myself. We may both die, so think of any message you may want to send."

"And you?" The voice was calm. "There is no one," Dyea said quietly, "anywhere, who cares about me. I am quite alone."

Steadily, the stewardess made her trips. A dozen blankets, food, then medicine. One of the men appeared out of the darkness and accepted an armful of blankets. "One per person," Dyea said, "then a second as far as they go."

"May I help?" "No. The added weight and movement would only increase the risk. Are any others alive?"

She looked into several of the seats, then touched the wrist of one seat that showed him only a thin hand.

"Yes, this girl is alive!"

"Good. Come out. If the plane carries away," he advised, "you will keep these people huddled together until daylight. It's now three o'clock in the morning. It will begin to grow light shortly after six, and then move eastward along the ridge."

"When you have gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, you will be away from this precipice. You will then angle down the mountain towards the trees. Once there, build a fire and build a shelter."

"All right. Good luck."

"Thanks. I'll move the injured man first."

"I'll wait."

"No," Dyea said. "Now, your name and address, please? And any message for the stewardess?"

There was a moment of silence. "I am Victor Barclay, of Barclay and Paden, Attorneys. My wife and children are living in Brentwood."

Miss Taylor turned her eyes to the big man beside her. "And you, sir?"

"No message."

"Your name?"

"It doesn't matter."

"But I would like to know!"

He smiled. She saw it clearly in the moonlight. "Why, of course! For you. My name is Dyea." He hunched his shoulders against the cold. "Go now."

When the girl was gone, Dyea stepped into the ship. With the decrease of weight, the situation was even more precarious. He walked carefully to the seated man. Both his legs were broken. "All right, Barclay," Dyea said, "I am going to pick you up. It will hurt, but you must hold yourself very still. If you move you will over-balance me and I'll fall, and that would start the plane sliding."

Dyea's eyes flickered for the first time. He looked down the plane towards the tail, then at the door. Setting his feet carefully, he stooped and picked up the injured man.

As he straightened, he felt a sickening sensation of movement beneath him. He stood, holding the lawyer as if he were a child. The move-



Illustrated by
Edmund Spenser

ment stopped with a faint grating sound; turning, Dyea took his first step. As he put down his foot with the combined weight of nearly 400 pounds, he felt the plane shift beneath him.

He moved again and again. The plane was still. He stepped out into the snow and walked to the huddle of figures by the rock.

Placing Barclay on a coat, he said: "I think both thighs are fractured. Keep him very warm and set the legs if you can."

Barclay looked up. "Don't go back," he said. "That little girl may not be alive by now."

"It's no matter. I'm going back."

"Don't be a fool, man!" Barclay burst out. "The plane almost went with us. It won't stand any more moving around. There's no use losing two lives when the one may go, anyway."

Dyea walked away quietly, entered the plane and went gently to

When I pick you up, it may slip. You must hold very still."

"Perhaps I can walk."

"No. If you fell, the shock would start us moving. I must carry you."

"You're very brave."

"No, I'm not. I'm very scared."

"You're risking your life for me."

"You're a romantic child. And, believe me, the risk is much less than you might suppose."

He had been on one knee, talking to her. Now he slid an arm beneath her legs and another around her body under her arms. An arm slid trustfully around his neck and he got carefully to his feet.

He stood still looking towards the door. It was seven steps, every step an increasing danger.

She said: "Isn't it strange? I'm not afraid any more."

"I wish I could say I wasn't."

He took his first step, placing his foot down carefully, then, shifting his weight, he swung the other leg.

Then he swung the right and again the left. Nothing happened. He took a deep breath, looked at the black rectangle of the door, then took another step.

The plane quivered slightly. The movement was only a tremor, but immediately he stepped again.

Under his feet, the plane started to move, and he knew instantly that this time it was going all the way. He lunged at the door and shoved the girl out into the snow.

The nose of the plane was sliding down while the tail held almost still; fortunately it was swinging in an arc opposite from where the girl had fallen.

Then the plane slid over the edge of the cliff. As it fell free, Dyea, with one agonised, fear-driven snap of his muscles, sprang upward and outward into the blackness.

"Isn't it strange," said the girl to Dyea, "I'm not afraid any more."

There was one awful instant when, hands spread high and wide, he seemed to be hanging in space. He clutched, grabbing a finger-hold just as he began to fall. His arms gave a frightful jerk, but he held himself, swinging over a vast emptiness.

The moon came from under a cloud and he started upward. He was no more than four feet below the edge, and the cliff before him was not as sheer as it was where his feet dangled in space. The brow sloped steeply back, and on the very edge was the girl, peering over at him.

"I'll get help," she said.

"No." He knew his fingers would not retain their hold. "Can you brace yourself against something? Get your heels dug in?"

She glanced around, then nodded. "Then slip out of your coat and lower the end towards me. Hang on tight, but if you feel yourself going, just let go."

His numbed fingers were slipping in their icy crack. The wind whipped at his mouth, taking his breath.

Then the coat slapped him in the face. He let go with one hand and swung it around and up, grasping the suede coat. He felt the weight hit her, but she held it.

Carefully, he drew himself up, hand over hand. When his feet were in the crack where his fingers had been, he climbed over and lay beside her in the snow.

"I never was an Army officer," he said. "I never was anything."

His arm was stretched out and his cuff pulled back. He could see the dial on his watch. It was just 11 minutes past three.

(Copyright)

A short story complete on this page
By LOUIS L'AMOUR

the girl's seat. As he bent to look at her, she opened her eyes and looked right into his.

"Don't move," he said. "There has been an accident."

In the plane, the moonlight shone through the windows. "I know it." He went on: "Several of the passengers were killed, but six have been removed and are safe. If you and I can get out, we will be safe, too, and we are the last."

Her eyes were wide and grey. They bothered him, somehow. They reminded him of other eyes. "Where are we?"

"On a high mountain. It is cold and the wind is blowing hard. The ship is on the edge of a high cliff."

JOURNEY'S EVE

Beginning our romantic three-part serial

By ELIZABETH CADELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

THE college—occupied, an hour ago, by four hundred young men and women—was now nearly deserted. Only the professors were left in their residential quarters on the top floor, completing their packing before leaving for the Easter Vacation.

Out in the forecourt were coaches which drove away, one by one, to the station, boisterous students filling them to capacity, and stragglers clinging precariously to the doors. As they went, they took with them the babel of shouts and laughter and left the peace and calm of the lovely spring day.

The college was situated in the village of Benham, which, though not many miles from London, was peculiarly difficult of access. All its students were non-resident and found the daily journeys lengthy and tedious, but the professors were free from any difficulties of the kind, and continued to enjoy the country air and delightful views without troubling themselves over these difficulties.

The bustle of departure over, the lovely old house settled into its original isolation and calm. Only three vehicles now stood in the court—two were venerable machines used as taxis; the third was a long, low sports car, and towards this a young man was walking, his arms laden with books.

Half way across the square, he paused, and commonsense asserted itself; turning back, he let the books tumble in a cascade on the lowest of the long flight of stone steps, and then walked with a free, light tread to where his car stood. His carefree manner, the jauntiness of his gait, and above all the melodious trills he whistled as he went, all pointed to one fact; he was very happy.

He had, indeed, more than a vague sense of well-being; driving round to the steps and getting out to pick up his books, his feelings became stronger and stronger and at last overflowed into speech.

"This," he said, looking about him with satisfaction, "is a peach of a day! An absolute corker," he added, hurling the last book into what went by the name of the back seat. He settled himself at the wheel and sat for a few moments taking in the stillness and beauty of the countryside. It seemed a pity to be going back to London on a day like this—a day that had shone out, suddenly and brilliantly, after the gloom of winter.

He looked at the fresh green of the trees, at the lake shimmering in the sun. He had never noticed well, no, he remembered, he hadn't been here last spring, and next spring would find him settled in Africa, with an interesting tan and a supply of linen suits. It wouldn't be a nice friendly sun like this. It wouldn't be a soft English countryside.

He was glad to have seen the college like this—calm, quiet, and sunlit—on his last day here. For this was his last day: the books behind him were closed—he hoped—for ever. He had not enjoyed his studies, but he could congratulate himself on having passed his examinations.

It was not a very good pass; he stood three hundred and thirtieth in a list of three hundred and eighty—but it was a pass. His mother would be pleased—when she recovered from her surprise.

His pleasure in the day, or his pride in his prowess, resolved itself into an idea that it was selfish to drive up to London alone. He could give someone a lift—he could take three, in fact, but not three professors; professors wouldn't fold very well into the back seat. But there was comfort for one in the seat beside him, and the professor coming out of the building at this moment was the one it would afford him the most pleasure to take. Raising his voice, he called an invitation.

"Want a lift, sir?"

The thin, clever face of the professor turned towards the speaker, studying for a moment the powerful little car and its good-looking young owner. At last the old man came down the steps.

"Ah—thank you. Have you room for me?"

"Plenty, sir. Have you any luggage?"

"Where would you put it if I had?" inquired the professor grimly, eyeing the seating accommodation of the car.

"I can take all you've got, sir."

"Thank you. But as it happens, I've just a small case. It'll go nicely in that little slit at the back."

"Shall I fetch it for you, sir?"

"No, no, no—no, thank you. The porter has it in the hall. If you will shout to him—"

Paul Saxon raised his voice in a carrying roar.

"Zac-har-i-as."

An old Negro appeared at the top of the steps, took in the situation, vanished, and reappeared with a small, shabby suitcase.

"Thank you, Zacharias." Professor Beardsley fumbled in his pocket and produced a coin. "Thank you. Good-bye. I shall be back in about three weeks."

Paul slowed down as he passed a tall man walking towards a taxi, and lowered his voice to a pitch suited to the Head. "Good-bye, sir, and thank you."

"Ah, Saxon? Good-bye, good-bye." Paul stopped the car and reached out for a final handshake. "You go off to Africa in, I think, a month?"

"Five weeks, sir."

"Five weeks. Well, good luck to you."

"Thanks, sir." Paul drove away, and was pleasantly surprised to hear a last hail—"Ah, and Saxon—congratulations."

Paul, settling back for the drive, felt a glow of achievement. Decent of him, he reflected with gratitude—he'd thought at first there might have been a touch of sarcasm in that last—but no. He'd looked, and the

old Head had been entirely sincere. Three hundred and thirtieth . . . Congratulations . . . it had a fine ring . . . congratulations!

Pride put the touch to his emotions, and they welled up once more to the point at which he must give them vent. It was a lovely day; he was free for five weeks; beyond collecting his tropical kit, he hadn't a thing on his hands except enjoyment. There were a great many shows he wanted to see, and a number of girls he might take to see them. He thought it a pity that there was no special girl.

There would have been a touch of bitterness to flavor the sweet if there had been one special girl to leave behind—but he had never wanted to single out just one girl. Once, when he met Nancy . . . and he'd wondered sometimes whether Priscilla wasn't growing on him . . . and when he saw Sue on skis that day in St. Moritz . . . and nobody had ever danced as well as Carol. On the whole, perhaps, he'd got further with Brenda than

This is a charming, light-hearted story which begins with the announcement of young Sir Paul Saxon's engagement to a girl he had never even heard of.

with any other girl . . . and Ursula—

Ursula. At the thought of Ursula, a tiny cloud appeared in the day's sunshine. She was a good-looking girl, Paul admitted to himself. He knew—if chivalry permitted a man to know—that she would have married him if he had asked her—but he had not asked her. His Uncle Oswald, he knew, had had great hopes . . . but he was not going to marry to please his Uncle Oswald. He put the thought of Uncle Oswald aside and addressed his passenger.

"Too fast for you?" he inquired.

"Fast? Oh, no, no, no," said the professor, "I like to go fast. Tell me, are you going out to Africa by sea?"

"No, sir—air. It gives me more time at home."

They talked easily, and Paul had a moment's regret that he was to see no more of this old man sitting beside him, his threadbare overcoat across his knees. The professors had been, on the whole, he thought, a good lot, but he had from the first found Professor Beardsley most to his liking.



Paul turned his eyes away from Madame de Brulais to watch the girl, the slim girl in a black suit, hurry through the room.

There had sprung up a pleasant friendship between the thin, shabby, precise teacher and himself, and Paul had spent a great many afternoons in the professor's room on the top floor of the college, sharing his tea and buns. He was on the point of asking him to pay a visit to his home when the old man spoke.

"I shall be away for the next three weeks, I'm afraid, so there'll be no opportunity of seeing you, but I should like you, if you will, to come and say good-bye to me before you go."

"Of course, sir."

"I shall be in my room at the college." The professor extracted a card from a wallet and handed it to Paul. "There—to remind you."

"I shan't need reminding, sir. I won't forget to come."

Professor Beardsley smiled. "You won't forget to-day or to-morrow—

but next week or the week after—well, you might. But I shall look forward to seeing you, if you do remember."

"I'll certainly come," Paul promised, but he slowed down at the outskirts of London. "Where would you like to be dropped, sir?"

"Oh—Victoria Station, please. Is that out of your way?"

"No, of course not."

Paul put down his passenger at the station and went in the direction of his home, making an impulsive detour in order to look at his favorite park—St. James'. The spring flowers looked enchanting, and he decided that he would drive his mother here to see them. It was not far to walk, but walking was not among her chief pleasures. He thought of her with affection—and some amusement. He could see, as he grew older, how alien an element she must have been when his father brought her among the Saxons twenty-eight years ago.

The brisk, efficient, spare-living Saxons . . . and lovely, indolent Elaine Stead, twenty years junior to her husband. Paul gave a chuckle of mirth. It must have been an interesting time. His father had been dead for ten years; Paul had been sixteen when he died, but remembered him as being like all the Saxons—tall, quiet, reserved, humorless.

He wondered how much his mother would miss him when he went to Africa. At any rate, she had a great many sources of comfort. There was his sister Philippa, who was now eighteen, and had inherited not only her mother's beauty but a good share of the Saxon commonsense. Since there were, to Paul's knowledge, at least three young men anxious to persuade her to leave her mother's home for one of her own, it did not appear likely that she would be with Elaine much longer, but if she did marry, there remained Barney, who was only ten and not likely to leave home—except during school terms—for a considerable time.

There was Petunia, his mother's old Jamaican nurse, who was now not only the cook, but the family's self-appointed adviser; finally, there was Lotus, Petunia's sister, as dark as Petunia and as devoted. While they remained—and nothing, Paul thought, could ever move them—his mother could not be lonely.

Whistling cheerfully, he drew up outside his home at Number 16 Lowndes Crescent and let himself in. Once in the hall, however, the whistling stopped abruptly, and Paul, after pausing to listen for a moment to the sounds issuing from the drawing-room, edged cautiously towards the passage leading to the kitchen quarters. Pushing open the kitchen door, he addressed the stout colored woman in low tones.

"Visitors, Petsy?"

Petunia looked round, her face breaking into a wide grin.

"Well, natcherly, visitors," she said, with the easy familiarity with which she and her sister always spoke. "Your Uncle Hugo and y' Aunt Louise—but that's only the beginning. Jest you wait—they'll all be round."

"All be round? Be round what for?" inquired Paul impatiently. "There's nothing going on, is there, Petsy? I'm hungry and I want my lunch—in fact, I had an idea of taking Mother out."

"She'll need taking out," observed Petunia. "They've been here this past hour."

"Where're the others?" asked Paul.

"Miss Phil's in the drawing-room with them, and so's Mrs. Barney, and that's where you should be, too," replied Petunia. "They're all waiting for you."



The door opened to admit Lotus, who was carrying a tray of glasses. Paul looked at it in astonishment, counting the glasses aloud.

"—three, four. You mean they've all been in there for an hour drinking sherry?" he asked in astonishment.

Lotus grinned as broadly as her sister.

"You jes' go on in," she urged. "They'll all have something to say to you, with your keeping it so dark. Go on in."

Paul looked at her in astonishment.

"Keeping what dark?" he inquired.

The answer, which did nothing to lessen his bewilderment, came in the form of a burst of delighted laughter from the two handmaids.

"Don't you go tryin' to hide it any more, you there," admonished Petunia. "It's all out now, open's daylight."

"But you should have told your mother," said Lotus more seriously.

"Yes," corroborated Petunia. "You should've told Miss 'Laine." His mother persistently remained "Miss Elaine" to Petunia.

"All right," said Paul patiently. "I should have told her. Told her what?"

A fresh burst of mirth followed this question, and Lotus took from the tray the morning paper she had brought out of the drawing-room and dropped it on to the kitchen table. Paul glanced at the date; to-day's.

"There"—she tapped it with a broad forefinger—"I tell you we've all seen it, and now you needn't go pretending. You go on in there and let 'em all congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" Paul's jaw dropped. "But—I only heard myself this morning, just before I left college. The results can't be in the paper yet—if they put them in at all, which isn't likely."

"Results? Results?" Lotus spoke impatiently. "Who's talking 'bout results? Nobody cares for any results after reading 'bout you in the paper. Come on now and don't keep it up so long. Only, as I say, you should've told Miss 'Laine."

"For heaven's sake"—Paul's tone

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was one of exasperation—"will you two tell me what you're talking about?"

"Talking about?" repeated Petunia indignantly. "Don't you go treating me as if I didn't know what went on in this family. I'll show you what we're talking about."

She picked up the paper, folded it with a jerk, and handed it to him, her brown thumb indicating an announcement in the Engagements column. Paul took the paper and read the paragraph she indicated, and, as he read, the kitchen seemed to perform a slow, revolving movement and come to rest with a grinding jar.

The paragraph read: "The engagement is announced between Sir Paul Saxon, Bt., elder son of the late Sir Bartholomew Saxon, Bt., and of Lady Saxon, of 16 Lowndes Crescent, S.W. 1, and Helga, only daughter of Madame de Brulais, of 89 Selcourt Street, S.W.3."

It looked very nice indeed, and there was only one thing wrong with it.

He had never in his life heard of Madame de Brulais or her daughter Helga.

Sir Bartholomew Saxon, eleventh Baronet, had been the eldest of a family of five, all of whom reached middle age without marrying. They lived together in the large family mansion in Berkshire in which they had been born and in which it seemed likely that they would stay until they died.

The Saxons were proud of their history and achievements; if there had been nothing notable, there was at all events nothing discreditable. They had prospered, and they had served their country well. There had been a Saxon at Crecy, at Agincourt, and at Waterloo—with what results the world could judge. And although nobody would under-estimate the weight of America's contribution in turning the tide of later conflicts, nobody could ignore the fact that Bartholomew Saxon had arrived at the theatre of war at exactly the same moment as the G.I.'s.

To this family, upright, deep-rooted and rigorous, Bartholomew brought his lovely young wife, settling her in the Berkshire mansion now vacated by his brothers and sisters; Oswald and Julia had moved to Norfolk and were living together there; Louise was keeping house for Hugo in Dorset. The newlyweds could not have been more opposite in type, but, in spite of gloomy prophecies, the marriage was a happy one.

Now, in this London home ten years after her husband's death, there was always serenity in the air; nobody could fail to notice it as they entered the hall, and it acted upon the Saxons—and upon Oswald Saxon in particular—as a strong irritant.

Julia and Oswald seldom came to London, and were rarely seen at Lowndes Crescent; between them and Elaine there was little cordiality. With Louise and Hugo, on the other hand, she was on much warmer terms. They had—in spite of the city fog—come to London a few years after Elaine, and had bought the house next door. This propinquity, far from producing any additional coolness, had had the unusual effect of creating something very like

affection between the two families.

Louise lost none of her deep-rooted suspicion of all the traits that characterised her sister-in-law; she thought her idle, useless, and an over-indulgent mother. But if she did not understand Elaine, she found herself—almost unwillingly—growing fond of her; and Elaine, on her side, grew fond of Louise. She liked her blunt honesty and admired her sound common-sense. For Hugo she had always felt an affectionate pity, for Hugo had lost, at the outset of a promising military career, the arrogance and self-confidence that characterised most of the Saxons.

Exactly what had happened, Elaine did not know; even Bartholomew had known little of the affair. There had been a breath of scandal, quickly hushed; Hugo, who had been serving in Burma, was recalled and, a short time later, had sent in his papers and settled down to civilian life.

Nobody ever spoke of the unhappy incident, but Elaine saw its effects in Hugo's renunciation of his place as elder brother, and Oswald's accession to a position from which he felt entitled to dictate to the family.

A general, long retired, Oswald now assumed command, and—whenever an opportunity occurred—issued orders. Louise and Hugo bore his overbearing manner in grim silence, and Elaine and her family bore it with their characteristic equanimity.

Elaine's children had inherited their mother's looks and temperament, but there was, fortunately, a strain of Saxon commonsense in them all. Paul, at twenty-six, was the first Saxon to break the family's military tradition; he had joined the Colonial Service and was to leave in a few weeks for Africa.

Philippa appeared to Louise to do as little as her mother, and to do it as gracefully, but nobody could accuse the ten-year-old Barney of idleness, for every room in the house bore evidences of his industry. He was of a mechanical turn of mind, and from his earliest years had shown great aptitude in making structures which were not only models of ingenuity, but also of great assistance to him in his daily life.

Miniature cranes hoisted the marmalade jar at breakfast and laid it—more often than not—beside his plate. The soap in his bathroom ran down a chute into the bath and returned by a different route to the soap dish. He had mechanical devices for selecting volumes from the shelves in the library and for transferring lumps of coal from the drawing-room coal scuttle to the fire.

By his own family, Barney's hobby was regarded as harmless, and by no means to be discouraged; it was a pity that Uncle Oswald had tripped over the mechanical bellows and entangled himself in the system of communications in the cloak-room, but life couldn't be re-organised to suit Uncle Oswald.

When the news of Paul's engagement burst on the family, it appeared likely that Oswald's feelings would have to be shown more consideration. The an-

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nouncement had appeared on a Friday morning, and, ten minutes after reading it, Paul had resolved to go to the address in Selcourt Street and confront the unknown Madame de Brulais and her daughter.

Hugo, however, had begged him to wait. Nothing should be done without placing the facts before Oswald and the family lawyer.

"And what use will they be?" demanded Paul. "All they'll do will be—"

"This isn't a matter solely between you and this Madame de Brulais," pointed out Hugo. "There's probably blackmail behind it, and all sorts of complications. You can't act alone—you've got to have backing; legal backing; family backing."

"You mean Uncle Oswald, I suppose?"

"Yes, I do. He—"

"He'll come rushing up to London and he'll line us all up on a parade ground and—"

"I admit that your uncle Oswald's methods seem a little dictatorial, but he knows what he's talking about. He'll give you good advice, and if I were you I'd take it for once. This is an ugly business—a public linking of your name with heaven knows what kind of people, for heaven knows what motive. I suppose you're quite certain that you never by any chance—"

"I never even heard of them before," stated Paul for perhaps the twentieth time. "If you'll only let me drive round there and see—"

"No. I can't stop you," said Hugo. "I can only tell you what I think's best. Your Uncle Oswald will get here as soon as he can; wait and at least hear what he's got to say."

"I know exactly what he'll say," said Paul broodingly. "I can hear him saying it."

OSWALD was at that moment saying it to his sister Julia. The news of Paul's engagement brought to all branches of the family a strong feeling of surprise, but to Oswald Saxon there was added a particular and bitter disappointment: Paul's failure to marry the girl picked out by Oswald as the perfect bride, a young woman he considered peculiarly fitted to become a Saxon wife.

The Honorable Ursula Henington had more than birth and beauty to recommend her; she was the daughter of Lord Quillerby, who was one of Oswald's oldest friends; Oswald was godfather to both Ursula and Paul, and he had, with what he considered consummate tact and generalship, succeeded in bringing them together in a seemingly casual way.

Now, to open his newspaper and be confronted, without warning, by the announcement of his nephew's engagement to a woman nobody had ever heard of roused him to fury.

"I'll go up to-night," he said. "I'll stay at the club and go along to the house first thing to-morrow morning. To-morrow's Saturday, but that can't be helped."

"Well, I won't come with you," said Julia. "Elaine always irritates me, as you know,

and those children get on my nerves. I'm not sure that you going up will do any good."

"I shall certainly go up," said Oswald irritably. "The family has a right to know who this Helga de Brulais is."

"Paul may have said something to Hugo and Louise."

"Nonsense; I saw Hugo in Jermyo Street three days ago—do you think he would keep a thing like this from me? Certainly not; he's got too much family feeling."

Julia poured out a cup of coffee and handed it to her brother.

"You're disappointed about Ursula," she said with her usual directness and lack of tact.

"Certainly I'm disappointed," he acknowledged angrily. "She's the only woman of any background I ever knew him to associate with."

He went up to London that evening and, early on the following morning, marched—tall, distinguished, plainly outraged—up the steps of Number Sixteen. In the drawing-room he found Elaine and her three children and Hugo and Louise; ten minutes later he was in possession of all the astounding facts: his nephew knew nothing of the announcement, knew nothing of Madame de Brulais or her daughter; had never been to Selcourt Street, far less entered Number 89.

The announcement—Oswald himself summed up at last—was a complete fabrication, a gross insult, a monument of impertinence, and a thrust at the integrity of the entire family.

Having delivered himself of this pronouncement, he took a little time to think. Since his entrance, he had assumed, as usual, his self-appointed position as the family head and spokesman. He addressed the assembled company with authority, and they sat round him with varying feelings of boredom or resentment, but with outward courtesy and attention.

Elaine sat quietly beside Paul on the sofa; Barney sat cross-legged at their feet, working at the beginnings of a labor-saving device which was to save everybody the trouble of passing the potatoes at lunch. Philippa was curled up on a chair opposite. Hugo and Louise, stiff and upright in straight-backed chairs, watched their brother with expressionless faces.

Since the announcement of the engagement had appeared the day before, Hugo had maintained an unceasing interest in the affair. He had, yesterday, discussed it without pause. Throughout the previous day, the telephone had shrilled with Saxons demanding explanations or offering congratulations, until Paul had at last instructed Petunia to pick up the receiver, announce the family's absence from home, and ring off without taking a message.

His brain was weary with bewilderment and speculation; if they would all go away and leave him alone, he would drive round to this Madame de Brulais at the address given and find out who she was, if she was, for he felt convinced that the announcement would prove to be a joke—a joke in deplorable taste, perpetrated by some of his friends as a form of send-off before his departure to Africa.

He came out of his musings to attend to Oswald's question. "You mean to tell me—General Saxon was plainly prepared to place little reliance on the reply—"You mean to tell me that you have no knowledge of this girl or her family?"

"None," Paul spoke with a certain terseness. "I've told you none whatsoever."

"My dear fellow, you must

To page 47

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





MICHAEL SHERARD'S glamorous pure white evening cape falls to the ground in heavy folds. An English rose motif in pastel sequins is worked around the shoulder yoke. The cape is designed to wear with Sherard's white model, far right.



MICHAEL AT LACHASSE design for a town suit and matching cape in purple-and-white tweed. The jacket moulds the waist, has sharp revers and matching slant pockets. The black-lined cape matches the hat. The skirt is slim.



MICHAEL SHERARD uses white wool taffeta for an arresting floor-length evening dress. The skirt has three shaped tiers of shell pleating. Three tiers of pleating outline the bodice, which is embroidered in pastel-colored sequins.

London designers present . . .

GLAMOR IN WOOL



● The five models here, created by London's most important designers, were chosen from a collection of fashions sponsored by the International Wool Secretariat. "Wool — the wealth of the Commonwealth" — was the theme of the collection, which included superb tweeds and gossamer-like wools.

WORTH OF LONDON designed the ballet-length theatre dress, left, made in rose-red wool chiffon. The model has a low draped bodice and long sleeves heavily encrusted with gold and silver beads and sequins.

②

NORMAN HARTNELL'S gossamer feather-light wool dinner-gown (right) is moulded to the figure and trimmed with matching fox fur. The cape is completely lined with sequins, and can also be worn in reverse.



Ball was gay end to Wimbledon

By JEAN SEDGMAN, in London

The Wimbledon Ball was as grand and fabulous as ever this year. I felt rather lonesome without Frank, who was still touring Canada, but the Australian party wouldn't hear of my staying at the hotel and made me accept a seat at their table.

It was all very exciting.

AS Maureen Connolly, a woman champion, came down the stairs of Grosvenor House ballroom, everyone stood at his or her table and clapped and cheered her right down to her own table.

She looked lovely in a pink strapless dress with a hoop in the skirt. The applause was full honors to player and designer Teddy Tmling.

Teddy had designed gowns for Maureen and for a number of others.

Two other Australian tennis girls, Ann Goldsworthy, from Melbourne, and Margaret Fisher, from New South Wales, were there, too — Ann in a sweet dress of white tulle and Margaret in lemon.

There were cheers too for Wimbledon champion Vic Seixas and his wife, Dolly Ann, who wore a stunning white strapless brocade ballerina dress trimmed with white linen.

Julie Sampson, another American youngster, looked very sweet in strapless lilac colored tulle, trimmed with pink satin.

I am mentioning a lot of players—believe me, they did take the honors, and were exceptionally lovely.

But for all the fashion interest, by far the biggest ovation was given to woman finalist Doris Hart. Despite her loss to "Little Mo," Doris had helped to provide the most exciting and best women's

tennis final Wimbledon had seen for many years.

"Little Mo" made the first speech of the evening. She galloped through a hundred words in less than 30 seconds, it seemed, and left all of us a little breathless.

When the ball ended at 1 a.m. Vic and Dolly Ann decided to keep the party going, so ten of them trooped off to one of London's most exclusive clubs—the Millroy.

There Vic was congratulated again by Lex Barker, who was at the club with Lana Turner. Lex and Lana had been at Wimbledon on several days.

Early start

THE Seixas party finished at 4 o'clock in the morning and I felt sorry for Julie Sampson, who had to catch a plane at seven and fly to Holland with "Little Mo" to give an exhibition there that day.

"Little Mo" did not get in until late herself, and was so tired that she lost to Doris Hart in their match over there.

Apart from the excellent tennis between Drobny and Patty and Doris Hart and "Little Mo," I think the antics of the Austrian player, Huber, will go down in my memory of this year at Wimbledon.

Huber is red-headed and prances round the court so much that we have nicknamed him the "Danny Kaye of the centre court." He played with one-armed Redd, his partner against young Kenny Rosewall and Lew Hoad, our two Australian 18-year-old wonders, the day the Duke of Edin-

burgh came to see the tennis.

When the rumor got around that the Duke was coming, American Grant Golden, who always prides himself on getting things right, came up into the competitors' box and asked: "Guess who's here? His Royal Dukeship of Edinburgh."

We all roared with laughter, and that started the funniest day the centre court has seen.

Huber realised that he and his partner did not stand a chance of beating Kenny and Lew, so he put on one of his humorous acts for the Duke.

He had one of those days when he'd go for those impossible shots and sometimes get them back.

The Duke roared with mirth as did the rest of the crowd when Huber did his ballet leaps and spread-eagled down on the court.

I think tennis players must be among the world's most ardent photographers, and of course they all wanted to get pictures of the Duke.

Although the Royal box is right next door to the competitors' stand, it juts out slightly towards the court.

Nearly all the players clicked the shutters of their cameras wildly, and I'll be very surprised if they get more than the back of the Duke's head on their films.

Though some treated the Duke's visit as a lot of fun, "Little Mo" was very serious about it. She asked Nell Hopman what she should wear, and took quite a time picking out the tennis frock she thought would be best.



FILM STARS AT TENNIS. Australian actor John McCallum and his wife, Googie Withers, at the tennis championships at Wimbledon. Googie is wearing a white cotton lace frock.

Then she was so nervous that she let the little German girl playing her get to three all in the first set — and until the final "Little Mo" set only seven games all told.

Well, it's all over now for another year. But to me it has meant a lot. I was amazed at the number of people whom I had never seen before who came up to me and asked after Frank and Ken in America.

They all said they missed them from the Wimbledon scene.

I was also surprised to discover that pictures of Frank and Ken were still selling as well as those of any other player at the photo kiosk.

What touched me most of all was that as I was sitting in the competitors' box I noticed many of the people who had spoken to me outside and inquired about the boys were in the standing-room section.

Some of them were among those who had waited outside the Wimbledon gates all night, to be sure of getting a place.



AUSTRALIAN JEAN SEDGMAN (right), wife of last year's Wimbledon champion, Frank Sedgman, now a professional, with an English competitor, Pat Harrison, at Wimbledon.

Canon Green tells how to make a success of marriage

From our London office

Canon Bryan Green, Rector of Birmingham, England, who is making a second visit to Australia and New Zealand this month, hopes in his lectures to combine instruction on the Christian faith with some practical help on modern marriage problems. Canon Green will speak first at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, on July 19.

HE will then go to Sydney and will speak at the Town Hall at 1 p.m.; and at St. Andrew's Cathedral at 7 p.m. on July 21.

He then leaves for Wellington and Auckland, where he will conduct more extensive missions.

The subject of his lectures in New Zealand will be Christian faith as the great secret of living to-day.

One lecture will be devoted to friendship and marriage.

The success of his first visit years ago has encouraged Canon Green to make the return trip.

In Birmingham he has been continuing his parish work (he likes to regard himself primarily as a parish priest), but the many calls made on his time and energies are for lectures on modern marriage.

Canon Green regards real love as the best possible factor and the only worthwhile basis for happy marriage.

"I don't mean physical attraction, or even mental attraction," he said.

"Nor do I regard a number of interests in common as sufficient."

"I mean real strong and lasting affection between the parties."

"When marriages break up there is usually absence of this real love."

When a marriage has been entered into on this basis, Canon Green thinks the rules for keeping it happy are comparatively simple and commonsense.

His commonsense rules for wives are:

- Take an interest in your husband's life, his work, everything in which he is interested.
 - Men need to feel that someone is concerned with their welfare.
 - Spoil him a little, too.
- Canon Green thinks

woman's greatest need in man is someone on whom she can depend.

Therefore, his first rule for husbands is:

- Be dependable. Even if a woman is businesslike she needs to feel that there is someone on whom she can rely for decisions and for advice and help.

His second rule for husbands is:

- Appreciate what your wife does in the home.

Although he knows of happy marriages where there are no children, Canon Green firmly believes there is nothing like children to cement bonds of affection in the family.

During Canon Green's former visit to Australia he addressed meetings at city markets, town halls, and in factories as well as in cathedrals and churches, attracting big audiences by his dynamic manner of speaking.

He believes that religion has to be "sold" to "catch on." "Learn to become a salesman—a salesman of the Gospel," he told Sydney clergymen.



CANON GREEN, Rector of Birmingham, who is making a second visit to Australia and New Zealand this month, lecturing on marriage guidance and the Christian faith.

THE TAMING OF "TIGER" TENSING



PEM PEM, elder daughter of Sherpa guide "Tiger" Tensing, one of the heroes of the successful Everest Expedition led by Sir John Hunt, tries on a scarf given to her in London. She is watched by her sister, Nima, and their mother.



"TIGER" TENSING BHUTIA waves happily, giving the crowd a broad grin, as he arrives in London with his family.

Wife extracts promise that his climbing days are over

Mrs. Anglahmu Tensing is taking London with Oriental calm. Her husband has conquered Everest, but she has won a victory over "Tiger"—no more a-climbing will he go.

When the Tensing family returns to India he will be director of a school of mountaineering in Darjeeling.

WHEN not shopping in London Mrs. Tensing's favorite pastime is running a critical eye over European houses.

The money raised by the Nepalese people in honor of her husband will build a new house for the family.

Four feet ten inches tall, Anglahmu "much wants" regular sahib's house with a kitchen, pantry, and bathroom.

"I wish I had much money how many things to buy," she sighs.

Mrs. Tensing is not overawed by the civilisation of London. With an English-speaking Indian escort, this little round ball of a woman strides into shops selecting calmly what she requires.

In the first few days she bought a light overcoat, nylon underwear, and a pair of flat-heeled sandals.

She and her daughters, Pem Pem (16) and Nima (14), wear plain-colored wrap - around sleeveless

dresses called angis, ground-length, with long-sleeved light blouses underneath.

For special occasions Mrs. Tensing wears a brightly striped apron, gold silk embroidered. This apron is the typical Sherpa dress for women.

In a linen shoulder bag, tiny Mrs. Tensing carries handkerchief, money, and purse, but no cosmetics.

Likes a cigarette

AN unconventional western touch is Mrs. Tensing's fondness for an occasional cigarette.

The illness of Pem Pem after arriving in London at first upset the young girls' enjoyment of the sights.

As soon as she was well she accompanied her parents and sister to the London Zoo and the Sonja Henie Ice Show.

Both girls want a ride on the big dipper at the Festival Fun Fair. Neither has fear of great heights.

Their programme also includes a ride on a double-decker bus, the underground, and some escalators.

Every minute of their London stay is booked out.

Two artists are painting por-

traits of "Tiger." Another is making a bust.

An endless stream of photographers is passing through the reception rooms of the Indian Service Club, Mayfair, where the family is staying.

By
MARCIA PICKARD,
in London

One photographer refrained from using arc lamps for fear of upsetting "Tiger," but this 39-year-old man with the glorious smile is not easily disconcerted.

His 42-year-old wife, who generally accompanies her husband at a respectful few paces to the rear, attributes her own calm to being left alone for six months of every year looking after her daughters, while her husband was climbing, never knowing if he would return safely.

"Tiger" once said he would prefer dying in an attempt to climb Mt. Everest to dying in his wife's hut.

But "Tiger," having tamed Everest, is now a tamed man himself. His new job in Darjeeling will bring ties.

And living in a bigger house instead of a one-roomed hut will hold him home too.

His shy daughters do not usually speak without his permission.

Mrs. Tensing says: "Tensing decides everything. I make no plans."

The sightseeing tour the Tensings liked best was a trip to Hampton Court Palace. Their favorite night's entertainment was the musical

comedy "Paint Your Wagon," starring Sally Anne Howes.

Mrs. Tensing loved the music and enjoyed the jokes, which were explained to her by India House interpreter Mr. Sheopuri.

For the theatre Mrs. Tensing and Nima wore brown velvet angis, with white nylon, bought in London.

"Tiger" had a long tunic coat with white trousers which Indians wear on formal occasions.

Every-day wear for "Tiger," who has discarded his famous bush-grey jacket and grey flannels, is a smart Glen Urquhart tweed sports coat with khaki drill trousers.

Mrs. Tensing's favorite shops are the chain stores, which she considers westernised versions of the markets in Darjeeling.

She likes to be able to walk into a shop and pick up what she wants to buy, pay for it, and walk out, she told me through an interpreter.

"I speak very little English," she said, but added that she had picked up more in her short stay here.

As she softly left the room to keep an appointment with her husband for a documentary film sequence, Mrs. Tensing turned, waved, and grinned from ear to ear saying, "Bye, Bye."

Tensing, whose surname is Norkey, has told the Indian High Commissioner that he is willing to meet whoever wishes to see him.

Consequently every minute is packed with appointments. Tensing, a Sherpa guide, reached the summit of Mt. Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary on May 29.

India House staff, who have been seconded for work as interpreters, say, "We consider this a very great honor. Tensing is a very great man."



MEAL AT KATMANDU. New Zealander Sir Edmund Hillary and "Tiger" Tensing enjoy a meal at Katmandu, where they had a heroes' welcome, when they returned to the expedition's base there, after the conquest of Everest had been announced.

BAMBI SHMITH, famous model
and busy housewife, says...



"STOP WORRYING
about 'housework hands'
START WEARING
ANSELL RUBBER GLOVES"
—for ever-beautiful hands.



At 8.30 a.m. Mrs. Bambi Smith, like most busy housewives, is up to her pretty elbows in the family washing-up. "But I always wear my Ansell Rubber Gloves at the kitchen sink", says Bambi. "they're the surest protection against the drying, wrinkling effect of really hot, soapy, washing-up water."



At 11 a.m. Bambi is, more often than not, busy at mannequin and modelling work. Here her hands have to look beautiful, and you can see for yourself—they do. Ansell Rubber Gloves keep your hands soft, lovely and youthful—and they're so light and comfortable to wear.



"With a family to look after, there's always washing to be done, and, as every mother knows, this can quickly ruin the hands", says Bambi. "That's why I always wear my Ansell Rubber Gloves in the laundry." You can scrub harder... use hotter water... with Ansell Rubber Gloves.



Working before the camera almost every day, beautiful Bambi can't afford to risk hands that show signs of housework. "The camera picks up every detail", says her husband, well-known commercial photographer Athol Smith, "but Bambi's hands always appear soft and flawless."



"I wear my Ansell Rubber Gloves right through my housework", says Bambi. "They protect my skin and nails from the hardening, roughening effect of daily mopping, sweeping and polishing." Ansell Rubber Gloves grip tight—they're the only rubber gloves with an all-over crepe finish.



In the weekend Bambi likes to potter in the garden. "I just couldn't enjoy this pleasure without the protection of Ansell Sure-Grip Rubber Gloves", says Bambi. No dirt to scrub out afterwards... no scratches, either... when you garden with the help of Ansell.



"The wonderful thing about these Ansell Rubber Gloves", adds Bambi, "is that they're so easy to slip on and off. They fit comfortably right to the fingertips... they feel so light and grip like your own skin—you hardly know you're wearing them." Ansell are crepe-finished all over.

They're the simplest beauty secret of all

More and more Australian women are discovering every day that Ansell, the all-over crepe-finished rubber gloves, are the simplest and only sure method of keeping your hands soft and youthful. They prevent the drying, cracking effect of scalding hot water, the roughening effect of daily housework and gardening, and they keep your nails from breaking and chipping. Enjoy the comfort and protection of Ansell Sure-Grip Rubber Gloves. They're the longest-wearing rubber gloves—the most economical of all.



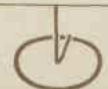
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AG 24

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1953

Chef urges young men to be cooks

By SUSAN BARRIE, staff reporter

National President of the Chefs' Association of America, Paul Laesecke, now visiting Australia, says that there is a big future for intelligent young men who train as chefs.

He also hopes to start a chefs' association here on the lines of the American organisation.

EMPLOYED by a big food firm, he is in Australia in connection with their business here.

Trained in some of the leading hotels of Europe, Mr. Laesecke migrated to the U.S. in 1931 and spent three years at the University of Pittsburgh, studying food technology.

He explained that cooking comes naturally in his household. Before her marriage, his wife, as Betty Pope, ran the "Show Boat," Pittsburgh's biggest night-club, with her sister, Freda.

Betty knows almost as much as her husband does about the culinary arts, but there is no jealousy at home. Paul follows the old saw "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and Betty does most of the cooking. "She is really a wonderful cook and hostess," her husband said proudly. "I am president of the Chefs' Association in our home city, Pittsburgh, as well as national president."

"You should see the 'mid-night snack' Betty puts on at our meetings. It is a big, elaborate meal."

"One of her famous dishes is a crab-meat souffle, which she makes without flour, using pure cream, cracker crumbs and eggs. She bakes it in the oven for half an hour and it comes up—pouff."

"Before our son, Paul, was born," said Mr. Laesecke, "I began experimenting with baby foods, but he came along in time to be the guinea pig for the new products."

"He is 13 now."

"What is he going to be?—a chef too. He cooks well

already, and often serves us omelettes and coffee for breakfast."

Quiet, good-humored Mr. Laesecke, who speaks English with an intriguing mixture of German and American accent, is a true cosmopolitan.

He learned the basic principles of cookery at the cooking trades vocational school in his home city, Berlin, then took his chef's licence at the world-famed Esplanade Hotel there, under the noted French chef Petitier.

Attacked by wanderlust, he signed on as a chef in liners of the Hamburg-America shipping line. He was on the maiden voyage of the S.S. New York, and before he migrated to America he made 34 Atlantic crossings, and did a nine months' cruise round the world.

"But this is my first trip to Australia," chef Laesecke told me. "Next time I would like to bring my wife and son."

He was warned

"THEY told me in America that Australians would kill me with kindness," he said, "and they were right. The hospitality is just wonderful."

"I have even met your League footballers," he said. "They have given me an autographed football to take back to young Paul."

"The only time I was not warmly received was when I was shown a cricket bat—and I asked what it was."

Paul Laesecke considers being a chef is one of the most interesting and responsible professions a man can choose and one of the most exacting.



NATIONAL PRESIDENT of the Chefs' Association of America, Paul Laesecke, and his wife, Betty, at the official dinner of the American Culinary Federation in New York.

He believes that there is a big future for enterprising and intelligent young men if they will train as chefs, and he thinks America can produce some of the world's best.

"All the greatest chefs have been Continental, but many of them went to America," he explained. "There are both fine training schools and wonderful supplies of good food."

"The work is very tough, physically and mentally," he told me. "You may work in a country club or a liner where the kitchen temperature is 120 degrees all day and the orders come in fast."

"On the other hand, you often have to work in a temperature of 45 degrees in the huge cold storage rooms of any big hotel."

Preparing elaborate cold buffets has always been chef Laesecke's speciality—an art which won him the coveted medal of the American Culinary Federation.

For some of his fabulous

cold meals, he has had to be artist and craftsman as well as cook, carving decorative sculptures from ice.

"Neptune's Treasure Chest," a buffet for which he was awarded the grand prize at the salon of culinary art in New York City, involved the use of 3000 pounds of colored ice, carved into fantastic sea creatures.

Seven electric machines were concealed inside the carvings to produce realistic-looking bubbles from the mouths of the fish.

Life-sized sea sprites were carved from pure white lamb fat.

However, his most spectacular ice sculpture was made for the wedding breakfast of the daughter of the vice-president of the company for which he works.

It was a scale model of the church in which the couple were married carved from 2500 pounds of clear ice.

"It was so big that I had to carve it in sections and put them together later," Mr. Laesecke said. "The top of the steeple almost tipped the chandelier in the reception-room."

Sauce recipe

LIKE most chefs who are "worth their salt," Paul Laesecke believes that the sauce or dressing can make or mar a dish, but, unlike many of the experts, he is not reluctant to reveal professional secrets.

"One of the finest sauces to serve with lobster or crayfish is sauce verte," he said eagerly. "How to make it? It is quite simple."

"Start with a good mayonnaise—oil dripped slowly into egg-yolks, a pinch of paprika, salt, and a squeeze of fresh lemon juice."

"Into this you add very finely chopped raw spinach and parsley, add a dash more lemon juice, some cayenne and Worcester sauce."

"The final ingredient is a small can of anchovy fillets made into a smooth puree."

Which Twin has the Toni ...
AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM
(See answer below)



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Sally and Jane lookers of Sydney are delighted to find it is Toni, on the left, who has the Toni and Jane the expensive perm.

Gentle-acting Toni with Permafrix—the new wonder neutralizer—actually conditions your hair to silky natural softness while giving you a perm that looks and acts immediately like naturally curly hair. No frizzy stage, no brittle ends, no stubborn kinks.

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It's fun — it's easy — it's quick.

Hot chocolate made in a minute. Delicious hot chocolate that has a fascinating flavour all its own. Simply sprinkle two teaspoonsful on to a cup of hot milk (or milk and water). Stir till dissolved — it's as easy as that! Half pound packet — 2/-

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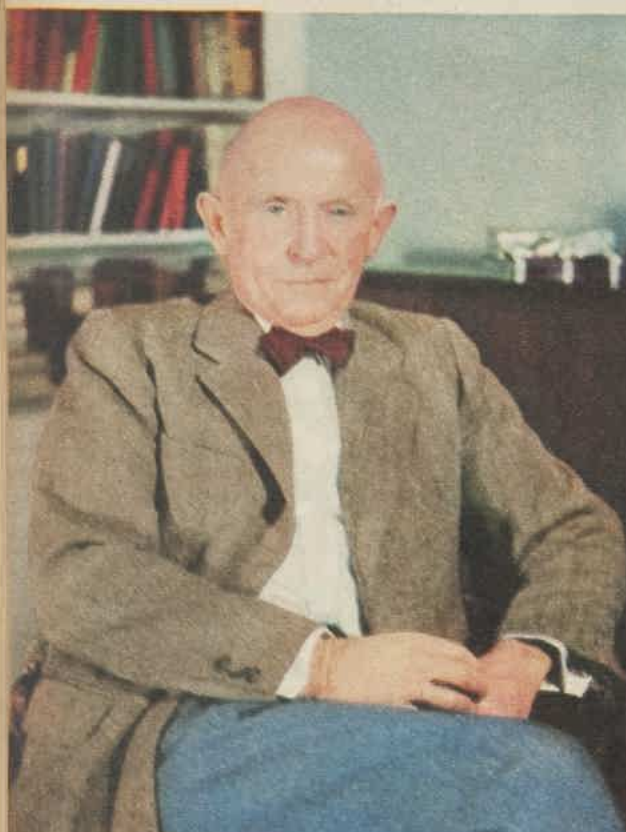
CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE



PAUL LAESECKE at work on one of the spectacular ice sculptures he carved for a display in America. The animals symbolise the countries in which his firm's products are sold.



New U.S. Ambassador to Australia



AMOS PEASLEE, the United States Ambassador-designate to Australia. He is a brilliant specialist in international law, and a successful farmer with an expert's interest in Australian agricultural problems.

THE new United States Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Amos J. Peaslee, who will take up his appointment within the next few months, chose to go to Canberra because he is convinced that Australian-American relations are of ever-growing importance in Pacific and world affairs.

Mr. Peaslee is a vigorous man of 66. He is a successful lawyer, an ardent believer in the United Nations, an authority on constitutional government, and as such has always had a deep interest in the British Commonwealth.

He succeeds Mr. Pete Jarman, who has held the post in Australia since 1949. Before that Mr. Robert Butler was U.S. Ambassador—the first to be appointed to Australia.

Mr. Peaslee will be accompanied by his wife, and later joined by his daughter, Dorothy, when she graduates from Columbia University, New York.

Since Mr. Peaslee was offered the diplomatic post by President Eisenhower, he and his family have been spending most of their spare time reading books on Australia, studying maps, and talking to one another avidly about the Commonwealth.

When I visited the lovely old farm in Gloucester County, New Jersey, which has been their family home for three generations, the Peaslees told me they were delighted and excited at the prospect of taking up residence in Australia.

"Living in a British country will be no new experience," said Mr. Peaslee.

"I attended Birmingham Uni-

versity for a year, studying economics, before taking my law degree at Columbia University. During World War II, when I was attached to the United States Navy, my family joined me in England. We lived in Surrey for several years, and three of our four children went to English schools."

Mr. Peaslee's forebears went to America from England in 1636, settling in New England. They moved down to New Jersey after the American Revolution and settled on rich farming land a few miles from the Delaware River.

The Peaslee farm is devoted to vegetable and fruit cultivation. The house where Mr. Peaslee was born, a classic colonial structure of hand-hewn logs and white weather-

been using the farm before that just for week-end visits and summer holidays. Now my wife and I stay here the year round, and have become real farmers.

"For the past five years we have made a profit on our farm produce, mainly from asparagus, tomatoes, and timber cutting."

Other buildings on the Peaslee property are the main residence, a charming white clapboard house with ornamental wrought-iron railings at the entrance; the old barn, which Mr. Peaslee has converted into a guest house and party rooms; stables for hacks and cattle, and a four-car garage.

Recently the new ambassador supervised the construction of a flight strip and hangar, complete with a radio and control-tower, along a flat meadow on the south side of the property.

"The strip will be long enough to accommodate a DC-3," he said. "It will be a great convenience for our friends who fly their own planes to be able to land right on our property. It is only a 35-minute flight from Idlewild Airport in New York."

Both the Peaslee sons fly, and the family often takes advantage of air taxi services to get around the country.

There are two tennis courts on the farm. Mr. Peaslee plays a brisk game. "Alrick Man, who acted as manager to the last Davis Cup team in Australia, is an old friend of mine," he told me. "One of the things I am going to like about Australia is the chance to see a challenge round again. It looks like the Australians are going to keep the Davis Cup a long while."

Mr. Peaslee goes horseback riding

From
GEORGE McGANN,
of our New York office

boards, is the oldest building on the property, dating back to 1747.

With architecture one of his hobbies, he has redesigned this old building into an office for himself and small staff of assistants. He conducts affairs of his New York City law office, 100 miles away, by telephone.

He has installed a huge picture window and glass doors in the side of his office facing on to the rolling acres of the farm, so that he has a view of his horses, sheep, turkeys, and ducks in their pens and ponds just by raising his eyes from his desk.

"We moved down here permanently from New York after the war," Mr. Peaslee said. "We had



HOMESTEAD of the Peaslee farm in New Jersey, which has been carefully enlarged and remodelled. It is built of white clapboard, with black shutters.

● **Sport-loving and with a variety of other interests ranging from music to farming, Mr. Amos J. Peaslee and his wife and daughter should win immediate popularity in this country.**

regularly, and is also a sailing enthusiast. He maintains a yawl at his summer home on the Atlantic shore a few miles from the farm, and also indulges in deep-sea fishing from his sport cruiser.

He has expressed his enthusiasm for the sea and sailing in two songs, written with composer Raymond Morin. Mr. Peaslee wrote the lyrics for "Barnegat Bay" and "The Mantoloking Roar," which have been attractively printed with a picture of the Peaslee summer home, "Blue Arches," on the cover.

The entire Peaslee family is musical. Mrs. Peaslee and their daughter Dorothy play the piano. Their younger son, Richard, who is now serving with the United States Army, intends to make music his career, as a composer.

The two eldest Peaslee children are married. Mrs. Peaslee is proud of the fact that she has four grandchildren, all under four years of age.

Mrs. Peaslee, who comes of old New England stock, is the former Dorothy K. Quimby, of Maine. The Peaslees are Quakers, and she is very interested in the affairs of the local Friends' Meeting House.

Mrs. Peaslee combines the running of several homes in different parts of the country with an intelligent and active participation in community affairs. Education is one of her particular interests.

An antiquarian, another of her interests is the restoration and preservation of old houses in Philadelphia and Washington.

Mrs. Peaslee was decorated by the Queen of Belgium for her work in caring for Belgian refugee children during World War I.

She told me that in her recent reading of books about Australia she was struck by this comment by Mark Twain:

"Australian history is always picturesque. Indeed, it is so curious and strange that it is itself the chiefest novelty the country has to offer, and so it pushes the other novelties into second or third place. It does not read like history, but like the most beautiful lies, and all of a fresh new sort, not the mouldy old

stale ones. It is full of surprises and adventures, and incongruities, and contradictions, and incredibilities, and they are all true."

She laughed and added: "Amos and I cannot decide if Mark Twain was serious when he wrote that."

Dorothy Peaslee, a petite, 28-year-old blonde, is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Quaker College, Swarthmore. She is now taking a graduate course in economics at Columbia University, in New York City, after having worked with the trade division of the United Nations and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

She is an accomplished linguist, speaks French and Spanish fluently, and is a keen gardener. She also skis, sails, and goes horseback riding.

Dorothy is an enthusiastic gardener. Her greenhouse is hidden away in a corner of the gardens in a grove of mock-orange and forsythia. Having delved into information about Australia from countless books borrowed from the Australian Information Library in New York, Dorothy told me she is particularly looking forward to a visit to Sherbrooke Forest, outside Melbourne, to see the lyre-birds there.

When Mr. and Mrs. Peaslee take up residence at the U.S. Embassy in Canberra, they will be the fourth American diplomatic family to make their home there.

The first to occupy the lovely home, which is built in Williamsburg colonial style, was Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, U.S. Minister to Australia, and his family.

Next to make their home there were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Butler. As the first U.S. Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Butler entertained lavishly at the Embassy. He and his wife were accompanied by their son, Walter, who was married in Canberra during their term of office, and one of their daughters, Catherine.

The Peaslees, with their varied list of accomplishments and with their lively personalities, should prove a happy addition to the diplomatic corps at Canberra.



ABOVE: The dog kennels at the Peaslee farm are in the same style as the house. This country lane leads from the house to the barns and storehouses.



RIGHT: Antique-looking stables were actually built only 20 years ago. Many famous horses, including Peg-o'-War, were housed here when Mr. Peaslee bred bloodstock on the farm.

BELOW, left: Dorothy Peaslee and her mother in the greenhouse on their New Jersey property. Dorothy is an expert gardener, and raises all the plants for the outside gardens in the greenhouse.



FAMILY PET "Donk" with Mrs. Peaslee and Dorothy. Dorothy, who is a student at Columbia University, will be the only member of the family to join her parents in Australia. One son is in the Army, and a second son and elder daughter are married.

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MOTHER



"It won't stop him getting out of bed, but it will hold him up for a while."

BUTCH



"It's only 3 a.m., Mister. My partner wanted to know how a clock radio works."

It seems to me

THERE'S a growing tendency for women to form little groups devoted to eating and drinking on the lines of men's gourmet societies.

Being a spasmodic sort of cook and not caring passionately whether the menu is sausages and mashed or sole meuniere, I am not closely acquainted with any of these organisations.

Indeed, at first I was inclined to take the view that such junketings were more properly the province of men (who don't have much on their own these days).

But it was pointed out to me that a women's gourmet club was an elaborate version of recipe-swapping, and that, surely, was a feminine recreation, wasn't it?

Fair enough, I suppose, though any kind of all-female party is never as unqualified a success as a buck's party.

A girls' lunch or dinner isn't bad, but it doesn't excite the same preparatory twitter as a mixed gathering. Whereas men, the wretches, can't wait to shake the little woman off their trail.



YOU know those new "trembling" earrings which are the latest jewellery fad? Hung on fine chains, they shiver and shake with every breath of the wearer.

An acquaintance of mine with a family of daughters places them in a special category of fashions which he calls "father-maddeners."

"First of all," he says, "there was the eldest daughter—married now, thank goodness—who used to wear those clip-clop shoes. You know, the ones with the wooden soles. Cost me £300, you might say, because I let the wife talk me into wall-to-wall carpet."

"Then the second one took to jingle bracelets. Jingle, jangle, morning and night. Don't know how her employer stood it."

"Now the youngest one has trembling earrings. It's bad enough expecting that a rhinestone will fall into the soup, but what's worse is that she has given up answering a civil question and taken to head-tossing instead."

A FELLOW named Larry Sittenberg claims he invented the fan dance.

A feather merchant, back in the 'twenties he built a couple of giant fans of ostrich feathers for a pageant in Atlantic City, U.S.A. Afterwards, he was swirling them about and thinking, "I realised suddenly that I had discovered a new art form," he said.

Well, in detail, perhaps. But you have to give credit for the principle to Salome.

SCOTLAND YARD has been searching for the stool on which peers knelt to pay homage to the Queen at her Coronation. It was missing half an hour after the ceremony, some hours before the public were admitted to the Abbey. Detectives hope it was taken by "some unthinking souvenir-hunter," who will return it.

We've towels from the railways and serviettes from pubs, And ashtrays out of coffee shops—of course we get some snubs— We're sort of human bower-birds, some call us harsher names,

And tend to screw their chairs in place and watch the window frames; But we're modest operators, our courage sometimes balks, At private entertainments, from pocketing the forks.

How we envy a collection like the absent-minded peer's, Who shows the Coronation stool among his souvenirs,

And says with pleasing modesty and deprecating frown.

"If I'd had my wits about me I'd have swiped St. Edward's Crown."

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Sellotape is distributed throughout Australia by Wrightcel Pty. Ltd. and their wholesalers in all States.

TALKING of recipes, most households have in the kitchen drawer one version or another of a three-generation hand-written recipe book.

The usual kind is a bulging exercise-book, with innumerable loose additions on envelopes and sheets from pocket diaries.

When I was a child I used to be puzzled by finding, among the more yellowed handwritings, such headings as "Auntie Maud's Rum Cake (Don't pass on)."

I thought these instructions referred to the cake, but eventually recognised the anxiety of the master of any art to keep it exclusive.

There is another kind of cook who keeps her methods secret simply because she works by instinct rather than measurement.

The supreme example I know of this kind is provided by a mother whose daughter, being taught how to make a dish, would ask, "But how MUCH sugar?"

"Oh," the mother would answer with an air of careless finality, "enough!"

HARKING back to men and women, an inexhaustible subject, I found a nice snippet the other day in the Letters of Princess Charlotte, George the Fourth's daughter.

It should bring a wry smile to husband or wife, whichever happens to feel the more aggrieved at the moment.

Charlotte was recounting some advice given her by her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, about her proposed marriage to the Prince of Orange.

Sussex said, according to Charlotte, "that I should then" (when married) "have a much easier task than I have now; as remaining unmarried I could not as well or as easily assert my own opinions, which I may do instantly."

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FIGURE of Prince Charles and his dog, carved of teak from Christopher Columbus' ship, the Santa Maria.



WOOD-CARVER Patrick K. Bacon, former British Naval Intelligence officer, with some of his figurines. Mr. Bacon has arrived in Australia to make his home here and to further his ambition to found an orphanage.

Artist wants to found an orphanage

By BETTY BEST,
staff reporter

Hundreds of letters from all parts of Australia, following two stories published in The Australian Women's Weekly, have brought internationally known wood-carving artist Patrick K. Bacon here to settle from England.

He has decided that in Australia he can attain his life-long ambition of endowing an orphanage.

MR. BACON, an ex-Naval Intelligence officer, formerly lived at a fishing village on the island of Jersey.

He was working there on a model of Prince Charles, commissioned by the Duke of Edinburgh, when a member of our London staff visited him and wrote a story about him.

Two little polio victims, Diana and Elizabeth Hopton, of Warradale Park, South Australia, read this story and wrote to Mr. Bacon, telling him they were saving their pocket money to buy a model.

It was the beginning of a happy train of events, which included a presentation of his most valuable carved model to the girls.

Other fan letters brought Mr. Bacon many more Australian friends. Eventually he arrived in Sydney, determined to make his home in Australia.

Grey-haired and keen-eyed, Patrick Bacon looks more like 40 than his actual 55 years.

Carving has been his hobby for as long as he can remember.

He started carving child models in 1946 when Colleen, a little girl he had known since she was two, visited him in Jersey.

"She was ten then and looked so lovely that I just had to try to make a model

of her before she grew any older," he said.

"That really started something. I found that making models of children I liked was the most satisfying thing I had ever done.

"In the past six years I've raised quite a lot of money by exhibiting and selling those models.

"I don't touch a penny of this money myself. It is kept

in a trust fund in a London bank. It's all to go towards the half-million I will need to start an orphanage based on the Pestalozzi orphanage in Switzerland, which I have seen and studied.

"It will be non-political and non-sectarian.

"Children will live in small groups in individual cottages as much like ordinary homes as possible so as to get away from the institution idea.

"I want them to learn two important things:

"To help one another as much as possible; and that they can't take anything out of life until they put something into it."

Mr. Bacon wants to get a job in Australia so that he can learn as much as possible about the country from the resident's and not the visitor's angle.

Early this year he visited America to arrange for three million plastic copies of one of his models, "Joy," to be reproduced under United States copyright.

"The plastics combine also want three other models to reproduce in the same way," he said.

"This time the dollars from the deal will come to Australia. I shall feel that I'm doing something for my new country.

"Meanwhile, I am looking for an Australian model between the ages of three and twelve who will personify the freedom of an outdoor land.

"I am hoping to receive lots of pictures of children to choose from."

Mr. Bacon likes to meet and talk to a child for some time before he decides to make a model. He makes models only of children he likes and gets on well with.

"Whatever I see in a child comes out in the model," he explained. "If we're not good friends that might be rather embarrassing."

An interesting feature of many of Mr. Bacon's models is that the wood from which they are carved has historical significance.

A figure he made of Joy Nichols was carved from a piece of teak from Captain Cook's Endeavour.

The model of Prince Charles, which now stands on the mantelpiece of the White Drawing Room of Buckingham Palace, was carved from a piece of teak from the Santa Maria, the ship in which Columbus sailed to America.

There is one remaining piece of this teak available which Mr. Bacon may use for a model of Princess Anne. He will fly back to England to make the model next year.

"I am looking forward to this job very much," he said.

"I think Princess Anne has so many of her mother's marvellous qualities that she will be a fascinating subject."



IN HIS WORKSHOP, Mr. Bacon studies pictures of Australian radio star Joy Nichols. He selected the one he is holding as the model for the tiny figure he carved of her.



ENDYMION (Eric Starling) and his sister, Peona (Florence Taylor), with (centre) Diana (Marjorie Conley) in John Antill's opera "Endymion."



COSTUME DESIGNER Mrs. Gladys Jennings (left) checks the hemline of Marjorie Conley's Diana robe for "Endymion" with Florence Taylor.



TWO DOCTOR'S ASSISTANTS in Arthur Benjamin's opera "Devil Take Her," Alan Light and Rachel Neale, share a joke, to the disgust of the doctor, Frank Lisle.

World premiere of John Antill's opera

The performance of "Endymion," by Australian composer John Antill, on July 22 at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, is the first world premiere of an opera given in Australia.

The opera, produced by Robin Lovejoy, is one of several staged by the National Opera Company in their 1953 season.

"THE most important thing about 'Endymion' is that it represents the beginning of a new style in theatre in Australia," said Robin Lovejoy.

"It is a mixture of early Greek musical works and an 18th century masque rather than an opera.

"It has more narrative than an opera libretto, and the action is a series of mobile tableaux connected by orchestra, chorus, and mime players.

"I think the music is terribly modern, although the composer doesn't agree with me."

Robin Lovejoy laughed and shrugged. "I guess he should know," he added.

The story of "Endymion" is based on Keats' poem and is taken from the old Greek myth.

Endymion, a young, beautiful shepherd, falls asleep in a meadow while out hunting, and is seen by the moon goddess, Diana, as she is passing overhead.

She falls in love with him and is about to awaken him with a kiss when the Fates warn her that she must first seek permission of the gods before she can love Endymion.

The gods tell Diana that Endymion must become immortal and they set him three tests. He passes these and is united with Diana.

Composer John Antill, who is already famous for his ballet suite "Corroboree," began "Endymion" when he was 16, nearly 25 years ago.

"I was at an age when I thought Keats was wonderful and everything was romantic," he said. "I still like Keats."

"I worked on it for two years, mainly in trains to and from work as an apprentice

draughtsman in the Railways Department.

"I was ambitious in those days and wrote it for a 90-piece orchestra—three flutes, three oboes, three of almost everything.

"I have had to simplify that, because such a big orchestra wouldn't be practical for opera in Australia.

"Otherwise it hasn't been changed."

John Antill, who will conduct "Endymion" at the Tivoli, said the music is "romantic, not modern."

"It is not the usual Mendels-

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

sohnian romanticism," he explained, "but it has motifs linking the ideas."

Also on the programme on July 22 is "Devil Take Her," by Arthur Benjamin, another well-known Australian composer.

This opera had its premiere in London in 1931, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, and has not previously been performed in Australia.

Based on a story by Anatole France, it concerns a poet whose beautiful wife has been dumb from birth.

A wandering doctor who says he can perform miracles declares he can cure her, and will charge a small fee provided he has a kiss from the beautiful wife.

The doctor restores the wife's speech, but the kiss is denied him.

He departs and the once beautiful, dumb wife now becomes a nagging, whining horror.

In despair the poet calls for the devil to ask him to take her away.

The end of the opera is a surprise.

Arthur Benjamin was born in Australia 60 years ago, but has spent most of his life abroad.

He has written a great deal of music, including three operas, a concerto for violin and orchestra, Negro spirituals, and some West Indian music.

The other two operas are "Prima Donna" and "Tale of Two Cities."



PRODUCER Robin Lovejoy (above) shows a pose to the three Fates while Diana (Valda Bagnall) wakes Endymion (Ronald Dowd).



COMPOSER-CONDUCTOR John Antill (right) rehearses a chorus with Pamela Coleman, Margaret Saunders, and Elena Nicolaidakis.



TENOR RONALD DOWD and mezzo-soprano Jacqueline Talbot rehearse a scene from "Devil Take Her." The opera is based on a story about a poet and his dumb wife.

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Worth Reporting

OWNERS of homes in Sydney suburbs can now order aerial photographs of their houses, due to the initiative of Mrs. Kay Cockle, who started this project just three months ago.

"It's an American idea," she told us, "but we think it should work well in Australia. First of all I go out, see the district to be photographed, and mark it on a road map. Then our Auster aircraft takes off with photographer Arthur Dawson and myself aboard."

Mrs. Cockle, who lives at Oatley, N.S.W., says that all photographs are "taken at an angle, so you do see more than roofs of houses."

"We try to avoid Mondays," she added, "for home-owners wouldn't like to see photographs of lines full of washing. When taking pictures of homes on the waterfront, we check on times of tides, because no one would fancy shots of mud or sand flats."

"It's fascinating flying over some suburbs," she explained, "seeing new buildings, and street layouts. Then our representatives show prints of the houses photographed to the owners, and take orders."

"The home-owners are usually surprised, and say they had no idea anyone was in the air taking photographs."

IN a Sydney store is a placard illustrated with an angel, plus halo, wings, clouds, and ice crystals. A message on it reads "Be an angel—no smoking."

No kidding.

The call of the outback

A 25-YEAR-OLD English artist, Noelle Sandwith, who is drawing and painting her way through Australia's remote outback, has covered nearly 5000 miles—most of it in diesel-driven "blitz wagons" which carry the Government mails.

The most exacting part of her trip was the Birdsville Track, a stock route dating from the 1870's, running from Birdsville (Qld.) to Marree (S.A.).

At Marree Miss Sandwith made a black-and-white drawing of Bejah Dervish, a 90-year-old Afghan who came from India in 1890 to drive camel teams in the inland.

Back in the city, Miss Sandwith could not forget Bejah's pictorial qualities, and is now on her way back to Marree to paint his portrait in oils.



"Once in a great while there is available to the public a truly outstanding motion picture, a veritable masterpiece in celluloid. One such is on at the Rivoli to-night. May I go?"

Books for the sick

ACCORDING to the Red Cross, patients in hospitals get through a quite incredible amount of reading.

The Red Cross ought to know, because its libraries supply books to patients in hospitals all over Australia.

In civilian hospitals, the patients circulate more than the books do, but in TB and repatriation hospitals, where patients stay for long periods, libraries have to be extensive and varied to keep up with the demand.

Because of this the Red Cross has to make constant appeals to the public for books, in good condition, to add to its stocks. One such appeal will be held in New South Wales for two weeks from July 29.

Knives, blunt, for throwing

SEEING "throwing knives" for sale in a city shop, we ventured in with the nervous feeling that we might be pinned to the door by our ears.

"Three knives go to the set," explained a young assistant, unsheathing from a leather case knives which were blunt sided, six inches long, and tapered to a sharp point.

"The weight of the handle is exactly the same as the blade, and when you throw them they turn in the air every three feet."

"You can throw them at a dart-board, or at a throwing-knife target with a bullseye in the centre. Men usually buy throwing knives; women don't go in for it at all."

"I've practised myself, starting six feet away, and working back. It's quite easy when you know how."

Most buyers, we found, were amateurs. Circus performers prefer longer knives.



Words and music from the Comtesse

ANY female over the age of fifty who shrieks "Poor Wandering One" at an audience ought to be poleaxed!" said the Comtesse de Villeneuve-Hautemont, better known as Gilbert and Sullivan singer Vinia de Loitte, when we met her at a Sydney music store recently.

The tiny Comtesse, blue-eyed, white-haired, with a youthful sense of humor, told us that she had other precepts that she lived by.

They are: Do it yourself, or do without . . . Whenever you feel inclined to sit down and cry, stand up and laugh . . . Avoid monotony . . . If you can't have what you like, like what you have.

"I'm still learning to practise the last," she said, as she autographed for us a copy of her book, "Gilbert and Sullivan Opera in Australia (1897-1933)."

"Patience" is her favorite opera, perhaps because, when playing the title role in 1905, she met her future husband, the late Howard Vernon.

Though she sings no longer, Vinia de Loitte still loves to play the piano, and to give musical impressions of people she meets.

"I will play a musical impression of you," she said, "if you would like it."

When we said that we certainly would, the Comtesse looked at us intently, took her seat at the piano, and (impromptu) composed a rather dreamy waltz.

THERE'S a tailor who advertises three-dimensional suits for men. Though all the men we know are three-dimensional we wonder how the tailor would cope with Einstein, and his fourth-dimension theory.

They shop by night

AT nine o'clock one night recently Miss Jean Stinson, who works for the Telephone Shopping Night Service of a Sydney store, took a grocery order from a customer who stated that she was "lying in bed and had plenty of time to decide on what she wanted."

Miss Stinson also received trunk calls (reduced rate) from Moree and Tamworth, as country customers placed orders for cutlery and clothes advertised in the evening papers.

"There's a staff on duty from 5.30 p.m. until 11 p.m.," Miss Stinson said. "Orders are taken and are sent out within a few days. We've always had a daytime Telephone Shopping Service, but the night service is new and seems to be popular."

"Men seem to enjoy telephone shopping for beer, wine, and spirit orders, but most callers are women."

"One woman phoned and said in a rather panicky voice that she had just ironed a nylon slip belonging to a friend, but had found that the nylon melted away on the iron. 'Were there any more nylon slips for sale?' she asked."

"We took the order, and promised that delivery would be made as quickly as possible."

The whole family loves the delicious flavour of Ovaltine



Whichever you choose—
Chocolate Flavoured
or **Malt Flavoured**
Ovaltine

will make your family meals more nourishing, more satisfying, more energizing. For Ovaltine is all concentrated nourishment, prepared from Nature's best foods. It provides food elements which help to ensure abundant energy and vitality. It is different from all other food beverages. The differences concern the selection, quality and proportions of its ingredients . . . and its exceptional nutritive value. Ovaltine gives so much more quality and goodness. It pays to buy the best. Note that Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine is fully sweetened and needs no addition of sugar. Stocked by all leading chemists and grocers. Buy a tin of OVALTINE today.

NP12

A Bright and Healthy Home in every tin!



Always ask for
FISHER'S WAX
The Quickest & Easiest Polish
for Floors & Furniture

For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

TRY IT NOW — IN THE NEW HANDY SIZE

QUADS AHOY! THEY LOVE THE SEA



DECK GAMES, Quads' version. Three of the Quads team up for deck games with their dearest friends on board, Joyce and Cecelia Coombe, of Melbourne. Waiting his turn with his mother and brother Geoffrey is Mark. Alison, with her back to the camera, Phillip, and Judith start the game.



These pictures of the Sara family at sea were taken on board R.M.S. Strathmore. The Saras arrive in England on July 19. How the Quads are enjoying the trip is told on page 26.



ALISON, the "personality girl" of the Sara family, is initiated into the mysteries of one of the engine-room telegraphs in the Strathmore's wheelhouse by the master, Captain D. F. H. Armstrong. The Quads are quite happy on the ship. A slight weaving of the gait as the children negotiate the spacious decks is the only sign that they are at sea.



LEFT: Visiting the bakery in the Strathmore's galley, Alison makes friends with chef John Cox (left), and Phillip is happy in chief baker Tom Mount's arms.

ABOVE: Cabin steward Welshman "Taffy" Thomas, who looks after the Sara family, has a bedtime romp with the Quads. From left: Judith, Mark, Alison, and Phillip.



NURSERY STEWARDESS Miss Robbie Wedderburn gives Mark and Judith a ride on the rocking horse. If Judith rocks too long she tends to go to sleep on the horse. The Quads love the nursery on the ship and play happily with other children on board.



LINING THE RAIL. Mr. and Mrs. Sora and their family watching for seagulls, which intrigued the children as the ship made its way round the Australian coast to Fremantle. Everyone in the ship has taken an interest in the children and the captain, officers, and the ship's company all are doing their best to make them feel at home. Pictures taken by Ron Berg, who travelled to Perth in the ship.



BEARDED and duffle-coated quartermaster on board Strathmore, Alfred Clark, of Gravesend, Kent, has a firm hold on Judith as he shows her "all the water." The double impact of beard and water puts Judith in a serious mood for the moment.



RESTING after a few turns round the deck, Geoffrey and the Quads enjoy fleeting sunshine as the Strathmore cuts through wintry seas. From left: Geoffrey, Mark, Phillip, Judith, and Alison. The children love walking round the decks and anyone who can lend a steadying hand is popular. Soon after the Quads were born Betty and Percy promised Betty's parents to make the trip.

The KRAFT CHEDDAR

SIZZLER

SANDWICH
the NEW cheese
sandwich supper
RAGE!

EASY TO MAKE
FULL OF NOURISHMENT
-AND WHAT A FLAVOUR.

Here's how you can
make this Kraft **SIZZLER**
tonight!

KRAFT "SIZZLER"

Toast two slices of bread on one side only. Butter untoasted sides. Place sliced tomato and Kraft Cheddar on buttered side of one slice, and pickled onion and Kraft Cheddar on buttered side of other slice. Now put each slice under grill.

While they are grilling, toast a third slice of bread on both sides, and butter one side. Now place the grilled slices on top of each other, and put the plain toasted slice on top.

There you have it—the double-decker supper sandwich . . . the hearty KRAFT "SIZZLER".

HERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR THOSE DAILY PACKED LUNCHES

Quick and easy to make in that early morning rush: Sliced Kraft Cheddar with shredded carrot and beetroot.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with pineapple shreds. Shredded Kraft Cheddar mixed with tomato sauce and chopped onion.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar mixed with minced cold meat and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Sliced Kraft Cheddar with mayonnaise, mustard or pickle.

Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein. Puts extra food values into sandwiches for work or school—vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus calories and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. What a bargain in nutrition!



VENCATACHELLUM

Genuine Madras

CURRY POWDER

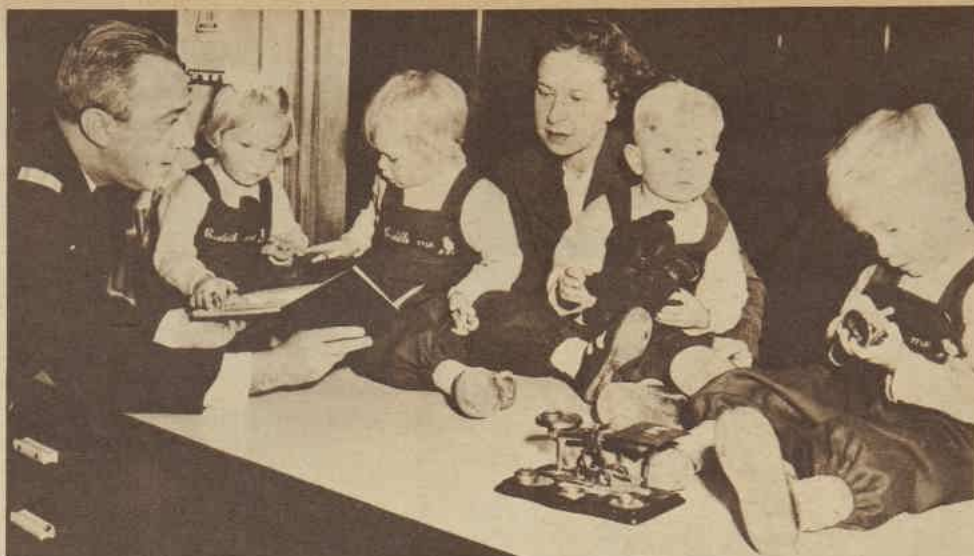
The Same Grand Curry Grandma used

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE

DEVILLED BISCUITS

4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1/2 teaspoon curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 2oz. butter, 2 or 3oz. grated cheese, 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon cream or rich milk. Sift dry ingredients into a basin, then lightly rub in the butter, and add the cheese. Mix the egg yolk with the cream and add these to the dry mixture, thus making a stiff paste. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly, and roll thinly. Cut into strips or desired shapes and bake slowly on buttered trays until crisp and lightly brown. Leave on the trays until cold, when biscuits are ready to serve plain or as basis for other savories.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"



VISITING THE STRATHMORE'S BUREAU, the Quads enjoy sitting on the wide counter while Mrs. Sara shows the purser, Mr. L. S. Warren, her passport, which includes her five children. Judith (left) and Alison are interested in the passport. Phillip gazes wide-eyed at the camera, and Mark, always curious, has found a gadget to inspect.

Saras nearing England

Long voyage is a holiday for Quads and parents

Four small waving hands were the last glimpse staff photographer Ron Berg and I had of the Sara Quads as they stood on the deck of R.M.S. Strathmore.

WITH their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, and their elder brother, Geoffrey, the Quads were saying goodbye to Australia for three months.

The Sara family will spend eight weeks in London with Betty Sara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, before sailing home again in September in the Himalaya.

The Australian Women's Weekly arranged the trip for the family.

On their voyage round Australia the Quads quickly turned into enthusiastic long-distance deck-pacers.

Weather permitting, they had a "constitutional" twice a day, after breakfast and after lunch, like seasoned old sailors.

Five times round the deck was their average. Seven times round equalled a mile.

To give variety to their promenade, the children ran races, played hide-and-seek among the deck-chairs, or stopped for a game or talk with some of their fellow-passengers.

Whenever they were on the move round the ship, their father or mother put leather reins on them for safety.

The reins had only one disadvantage. One adult with two, three, or four children-in-hand could get into quite a tangle, especially when the ship gave a sudden roll.

Far from being annoyed by the reins, the Quads liked them, because they meant "walkies." And they were choosy, too, in picking the adult they wanted as an escort.

The children experienced slightly rough weather, with strong winds, early in the voyage. Sometimes the wind

was so strong that they had to lean against it on their walks. They loved this, and shouted and laughed with delight.

On one walk, Betty Sara caused pandemonium by telling them to look at the white horses. There was a sudden rush of children round her, all wanting to be lifted to see the "gee-gees."

Betty found it a bit hard to explain.

When they ran races, Alison and Mark were fleetest of foot. Judith's short legs took about three steps to Alison's one, and Phillip, who always concentrates very seriously on everything he does, plodded along with the stamina and regularity of a steam engine.

Next to their walks and games with their parents, the Quads loved the ship's nursery.

Although they had rarely mixed with other children and certainly never in such numbers, they settled in without any difficulty.

They played together and with other children indiscriminately. The nursery stewardess, Miss Robbie Wedderburn, told me they were just like any other four children. They didn't gang up together or cause mass disturbances.

Miss Wedderburn took no nonsense from any of the children in her care, and for the naughty ones she had a little "punishment" room all ready and waiting. None of the Quads suffered that fate.

With a big stationary motor car, a rocking horse, a slippery dip, and numerous games and toys, the Quads played happily in the nursery between meals.

They always greeted Betty and Percy cheerfully when they came to see them, but

did not usually make a fuss when their parents went.

The first-class nursery on the Strathmore has an open wing on either side of it, each sheltered by a roof and enclosed by a high, iron fence.

It was in one of these wings that young Mark was overwhelmed one day by a bolt from the blue. A sudden strong gust of wind blew his handkerchief overboard. The inexplicable loss horrified him and it was a long time before he could be comforted.

For the hot weather, the nursery had a portable swimming pool. The Quads would love this, because even a bath is a great joy to them.

During the ship's day-long stay in Adelaide, the Quads

stayed on board. They watched the loading of the big holds through the nursery fence and made friends with some of the wharf laborers.

Their parents took turns in going ashore for a quick look round Adelaide, and in the evening entertained visitors on board.

One of the visitors was Mrs. W. C. Bannerman, of Semaphore. Mrs. Bannerman, who is blind, is an enthusiastic supporter of radio station 5KA's Smilers' Club.

When the Quads were born, she arranged to have them all made "Smilers" and sent badges to Betty and Percy for the children. It was her first meeting with the Saras.

Highlight of the Quads' trip to Fremantle was a visit to the bridge where Captain D. F. H. Armstrong, master of the Strathmore, showed them round.

The wheelhouse, with its shining brasswork, its wheels,

knobs, and handles, was explored thoroughly by the four children.

Captain Armstrong was not at all dismayed by the way the children made themselves at home. He has four of his own, including one set of twins.

Shipboard life was an absolute delight to Betty Sara.

"I've never wasted so much time in all my life," she told me. "And it's wonderful."

She and Percy particularly enjoyed the dances on board. Their own variation of the samba was a favorite.

On July 4, Percy and Betty celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary somewhere between Bombay and Aden. They planned a modest party a deux.

During their evenings on board, either Betty or Percy would go down to their cabin at intervals to check on the children.

Friend Taffy

BUT more often than not they would have been beaten to this parental duty by someone else. Their cabin steward, David (Taffy) Thomas, would meet them with "Don't bother to come down. I've just been in, and they're all asleep."

Or sometimes he would say, "Judith was crying. She must have been dreaming, so I picked her up and she went to sleep in my arms."

At other times during the evening, one of the lift stewards would report that he had stopped off for a "listen" between decks, and that all was well.

Taffy was a great favorite with the Quads. He soothed their troubles with "Tell Taffy all about it," and always had a word for each of them.

Within a very short while of their coming on board, the Quads were noticeably adding many new words to their vocabularies.

Betty is sure they will be speaking quite fluently by the time they return to Australia.

They had been rather slow in talking, mainly because Betty was not able to give them enough individual attention at home.

Portsea cadets celebrate passing-out



AT MIDNIGHT. Second-Lieut. Graham Lovegrove, of Brisbane, and Shirley Thomas, of Sandringham, Victoria, pull down the "days to go" sign at the dance following the passing-out parade at Portsea.

ARM Y cadets at the Portsea officers' training school in Victoria and their guests celebrated at a dance after the school's half-yearly passing-out ceremony. At the parade in the afternoon Lieut-General Sir Sidney Rowell took the salute. Forty-two cadets graduated at the ceremony.



AT SUPPERTIME. General A. R. Garrett (left) and General L. B. W. Pulver, in colorful dress uniform, with Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Pulver (right) at supper at the dance. Mrs. Garrett's gown was of black organdie appliqued with white daisies. Pictures by staff photographer E. Mann.



CHIEF INSTRUCTOR at the college, Colonel James Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison (left) welcome cadets and their partners. They are (from left) Tony Trevorthen, of Burnie, Tasmania, and his fiancée, Beth Langman, of Hobart; Robert Watson, of Sydney, and his fiancée, Pam Turner; and Bruce Barrett, of Perth, and Judith Kennedy, of Victoria.



ABOVE: Clapping to a samba are Second-Lieut. and Mrs. John Donohoe (left), Ron Miliken, of Geelong, and Margaret Garlick, David Harris, and Barbara Scott, all of Melbourne. Captain John Church shows them a book of jokes he received as a parting gift from the cadets.

RIGHT: Climax of the dance came when partners pinned on the cadets' pips. In front are Peter Rowden, Lorraine Bromich, Nancy Barradale, and John Goeves. At back are Michael Russell, Shirley Hattell, Robin Newman, Noel McVilly, Janice Penfold, and Neil Harden.





AT ST. MARK'S. Dr. and Mrs. John Hornbrook leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride, formerly Jane Sandy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sandy, of Bellerue Hill, wore white corded-stripe satin.



HAPPY COUPLE. Dr. Sam Hamilton and his bride, formerly Pam Brockhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Brockhoff, of Neutral Bay, who were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill. The reception was held at the Kirribilli Yacht Squadron.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

NEWLY appointed Rear-Admiral Roy Dowling, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.A.N., with Mrs. Dowling and their family—which includes two sets of twins—will leave England in December of this year to return to Australia.

It will be the second Christmas in succession that the Dowlings have spent at sea. They left Australia last November for London, where Admiral Dowling is attending the Imperial Defence College. Cadet-midshipman Tony Dowling has followed in his father's footsteps and embarked on a naval career. He is at present on a training cruise in the Devonshire.

With their other four children, Jillian, Tony's twin sister Susan, and twins Rosemary and John, the Dowlings are living in a flat at Chelsea.

EVERY Australian who has come in contact with American Ambassador Mr. Pete Jarman and his charming wife will be sorry to hear that the day of their departure from Australia has been decided. The Jarman will leave for home—that is, Alabama, U.S.A.—from Canberra on July 20. The new Ambassador, Mr. Amos Peaslee, with his wife and daughter, Dorothy, will arrive within the next few months. They hail from New Jersey.

I THINK that if detailed description helps to create atmosphere, then Mrs. Ida Spicer, of Wahroonga, must feel she actually watched the Queen's coronation. Mrs. Spicer tells me she has just received a letter from her daughter, Lady Bagot, who had a seat in the Abbey. The letter was 17 pages long.

WITH her seven-months-old daughter, Jennifer, Mrs. Bill Wylie came up from Melbourne specially for the coming of age of her younger sister, Betty Wilkinson. Held at Girraween, the party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wilkinson, of Pymble. Mrs. Wylie and Jennifer will return home in about a week.

ELEGANT in black at the opening of "South Pacific" were Mrs. Strath Playfair, whose off-the-shoulder ballerina was cuffed with satin... Mrs. W. F. Moses, who highlighted her velvet gown with ropes of pearls... and Mrs. C. R. Gissing, who tied her mink stole shawl-wise over a pleated chiffon frock.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. David Sargood leave Christ Church, South Yarra, Melbourne. Joan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Withers, of Cobram, Victoria, and David is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Sargood, of Corowa.



THREE New South Wales girls—Jess Marshall, Olga Corrigan, and Amy Floyd—are members of the All Australian hockey team, which will leave Australia early in August to play matches in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and then in Holland and France. After the girls return home in February next year, Jess will be enveloped in a whirl of activity, as she and her fiancé, Jeff Prell, are planning to be married in April. Jess is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Marshall, of Lindfield, and Jeff is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prell, of "Gundowringa," Crookwell.

Jeff's elder brother, Charles, has recently announced his engagement to Mary Street, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Street, of Double Bay. Both Mary and Jess are wearing sapphire engagement rings.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR, Dr. Walther Hess, Madame Hess (right), and Madame Eleanora Arrighi at the Independence Day party given by the Argentine Consul-General, Mr. Frederico Quintana.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Darling Point, has been chosen by Jill Ferris and Lieut. Jimmy Moffatt for their wedding, which will take place in about five weeks' time. First set for April 4, and then for July 10, the wedding has had to be postponed twice, as Jimmy has been unable to get leave from the Army. Jill, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ferris, will have three attendants, her sisters Pat (Mrs. John Castle) and Kathleen, and Patty Coombes. Jimmy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Moffatt, of Lane Cove.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Norma Rees (left), of Brisbane, Max Porritt, and Elaine Croft were among youthful guests at the International Cocktail Party given by the Companions of the Royal Empire Society at the Society's rooms.



IN LONDON. Mrs. Victor Maxwell (right), wife of Mr. Justice Maxwell, of Sydney, with the Countess of Hardwick at the exhibition of paintings by Sydney artist Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS. Susan King, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Michael King, of Edgecliff, and James Russell, only son of Major and Mrs. Philip Russell, of Cargnham, Victoria, who are engaged.



AT WIMBLEDON. Judith White (right), daughter of the Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White, watched play in the tennis championships with the Dowager Lady Swoything, who has visited Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1953

"South Pacific" first night and dances in town



RECENTLY MARRIED David and Rosemary Lloyd Jones shown with Rosemary's mother, Mrs. Ernest Turnbull (left), were among the first night audience at the long-awaited musical "South Pacific," which has opened at the Empire Theatre.



ARRIVING at the Empire Theatre to see "South Pacific" are Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin, of Killara. Feminine members of the audience on opening night were sheltered under escorts' umbrellas, or picked up their skirts to run across rain-soaked roads.



FIRST NIGHTERS. Mrs. Stanley Lovell (left), Dr. Lovell, and Mrs. Dick Opie arrive at the Empire Theatre. Both Mrs. Lovell and Mrs. Opie covered their gowns with fox furs.



WELL-KNOWN EQUESTRIENNE Shirley Pye (right) at "South Pacific" with her mother, Mrs. Dick Pye. After the show, the cast and their friends were entertained at a party.



FAMILY GROUP in the foyer of the Empire Theatre were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Barnett (right), of Mosman, their daughter Anne, and Anne's fiance, Rob Ennever, of Roseville.



MINK STOLE covered the black organza frock worn by Mrs. W. S. McDermott (left), who arrived at the Empire Theatre to see "South Pacific" with Mrs. Arthur Hobson.



IMPERIAL SERVICES' BALL. Major and Mrs. Ralph Sutton (left), Mrs. Bruce Trenerry, and Major Trenerry, who has just returned from Korea, at the Imperial Services' Ball.



DENTAL BALL. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Grainger (left), talk with their son, David, and Jennifer Drury between dances at the Dental Ball, held at the Trocadero. Mrs. Grainger wore a frock of olive-green faille.



COLLEGE DANCE. Law student Clive Galea with his partner, Marcia Buxton, at the dance at St. John's College, University.

When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR

...here's what he does!

I CLEAN MY PATIENTS' TEETH WITH MENTASOL TOOTHPASTE BEFORE STARTING TREATMENT AND RECOMMEND ITS DAILY USE TO DESTROY ALL MOUTH ODOURS



This leading Sydney dentist has proved it... follow his advice!

(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held on our files)

WHO SHOULD KNOW more than a dentist about getting rid of stale mouth odours caused by strong-tasting foods, tobacco and alcohol! When this leading Sydney dentist read of a chlorophyll toothpaste, 50% more effective in destroying mouth odours than ordinary toothpastes, he wondered if it could be true. But, constantly working over people with bad breath, he found that Mentasol Chlorophyll Toothpaste fulfilled every claim. "Today, I strongly advise my patients to clean their teeth with Mentasol", he says, "it makes teeth beautifully clean and deodorises the mouth better than any other toothpaste".

7 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS THINK MENTASOL BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said "Better than any other toothpaste we've ever used". We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee.

Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back. Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today.

The world's original CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE



YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Too young to marry

So you want to get married. You're a man of 19—old enough to have done your service training, you say indignantly. You're a girl of 18—old enough to earn your own living, you protest.

But your parents say you're too young to get married.

I WON'T presume to give any ruling on whether you're right or your parents are. Nobody's ever wholly right in an argument. Besides, what holds good for John and Mary doesn't apply to Jim and Georgie.

But I will say that a young marriage is a gamble, and that the odds of making it a life-long success are heavily against you.

First of all, you're in love. You've had lots of boy-friends, girl-friends before, but this is it—the Real Thing. That sounds mocking. It's not meant to be. For if being in love is a staggering experience, first love is heaven—and hell—on earth.

Elders might poo-poo it as an illusion, "just imagination." But if this is imagination or illusion, it's the most wonderful and revealing illusion in human experience.

A new You has suddenly come alive. The world has been newly created for You.

If this isn't being in love, you might well ask, you don't know what it is.

You argue that two people who love each other should marry young, have children right away, and grow up with them.

You are right. This is ideal. But if you try to live the ideal without money in the present screwball world you're just spitting against the wind.

Your elders object that since you both have no money, you, John, have no security to offer Mary.

This, too, is true, but no one can blame you if you think it's a bit thick. Because you know about insecurity. You are the children of an insecure world. You've never had security.

You say you don't need much money.

You don't need it, as older people do, to ensure comfortable living or to buy a house, a car, costly clothes, and club memberships as the badges of worldly success.

You can gipsy along happily. In some ways you prefer to, because it means you're not stuck in a rut of stuffy formality.

But right now the postman's whistle is a joyous shrill meaning—



"That's the trouble... I don't WANT to live as cheaply as one."

ing a letter; not a note of doom announcing account rendered. In marriage you're going to need money.

There are few objects more expensive than a baby.

And don't try to persuade yourself or anyone else you won't have a baby, "for a while, anyway." You will.

When young people start families a gipsy existence isn't good enough. Responsibility to the baby sets in, and before they can turn round, there they are—parents—settled people with obligations, fantastically like their own sets of parents, with the same hitherto inexplicable yearnings for a home of their own and good furniture in it. Solid furniture, moreover, that will last a lifetime, not an "amusing" piece contrived so ingeniously

- How do you know you're in love?
- Have you financial security?

from a butter-box and printed cotton.

You're adventurous. You don't "look before and after." Why should you, when you're sure you can get the world by the throat and shake out of it what you want.

Ill-health and old age are things that happen only to other—older—people.

Adventurous is the best way to be. But do try to use your imagination, and see that one day you'll be one of those "other—older—people." You can't escape it.

Your parents say that you'll "change." No, don't scoff when they say it. You will, although it won't necessarily be the sinister change they hint at in such a superior way.

Take a look back at yourself when you started your Army training, say. You've improved on that callow youth, haven't you?

What were you like when you first started work? A baby, you think now, don't you?

You'll keep changing like that all your life.

And will the You of this time next year feel the same about the 12-months-old John or Mary?

It might be that if you marry you'll both change together, that you'll share experiences together, and grow together.

You might change separately and grow apart and end—but how impossible that seems now—in the divorce court.

If you don't marry this boy or girl, you say, you'll die. You won't die, although you might wish you could before the heartache's over.

You might even fall out of love. Oh, yes, that happens. When it does it's the most disillusioning discovery of all.

Except, perhaps, for the disillusion implicit in the old saying: "Fall in love once, fall in love twice."

WHEN I put record LOX-819 on the turntable, I little expected that I was about to play something that I'd really fall in love with, and will probably treasure for years. It's "The Lover and the Nightingale," by Granados, and the pianist is Claudio Arrau. I compared it instantly with my orchestral version—under the Spanish title of "La Maja Y El Ruiseñor" (DB-21069)—with soprano Victoria de los Angeles. They are equally enchanting. Hear them both, and resist buying them if you can. At the end of the Arrau disc you'll also get "La Puerta del Vino" (The Vineyard Gateway), the Third Prelude in Debussy's Second Book. As the name suggests, this is intoxicating

DISC DIGEST

music in the rich Spanish idiom Debussy used in "Iberia."

BY the time you read this, "Doggie In The Window" will be playing everywhere. The words are simple, the tune infectious, and it's pleasantly sung by Betty Harris and Sally Sweetland on EA5001. What more could you want? Coupling also introduces two new names—Billy Coleman and Artie Melvin—doing "Tell Me A Story," a novelty duet between a harassed father and his persistent offspring.

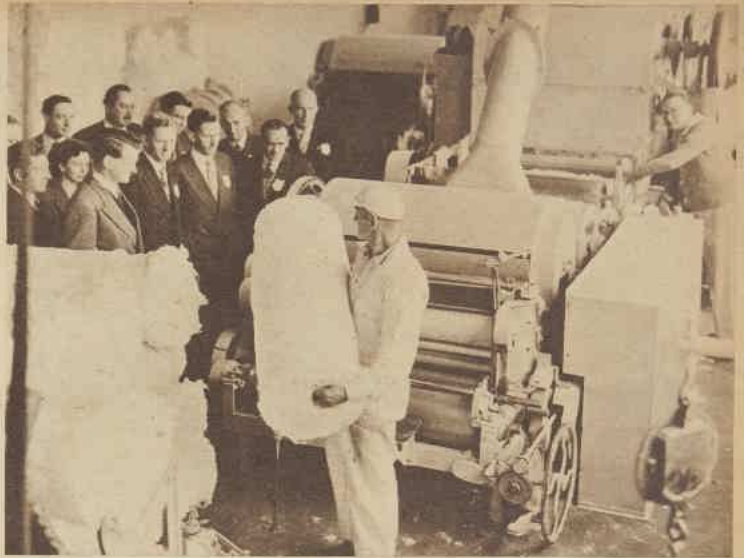
SAID to be England's top dance and show band, Ted Heath's Orchestra certainly puts on the Ritz with those two good old standards, "Dark Eyes" and "You Go To My Head," on Y6466. They feature a trumpet and guitar solo respectively. This disc is just the shot for any collector who is laying down a solid foundation of "evergreen" numbers.

IF you can face up to the "Indian Love Call" done in rugged cowboy style, including some yodelling such as poor Rose Marie never had the tonsils for, ask to hear Y6460. Flipside, also done by Slim Whitman, is "China Doll." —BERNARD FLETCHER

Students spend a day in industry



PRODUCTION SUPERINTENDENT N. G. Burrows (left) explains to students Clyde Gittins and David Stout how mill operator Frank Hogan applies resin to raw rubber to soften it for making adhesive tape when economics students visited his factory.



UNIVERSITY MEN with factory executives studying the manufacture of cotton-wool from raw cotton in the factory. The students spent the day there, from 8.30 in the morning, and gained practical knowledge from the workers of the running of a big concern.

● Economics professor S. J. Butlin and some of his students and lecturers from Sydney University spent a day at a factory recently to gain practical experience.

THEY all learned something.

The professor learned that one of his most brilliant students couldn't get a job making toothbrush handles.

"He failed miserably in his manual dexterity test," Professor Butlin said.

Honors student Barry Press, of Condobolin, N.S.W., learned first-hand of problems faced by workers.

"I was able to talk to both workers and foremen," he said, "and found it a great help."

Lecturer Noel Drane made notes on practical cost account-

ing for the first time. He spent his time discussing economics statistics with chief clerk George Duncan.

Economics II student Clyde Gittins learned of the big opportunities there were in factories. He had been set on entering an insurance firm or becoming a lecturer.

A rolling mill operator said he had learned quite a lot from the students' visit.

"I learned that not all economics students are men," he said shyly. "And she's pretty as well as clever," he added, grinning.

"We can teach our students the theoretical side," Professor

Butlin said at the end of the day, "but it is difficult to give them any idea of the practical side of economics and the inside workings of a factory without the co-operation of business firms."

When asked what job he would prefer if he had to seek employment in the factory, Professor Butlin smiled and said: "I have looked at every job in the place, and think perhaps the job I would like best is that of the girl who takes the faulty tins out of the baby-powder packing machine and gives them a big wham with a hammer."



K. LAFFER, Lecturer in Economics, doing a manipulation test watched by assistant-personnel officer, G. W. Martin.



STUDENTS Judy Crossing, of Woollahra, and Barry Press, of Condobolin, watch Mary Herzog (left), of Kingsford, and Shirley Wilcocks, of Matraville, polish toothbrush handles.

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P32

Make your own Lampshade



ELEGANT fringed shade (above) is made of gleaming magnolia slipper satin. This shade with its semi-enclosed glareless top is suitable for a formal sitting-room. Directions for making it are on page 37.

FROTHY BALLERINA SHADE (below) of embroidered voile is posed over organza with palest pink taffeta lining. Velvet ribbon threads the heading of the nipped-in waist. Directions, page 34.



DAINTY BALLERINA shade for a bedroom is set on a thin, high base (above). Graduated tucks trim the double organdie skirt arranged over a pale pink taffeta lining. The waist is drawn in with tape, which unties easily for laundering. Directions on page 34.

LEFT: New Scandinavian-inspired, glareless shade designed for low-table use in a tailored, contemporary sitting-room. Lustrous chartreuse satin is stretched over buckram and trimmed with simple cords of soft-toned satin. Direction are given on page 35.

RIGHT: Tall, painted buckram shade trimmed with pyram braid and bobble fringed is designed for a squat base to stand easily on a ledge or narrow bookcase. Made in gay colors, is a perfect choice for sun-room or business girl's flat. Direction are given on page 35.

● New shapes and a new, easy approach to making are features of these lampshades, which were designed and made by our fashion artist Rene for this special handcrafts section.



***DAILY STRIPED SHADE** (left) taps a standard for an informal room. Made of glazed chintz, this fringed drum shade is the easiest and quickest of all shades to make. The chintz, sewn to a taped base, has a drawstring top. Directions, page 37.*

***FRIVOLOUS** but pretty, the cone-shaped shade (above) is made from painted buckram and trimmed with candlewick bobbles. The base is a liqueur bottle with a crocheted jacket in raffia. Directions for making this buckram shade are on page 37.*



***TALL, picturesque, bobble-trimmed shade** (above) fashioned from deep blue gauze and mounted over an off-white lining is set in a classic blue-and-white ginger jar. These new, slim shades can be made in pleasing proportions, and allied with suitable bases they are ideal for use on narrow shelves and ledges. Directions, page 37.*

Ballerina Lampshades

Continued from pages 32 and 33

Although these ballerina lampshades are all individual, each being made of different materials, the method for making this type of removable, skirted shade follows a basic pattern.

ANY washing material that can be stiffened makes a charming ballerina skirt for a shade. Organdie, muslin, broderie anglaise, finely embroidered pique, organza, and dotted embroidered Swiss cottons all are ideal and launder well.

For any type of shade the wire frame is first painted to protect the wire against rust, the rings of the frame are then bound with tape. For a ballerina-styled shade a fitted lining must be made. Cotton fabric like lawn or fine linen

is the cheapest for lining, but other materials like taffeta are also suitable.

The top skirt for a ballerina shade is made separate, so that it can be removed for washing.

The width of the skirt should be about three times the circumference of the base wire. The length should be the depth of the frame, measured from the base to the waist and from the waist up to the top of frame, plus about 1½ inches.

The material for the skirt (whether it is a simple, straight skirt or a circular-cut skirt) is simply seamed together. Casings are made at

the waist and the top edge of the material for drawstrings. The skirt is then pulled in to fit tightly at the waist and top so that the body of the skirt falls in soft, frothy folds.

Illustrated at right is a ballerina shade with a straight skirt in plaid gingham and organdie and trimmed with bias binding. When making it, follow the picture series and the instructions below for the method of lining the frame and fitting the skirt.

In the case of a circular skirt, the lining is done in the same way before the top skirt is added.

Glamorous flower-garlanded ballerina

(Our cover shade)

Materials: 1½ yds. embroidered organdie, 1½ yds. plain organdie, 11 in. wire shape about 9 in. high, ½ yd. pale pink taffeta lining for frame, tape, flowers, piece of velvet ribbon for band around waist.

To Make: Tape frame and cover shape as shown in the step-by-step picture guide on this page. Cut four circles about 29 in. in diameter, two from the embroidered organdie and two from the plain organdie. Cut another circle on each piece of material about 5 in. down from the centre, then slit both the embroidered and plain organdie circles up one side and machine together. This makes a miniature double circle skirt.

With the edges of embroidered and plain organdie circles even, scallop the edges, stitch round by machine, and turn to the right side. Press out smoothly. Join a straight piece about 8 in. wide to the top of the skirt, fold over to join on the wrong side, making a double hem through which a tape can be threaded. Thread the tape through and pull in like the waist of a frock. Thread the tape through double top fold and pull the tape to form a tiny circle.

The skirt is now ready to fit on shade. Pull the tape in to adjust it tightly on the frame. The flower trim is sewn on a velvet band which ties round the waist.



Directions for making this shade are given below.

Frothy ballerina in organdie

(Illustrated in color on page 32)

Materials: 3 yds. white voile flouncing, ½ yd. organza for underskirt, ½ yd. taffeta lining, ½ yd. beading, ½ yd. velvet ribbon, 10 in. ballerina frame, tape.

To Make: The method for making this shade is the same as that given for the gingham ballerina shade, but with this difference: the embroidered voile flouncing is made up on an organza lining or underskirt. Actually the skirt is made double, the organza being made in one with the voile to give the effect of one stiffened material. The top of the skirt has another similar frill which stands up decoratively from the waist. The beading is quite separate, being made like a tiny belt on a piece of buckram, fitted with a hook and eye, and hooked around the waist after the skirt is fitted to the frame. It is then threaded with velvet ribbon and tied with a bow.

LEFT: Our cover design. This glamorous ballerina shade has been designed for a feminine sitting-room or bedroom. Fashioned from embroidered organdie, it is simply a double-circle skirt in miniature with scalloped edges and trimmed with a garland of flowers. The "skirt" is practical, as it is easily removed for washing.

Gingham shade

(Illustrated at top right)

Materials: ½ yd. plaid gingham, ½ yd. organdie, 2 different colored bias tapes, 9 in. wire frame, 1-3rd yd. white cotton material for lining, binding tape.

To make: Bind the base, waist, and top rings of the frame with tape. Measure the frame in the way instructed above. Then cut, sew, and fit the lining to the frame, as shown in the step-by-step picture guide. Cut the gingham according to the size of the frame. Join on a folded, double organdie edge to the gingham with bias tape. Turn in the gingham at the top edge to form a casing for the drawstring, and sew bias tape at waist level to make a drawstring for the tape or elastic. Thread the drawstrings at the waist and top, pull in tightly and fit to the lined frame.

Dainty ballerina

(Illustrated in color on page 32)

Materials: 9 in. wire shape, 1½ yds. white organdie, ½ yd. pink taffeta, tape for binding wire shape.

To Make: Tape the frame and line with taffeta, following the pictorial guide and the instructions for the plaid gingham shade. For the skirt use the organdie folded over double and make three graduated turks around the bottom of the skirt. Draw in round the waist and top with tape and tie with a bow as a trim.



Directions for making this shade are given above.

Handicraft Feature



PRETTY slip-on ballerina shade designed for a girl's room is made of gingham, edged with organdie and joined with bias binding. Directions for making this washable shade are on this page.

STEP-BY-STEP PICTURE GUIDE:



1. Bind the three rings of the painted frame firmly with tape. For lining: Measure circumference at base of frame for width, up from base to waist and over top and down to inside of waist for the depth so that the lining will fit tightly. Cut to measurements, then stitch up seam. With lining inside out, fold material from the inside of wire over the top so that the rough edge is pointing outwards, stitch firmly to tape, nicking at upright wires.

2. Pull material back over the frame, stretching tightly up to the waist, and mark evenly with pins all the way round. This shows where the drawstring is to be seen.

3. Pull drawstring in tightly on to the wire and stitch firmly to the binding tape at waist, easing the fullness evenly all round.

4. At top edge of lining make a small turning; insert drawstring. Fold lining over, stitch to the inside of waist.

5. This picture shows the made-up skirt ready for drawstrings to be threaded at waist and top before fitting over the lined shade.

6. Finished and fitted skirt showing how it is pulled in firmly at waist and drawn in to a small circle at top with either tape or elastic.



ROPE TRICKS

ROPE-TRIMMED accessories have moved from the beach houses of those who like nautical motifs into city and country homes and flats.

Scores of people are giving a new twist to rope in practical as well as attractive ways.

Several examples of ways they have put rope to work are shown on this page.

Architect R. Meyer, who has just completed his attractive home at Mosman, N.S.W., has used rope instead of wrought-iron or wood to lace his staircase. He also made a rug for the hearth in his living-room from 40yds. of 3/4 in. rope, dyed yellow.

Instructions for this easy-to-make rug are given on page 36.

In his study-bedroom, Richard Lear, a young sailing enthusiast, of Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W., has used rope as a decorative binding for pic-

tures and lampshades, and as a support for the long bookshelf above an old mahogany bed, a ship's relic. (See picture at foot of this page.)

To hang the bookshelf, three-stranded cotton rope is threaded through two holes bored in the long narrow shelf at each end, and hung by the eye-splices of the rope from strong cuphooks inserted in the picture rail.

The corduroy cushions which repeat the colors of the printed bedspread are outlined

tions: Take the rope in one hand and unravel about 6in. of the end in which the eye-splice is to be put. Lay the three unravelled strands over the rope, forming a loop of required size (diagram 1).

Tuck the centre unravelled strand under the centre strand of the rope at the neck of the loop (diagram 2), then tuck the strand nearest to you under the strand on the side of the standing rope (diagram 3).

Turn the splice over and tuck the third strand away and under the remaining strand of the standing rope (diagram 4).

If you have an end of rope coming out between each strand, your first tuck is correct.

Repeat these steps, tucking over one strand and under the next, for the second round.

To make a neat job, halve the strands for the final round and tuck a similar round, cutting the ends after the tuck is completed (diagram 5).

Roll the splice between your hands or on the floor with your foot to even it out.

Continued on page 36

Handicraft Feature

with cotton cording to simulate rope.

The two centre pictures in the group above the bed are outlined with rope. This was just tacked on to the outside edge of the frames.

Those who wish to copy the wall shelf but do not know how to put an eye-splice in three-strand rope should study the diagrams immediately below and follow these direc-



ABOVE: Attractive wall shelves in a business girl's flat were made from sash cord and two pieces of pine bought at a timber yard. See directions for making on page 36.

②

LEFT: Rope was used in this study-bedroom as a support for the shelf above the bed, to outline several of the picture frames, and as a decoration for the desk-lamp shade. Cotton cord trims the colorful cushions on the former ship's bed.



ABOVE: Rope is used with dramatic effect to lace the staircase and balustrading of the landing and corridors in architect R. Meyer's new home at Mosman, N.S.W. The rope is laced V-fashion to hooks in the wrought-iron rail and stairs.

BELOW: Hearth-rug made "on the knee" by Mr. Meyer for the living-room of his new house can also be used as a door-mat. It took 40 yards of 3/4 in. rope, which was dyed yellow and allowed to dry before making. Rope takes beautifully to dye.



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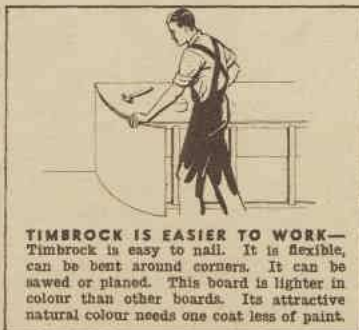
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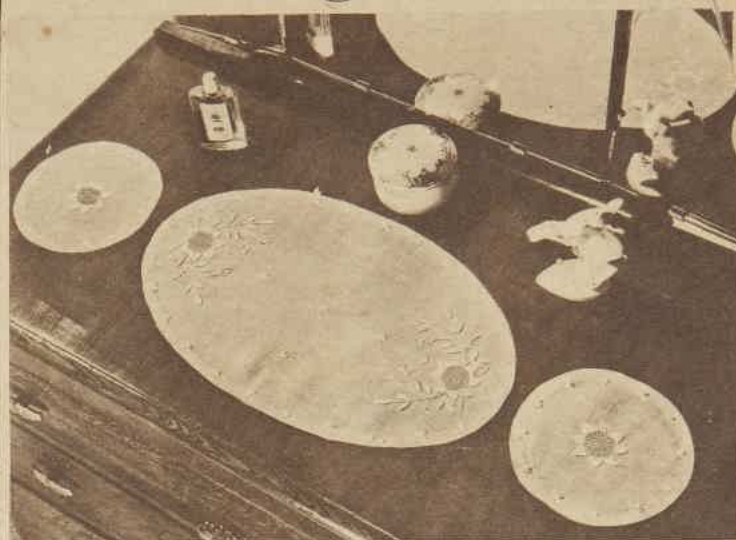


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Dressing-table set

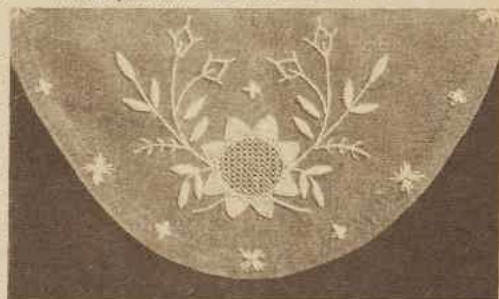


Pictured above is a beautiful hand-embroidered dressing-table set.

FINE LINEN and simple embroidery make this elegant dressing-table set. A three-piece traced linen set like this all in readiness for working can be obtained from our Needlework Department. See article below for all details.

YOU can make it for yourself by sending in to our Needlework Department for the set in traced linen or in fine cotton, at the special prices quoted below, and embroidering it according to instructions given on this page.

Alternatively the centre mat, which measures 11in. x 18in., may be used as a traycloth or



Handicraft Feature

table-centre, and the smaller 7in. x 7in. mats as d'oyleys.

The set is clearly traced on fine linen, ready to embroider, in white, cream, or blue.

The special price is 6/11, plus 7d. postage.

In fine British cotton in pastel shades of blue, lemon, green, and pink, the set costs 4/11, plus 7d. for postage, from our Needlework Department. See address on page 59.

When ordering, please quote No. HM489.

Here are the embroidery details:



DIAGRAM 1. Letters indicate the embroidery stitches to be used. Directions to this page.



DIAGRAM 2. How to work the Rumanian-stitch.



DIAGRAM 3. Method of working the punch-stitch.

ENLARGED END of centre mat shown on dressing-table (above) gives a clear picture of the finished embroidery.

Materials: 3 skeins of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton; 1 Milward "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 6; 1 Milward "Gold Seal" punch needle No. 6.

Use 2 strands of the embroidery cotton for the punch-stitch; 3 strands for the rest of the embroidery. Follow diagram 1 for the embroidery. The letters indicate the stitches used: A—stem-stitch; B—satin-stitch; C—straight-stitch; D—Rumanian-stitch (see diagram 2 for method of working); E—daisy-stitch; F—punch-stitch (see diagram 3). The stitches are pulled firmly to give an open-work effect.

The edges can be hemmed or turned back and faced with bias binding to match. Press finished embroidery well on wrong side.

ROPE TRICKS continued from page 35

Make sure the lay of the rope is kept firm and the splice is tightened as each ruck is completed.

A young business girl used the same trick to hang home-made bookshelves above the divan bed in her one-room flat.

The shelves, illustrated on page 35, were made from two pieces of pine (obtainable at any timber yard), each measuring 4½ft. x 10in. x 1½in.

To make the shelves, bore holes at each corner of each piece of wood, 1½in. from the sides and 2½in. from the ends, big enough for ordinary sash-cord to pass through.

Bevel the upper edge of

each shelf with a plane and smooth the whole shelf with fine sandpaper.

Rub colorless floor polish or furniture wax into the wood with a soft rag each day for a week. By then the wax will be well absorbed and the whole surface waterproof.

Then thread strong sash cord through the holes, making a single knot under each shelf, and making sure that the shelves are level.

Strong cuphooks screwed firmly into the picture rail hold the shelves at the required height.

These natural waxed wood shelves can be made to any

size to suit your books and available wall space.

Here are directions for making the hearth-rug illustrated on page 35:

Measure off 14in. from one end of rope, then, to form a core, turn the rope on itself in a close loop. Using a sail-maker's needle and thread, sew one strand of each rope piece together on the underside.

Continue winding the rope round and round the original loop and core, sewing as you go.

When you reach the end of the rope unravel the ends, flatten and stitch down firmly to the underside of the mat.

DRUM-SHAPED LAMPSHADES

Directions continued from page 34

Included in this section are a lined drum shape and an unlined glazed chintz one. The yellow-and-white striped standard lamp shade is the quickest and simplest to make.

If a closely woven material is used for a drum-shaped shade, the frame will not need lining.

Satin fringed shade

(Illustrated in color on page 32)

Materials: 1/2 yd. magnolia slipper satin, 1-3/4 yd. matching crepe for lining, 2 yds. bobble fringe, tape, 11 in. wire shape.

To Make: Because this is a silk shade it will need to be lined. First tape the wire frame, cut the lining material on the cross so that it fits tightly to the base all round. Pin firmly, stretching from top to base, then sew on to tape with rough edges folded over to right side. Now carefully measure the circumference and height of the drum, and cut satin on the straight, allowing an extra inch for seam at side, and 4 in. to 5 in. more than the height of the drum. When the side seam has been joined, turn one edge in neatly by machine. At the other end for the top enclosure of the shade make a hem through which a drawstring may be threaded. Now draw the shade over the drum, stitching the turned-in edge to the base wire. Then thread the tape through the top hem and



Directions for making this shade are given at left.

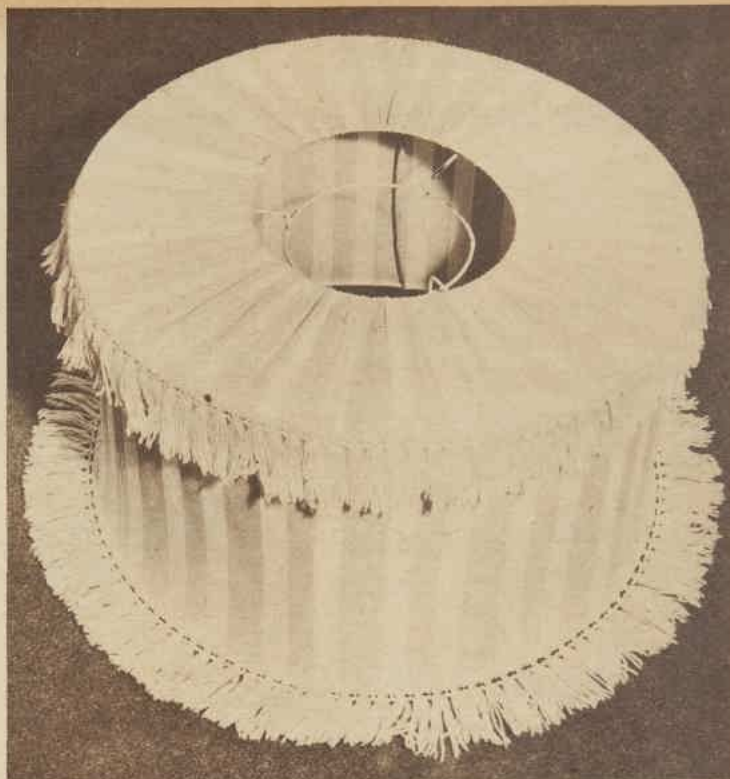
draw in tightly to a small circle, and the drum comes neatly into shape. This method of using a drawstring to enclose part of the top eliminates any harsh glare of light, and gives a lamp a more attractive appearance because the naked globe is shaded. Sew a bobble fringe around the top and base.

Striped shade for standard lamp

(Illustrated at right and in color on page 33)

Materials: To assess the amount of material required for this shade, measure the circumference and height of the frame, then allow about 8 in. more on height measurement for enclosing the top section. If made in glazed chintz as shown, this shade will not require a lining.

To Make: Tape the frame, cut material to fit as tightly as possible around the frame when it is seamed at the sides. Hem one end of the material for a drawstring, then stitch the raw edge around the bottom of the frame in the same way as the lining was sewn to the taped wire for the plaid ballerina gingham shade. Pull the material up over the frame. Thread the top hem with tape and pull it tightly into a small circle to enclose partially the top of the frame. When using this drawstring method to enclose the top of shade there is no need to sew the shade to the top ring of the frame.



THIS DRUM-SHAPED SHADE specially designed for a standard lamp can be easily and quickly made by the novice from glazed chintz. The illustration above shows the drawstring top. The material is sewn to the taped base of the frame, then pulled up over the top circle and drawn up with tape or elastic.

Handicraft Feature

NEW-STYLE BUCKRAM LAMPSHADES

Buckram is an excellent and economical material for making tailored shades. The buckram can be painted any color with oil-paint, artist's oil-color, or with any house paint or enamel.

To color buckram lay it out flat, then rub on paint or oil-color evenly with a cotton cloth. If the color is too heavy it can be thinned with turps or lightened with plain white. Before using, leave for several days until the paint is quite dry. A half-yard of buckram makes a good-size shade for any table-lamp.

When making this type of shade, experiment for a pattern with either stiff paper or thin cardboard to produce any cone shape you like. When you have a shape that pleases you, use the paper or cardboard as a pattern for cutting the buckram and ordering the rings. A wiremaker will supply rings to fit the top and bottom circle of the shade. Many stores carry a good selection of wires for this type of shade.

Painted buckram fringed shade

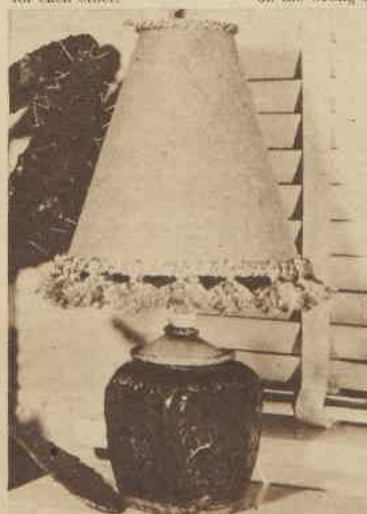
(Illustrated in color on page 33)

Materials: 1/2 yd. buckram, 2 wire rings, oil paint, 4 yds. silk dressing-gown cord.

To Make: Make a pattern to fit the rings from either stiff paper or fine cardboard. Color the buckram, then cut according to the pattern, and make up in the same way as described for the cone-shaped shade at left. The trimming used on this purple shade was silk dressing-gown cord used double and twisted round with matching blazer cord. The

tassels were made out of the thicker cord and stitched firmly on the cord at the base.

The base of this lampshade has a little matching "collar" of the buckram edged with matching cord. This was made because the top of the ginger jar was uneven and the fitting rather ugly. This idea will be useful for any similar type of shade where the fitting and jar are not perfectly designed for each other.



THIS SHADE, made of painted buckram with metal ring support at base and top, is easy to make. See directions at left.

Satin-covered buckram shade

(Illustrated in color on page 32)

Materials: 1/2 yd. chartreuse slipper satin, 1/2 yd. white buckram, 2 wire rings, tape for binding rings, 1 1/2 yds. cotton cord.

To Make: This shade is made in the same way as the other buckram shades but with this difference: plain white buckram is covered with satin. After cutting out the buckram from a pattern made in heavy paper, lay it on the satin and tack all round the shape, turning the satin over the buckram on the wrong side. Make sure

the satin is perfectly flat and pulled tight on the buckram. Machine three rows closely around entire shape. Trim off any surplus satin, cutting close to the machine stitching. Now make up the shade by joining up the side seam and stitch to the rings. The trimming is made from strips of bias-cut satin, stitched to make a tube and then threaded with cotton cord to give the effect of a satin cord. If the cord is difficult to thread, sew a tape firmly to one end, then thread the tape through the casing with a bodkin and pull.



THE TALL LAMPSHADE shown above has a buckram foundation over which lustrous satin is stretched. See directions above.



Directions for this new-style shade are given below.

Tall shade in shirred gauze

(Illustrated in color on page 33)

Materials: 1/2 yd. fine blue shantung gauze, wire shape with side struts, 1/2 yd. off-white crepe for lining, 3 skeins matching blue wool, binding tape.

To Make: Tape the frame, then line it smoothly with the bias-cut crepe, stitching the lining firmly to the taped wire at the top and base. Cut the gauze on the straight of the material and join the gauze, allowing enough material for a small hem at the base and sufficient material to make a double-line frill at the top. Join the gauze at the seam, turn up a small hem with a drawstring thread, and stitch around the base wire. Draw the gauze up the frame, turn over the top, and gather a double frill 1 in. down from the top. Pin firmly before stitching, making sure the shirring pulls evenly from top to base. Trim with pompons made from matching wool. Finish off with a tightly plaited braid of wool.



Directions for this picturesque shade are given below.

Cone-shaped buckram shade

(Illustrated in color on page 33)

Materials: 1/2 yd. buckram, 2 wire rings, tape, 4 yds. pink candlewick, pink paint or artist's oil-color.

To Make: Color the buckram and tape the rings. Before cutting the buckram, make a stiff paper pattern to fit the rings perfectly, allowing 1 in. overlap at side join. Cut the buckram, pin to the rings, and join the side seam with open cross-stitch. Trim buckram and sew firmly to the taped wire. Trim the top with a row of candlewick. For the pompon trim stitch 7 in. lengths of candlewick round and round at the back, then arrange it around the lower edge and stitch firmly in position. If preferred, a braid, cord, or bobble fringe could be used as a trimming.

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WO'NT
REDDEN HANDS!



TWO HANDY
PACKAGES
POWDER & CAKE

Materials: 1 ball Coats' Chain Mercer Crochet, size 20, shade 624; 4 balls size 20, shade 521; 2 balls size 20, shade 693; 1 ball size 20, white; 1½ yds. green linen; Milward's No. 5 steel crochet hook.

Abbreviations: tr., treble; ch., chain; rep., repeat; dc., double crochet; dbl.tr., double treble; sts., stitches.

CENTREPIECE

Crinoline Lady (Make 4)

Skirt.—Starting at top with green shade No. 521, ch. 7.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 2 tr. in each ch. across. Ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Tr. in first tr., 2 tr. in each tr. across, 2 tr. in top of turning ch., ch. 3, turn.

3rd Row: Picking up front loop only, tr. in first tr., * tr. in next tr., 2 tr. in next tr. (1 tr. increased.) Rep. from * across ending with tr. in top of turning ch., ch. 3, turn. (This is right side of work.)

4th Row: Rep. 3rd row, picking up both loops of each tr.

5th to 8th Rows incl: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across, ending with tr. in top of turning ch., ch. 3, turn.

9th Row: Tr. in first tr. * Tr. in next 8 tr., 2 tr. in next tr. Rep. from * across, ending with tr. in top of turning ch. Ch. 3, turn. (40 trebles.)

10th Row: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across, ch. 3, turn.

11th Row: Skip first tr., tr. in front loop of each tr. across, ch. 3, turn.

12th Row: Rep. 10th Row. Break off.

Face.—Starting at centre with pink shade 624, ch. 2.

1st Row: In 2nd ch. from

hook make 2 dc., half tr., tr., 3 dbl. tr., tr., half tr., and 2 dc. Join. Ch. 1, turn.

Neck and Shoulders. — 1st Row: Dc. in same place as sl-st., dc. in next dc., ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: 3 dc. in each dc., ch. 1, turn.

3rd Row: Dc. in each dc. across, ch. 1, turn.

4th Row: 2 dc. in each dc. across, ch. 1, turn.

Arm.—1st Row: Dc. in back loop of next 2 dc., ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: Dc. in next 2 dc., ch. 1, turn.

Repeat 2nd Row until arm measures 1½ in. Break off. Attach thread to opposite side of shoulder and work other arm to correspond.

Body.—1st Row: Attach white to back loop of next free dc. on shoulder (between arms), ch. 3, picking up back loop only * make 2 tr. in next dc., tr. in next dc. Rep. from * across. Ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row.—Skip first tr., * det. 1 tr., tr. in next tr.—to det. 1 tr., work off 2 tr. as 1 tr.—rep. from * across. Ch. 3, turn.

3rd Row: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across. Break off.

First Ruffle.—1st Row: Holding top of skirt and bottom of waist together (wrong side facing) and working through both thicknesses to join, attach pink shade 693 and make dc. closely across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: * Dc. in next dc., ch. 3, Rep. from * across, ending with dc., ch. 3, turn.

3rd Row: * In next loop make dc., ch. 3, and dc., ch. 1. Rep. from * across. Break off.

4th Row: Attach green shade 521 to first loop, dc. in same loop, * ch. 4, dc. in next loop. Rep. from * across. Break off.

Second Ruffle.—1st Row: Attach white to back loop of first tr. on 2nd row of skirt, dc. in same place, dc. closely across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Rep. 2nd Row of first ruffle.

3rd Row: * In next loop make dc., ch. 3, and dc., ch. 2. Rep. from * across. Break off.

4th Row: Rep. 4th Row of first ruffle.

Bottom Ruffle.—1st Row: Attach pink shade 693 to back loop of first tr. on 10th row of skirt, dc. in same place, dc. closely across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Rep. 2nd row of first ruffle.

3rd Row: * In next loop

half tr. in next st., dc. in next 2 sts. Break off.

Cut a piece of linen 12½ in. by 24 in. Make a narrow hem all round. Sew a crinoline lady to each corner.

Edging.—1st Rnd.: Attach pink shade 693 to one side, dc. closely across to next crinoline lady. Break off. Attach thread to next side and dc. closely across to next crinoline lady. Complete other 2 sides to correspond.

2nd Rnd.: Attach pink shade 693 to first dc., dc. in same place, * ch. 3, dc. in next dc. Rep. from * across side. Break off.

Work other sides to correspond.

3rd Rnd.: Attach green shade 521 to first loop, dc. in same loop, * ch. 4, dc. in next loop. Rep. from * across to next crinoline lady. Break off.

Complete other sides to correspond. Sew ends of edging to crinoline ladies.

PLACE-MAT (Make 4)

Cut a piece of linen 12 in. by 17½ in. Make a narrow hem all round. Make one crinoline lady for each place-mat. Complete as for centrepiece.

NAPKIN (Make 4)

Cut a piece of linen 12 in. square and make a narrow hem all round. Make one crinoline lady for each napkin. Sew in place at one corner.

Edging.—1st Rnd.: Attach pink shade 693 to side following crinoline lady, dc. closely around making 3 dc. in each corner. Break off. Complete as for centrepiece. Starch lightly and press.

MINUET DINNER SET

Crocheted crinoline ladies are
sewn to linen mats and napkins.



Handicraft Feature

make dc., ch. 3, and dc., ch. 3. Rep. from * across. Break off.

4th Row: Rep. 4th row of first ruffle.

Neck Ruffle.—1st Row: Attach white to front loop of first dc. on last row of shoulder, dc. in same place, 2 dc. in each dc. across, ending with 1 dc. in last dc., ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: * Skip 1 dc. dc. in next dc., ch. 3, Rep. from * across. Break off.

3rd Row: Rep. 4th row of first ruffle.

Hat.—Attach green shade 521 to first free dc. on head, dc. in same place, dc. in next st., half tr. in next st., 2 tr. in next st., 2 dbl.tr. in each of next 3 sts., 2 tr. in next st.,

Pegged shelves are easy to make *Handicraft Feature*

Not one nail or screw is used in these bookshelves. The shelves are simply pegged to the uprights.

DESIGNED by a Swedish cabinet-maker, the shelves are of the type known in Scandinavia as "knock-down" furniture because they can be assembled or dismantled quickly.

Pine, maple, ash, oak, or cedar are recommended woods, which may be bought at most timber yards.

Required: 25ft. of selected timber, 12in. wide and 3in. thick, and several sheets each of Nos. 1 and 2 sandpaper. The tools needed are a saw, hammer, chisel, and plane.

Cut two uprights, each measuring 3ft. 7in. x 12in., then cut four lengths for the shelves, each measuring 4ft. 3in. x 12in.

After preparing these according to the measurements in the diagram make 16 pegs from the left-over timber.

Plane and sandpaper before polishing and polish well before assembling the shelves.

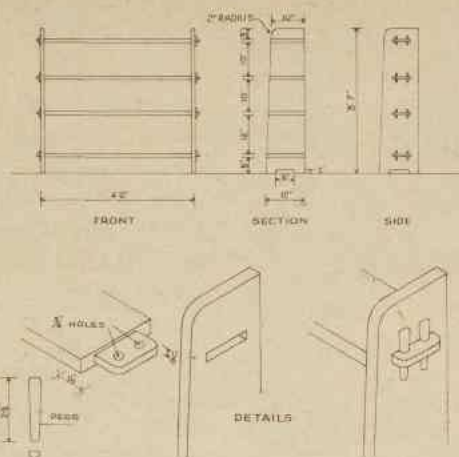
Instead of french polish try this method:

Apply two coats of cellulose lacquer to the pieces, then rub lightly with steel wool, following the grain of the wood. Finish by brushing hard with an ordinary clothes-brush.

This method should give a satin finish to the wood.

The shelves may be backed by a 3/16in. plywood.

If pine is used to make the shelves, the pieces can be waxed or painted to match the color scheme of the room before or after assembling.



THIS DIAGRAM of the construction of bookshelves can be followed by the novice in the making of the modern bookshelves shown right. The shelves are suitable for a boy's or girl's room, study, or living-room.



Pretty scarf for late-day wear

You can make the fascinating little "fly-away" scarf pictured here at the cost of a few shillings.

Here are the directions:
Materials: 1/2 yd. 48in. marquisette or nylon, small remnant of glazed chintz or similar material.

To Make: Cut material into three lengths, two measuring 22in. x 12in., and one a 10in. square. Hem the square at two opposite sides, then with 10 rows of gathering spaced 1in. apart, and running parallel to hemmed ends, draw into a 5in. width. Shell-stitch a hem round three sides of the other two sections, leaving a narrow side unhemmed. Gather this raw edge on each

piece into a 5in. width and join to the hemmed ends of centre gathered section. Press and applique the ends of scarf with small flowers cut from glazed chintz.

In this instance, two sprays of lily-of-the-valley were carefully cut from a remnant of chintz, then tacked to the material, about 4in. from each end of the scarf. After the applique, press carefully.

To do the shell-stitch edging, make a very small hem along the edge of the material. Make a stitch about 1/4in. long, on the slant and underneath the hem, pull stitch firmly, then make a small horizontal stitch over the top of the hem to firm the stitch and form the shell.

TIED IN A BOW, the scarf can be worn as a smart accessory, as shown in the illustration at left.



DAINTY shell-stitch edging and soft gathering are pretty details of this filmy appliqued scarf. See directions for making and details of pretty shell-stitch edging on this page.

Tea-cosy shaped like a house

Shaped like a cottage with a square chimney, this novel tea-cosy is made from taffeta padded and sewn to resemble bricks.

THE cosy illustrated at the extreme right of this page will cover an average size teapot.

If you wish to use it as a cover for the bigger size family teapot, a slit can be made at opposite corners to accommodate handle and spout.

Here are the directions for making this novel tea-cosy. Use them in conjunction with the step-by-step diagrams at the foot of the page.

Materials: 1/2 yd. furnishing taffeta, 1/4 yd. 36in.

calico, 1/2 lb. kapok or cotton wadding for padding.

Cut calico in a piece 34in. long and 14in. wide. Measure and mark off the depth in sections at intervals of 2, 9, and 13 inches from the base (diagram A), leaving 1in. at top. Measure 1in. off each end of the width and mark remaining 32in. into four 8in. quarters. Halve each quarter and bring to a triangle at top (diagram B).

Measure and mark the taffeta in the same way,

then sew the lining and taffeta together with small running stitches. Stitch round each of the four sections and the triangles which will later form the roof (see solid lines, diagram C).

Mark crosswise at 1in. intervals as far as the base-line of the triangles, then mark out in a brick pattern (diagram D).

Cut out the triangles for the roof, leaving a 1in. margin all round (diagram E). Slit calico at the back of each brick, insert the

filling, and pad each one evenly.

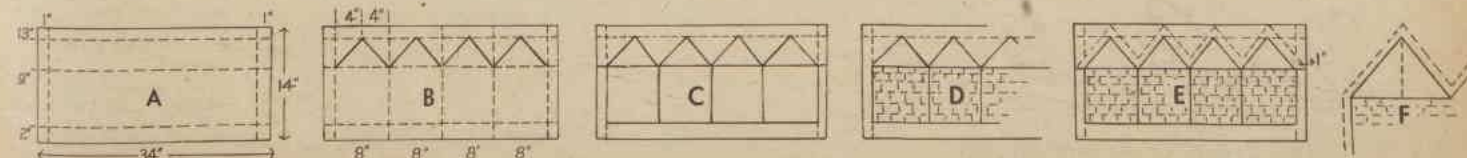
Stitch down the centre of each triangle (diagram F) and pad in the same way. Join the two 1in. margins that were left at either end of the material and shape into a house. Join the triangles in the same way to form the roof.

Turn the 2in. margin left at the base of the "house" under to the inside and pad to form a base for the cosy.

Line with the remaining taffeta and finish by sewing a chimney padded and sewn in a small brick design to a corner of the roof.



"YE OLDE STONE COTTAGE" tea-cosy pictured above is made of furnishing taffeta lined, and padded with cotton-wool. Follow the directions at left and the step-by-step diagrams below, and you'll make a cosy just like this one.



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The lace bridal dress illustrated is designed to answer a reader's query. The same design could look just as charming made in satin or crepe plus a sheer.

THIS letter was selected because I feel that the answer will help lots of girls who will be married in the next few months.

"I AM to be married in the spring, and, of course, I am anxious to have a really lovely bridal frock. I do hope you will help me with the style, for which I shall need a pattern. I have decided on a fine lace for the frock, but am stumped for a design. I am fairly tall and about average build."

In current bridal fashions lace is often intermixed with a sheer, and I think this combination would be a pretty one for your bridal dress. The design I have chosen for you (see illustration) has the fashionable silhouette, elongated waistline swirling into a full skirt. The bodice is finished with long sleeves, the yoke high to the throat in plain sheer to match the pleats in the skirt. A paper pattern for the design, which I hope you will like, is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust.

"IN my winter holidays I am going to a northern beach resort. Would you suggest a color idea for shorts, separate top, and a skirt? Also please advise me on a beach coat to be worn over a black lastex swimsuit."

A sun-skirt, very brief and full and made with a front fastening, is the newest "cover-up" to wear with a swimsuit. Have the skirt chalk-white—black and white is news on the beach.

For the shorts, "top," and skirt combination I suggest white on ginger-brown with black for an accent.

Example: Short-cuffed shorts in ginger and white stripes; sleeveless, high-necked "top," white coin-spotted in ginger; all-round gathered skirt plain ginger with front-button fastening. The black accent is obtained with bindings, buttons, and patent-leather belt.

"WOULD velvetene be suitable for a frock which I could wear indoors as well as for general day wear? If you

No. DS46.—Lace and sheer wedding dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 10½yds. 36in. lace and 3yds. 36in. sheer. Price, 6/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

think the idea suitable, would you suggest color for such a frock and the accessories? I am 19, with dark hair and eyes and a white skin."

Velveteen made on simple tailored lines would be a perfect fashion for the street and at home. Absinth-green is my color suggestion, plus a beige leather belt (narrow), beige shoes, gloves, and handbag, and a hat in the same color as the dress. For the design, I suggest a dress cut and buttoned like a coat.

"AS I can't afford a fur, I was wondering if you could suggest something pretty in the way of a white evening wrap."

Why not a shawl-stole made in white fur fabric edged with silk fringe. Fur fabric is 48in. square, and a large stole could be made from 1 1-3yds. of this material. To border the stole with fringe you would require 5½yds. See diagram at left.

TO MAKE the shawl stole, sew fringe on the four sides of a piece of fur fabric 48in. square, and fold diagonally. Five and a half yards of fringe will be required.

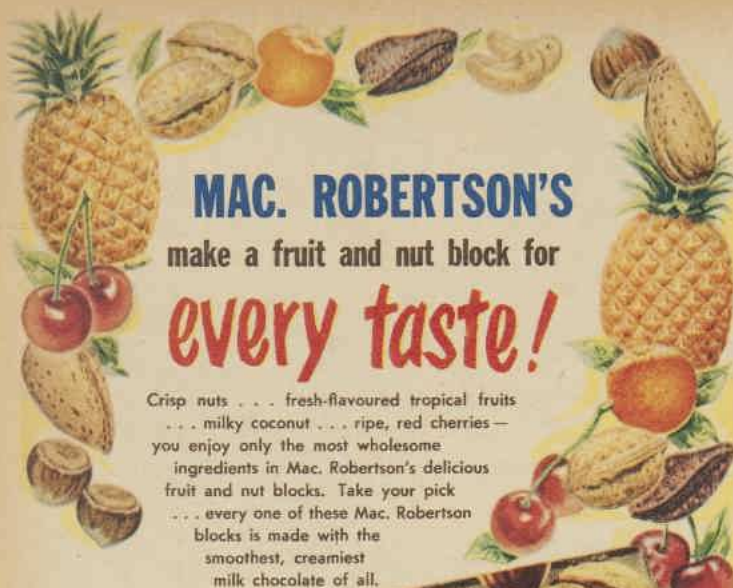
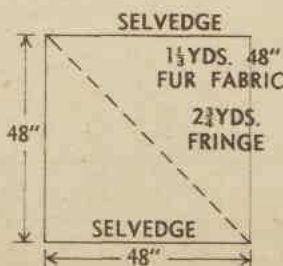
"I HAVE a length of pink and grey herringbone tweed to be made into a between-seasons suit, and I would like your ideas on a correct and smart design for this material."

A slim skirt plus box jacket is the newest suit formula and seems to me ideal for your tweed. Have the jacket hip-length, single-breasted, and finished with four fringed pockets, two placed high and two just above the hipline. A small white hat and gloves would add a fresh, spring-like accent to the outfit.

"WOULD you please suggest a becoming between-seasons outfit not too outstanding in style to suit a woman of fairly big build in her forties?"

A redingote-and-dress ensemble—dress silk, coat wool—would be flattering to your figure and would look smart for several seasons. Have the coat cut on modified princess lines (not straight), and the dress styled with a collarless V-neckline finished with a narrow self scarf pulled through slots.

Have the skirt of the dress made with all-round narrow pleats stitched down to the hips. This skirt treatment will help give you a slim, smoothed-down hipline.



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Crisp nuts . . . fresh-flavoured tropical fruits . . . milky coconut . . . ripe, red cherries— you enjoy only the most wholesome ingredients in Mac. Robertson's delicious fruit and nut blocks. Take your pick . . . every one of these Mac. Robertson blocks is made with the smoothest, creamiest milk chocolate of all.

ASSORTED NUT MILK

. . . Walnuts, Hazels, Almonds, Cashews and Brazils set in a thick block of rich milk chocolate.



FRUIT SALAD

. . . Cherries, pineapple, candied orange peel, ginger and crisp, toasted almonds—with pure milk chocolate too!



CHERRY NUT MILK

. . . Big, ripe cherries and crisp, toasted almonds—set in velvety-smooth milk chocolate.



COCONUT ROUGH

. . . Milky coconut, toasted to a crisp brown and blended with the richest milk chocolate of all . . . Mac. Robertson's.



In ¼-lb. blocks and handy smaller size everywhere.

All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.

Jane Wyman

● A beauty hint given to her by a friend was the turning point in the movie career of film star Jane Wyman.

THERE is nothing better for beauty than washing your face with ordinary laundry soap," the friend told her.

Director Clarence Brown, looking for an actress to play the role of Ma Baxter in "The Yearling," caught a glimpse of Jane walking along Hollywood Boulevard with her face scrubbed clean and shining, and decided he wanted her for the picture.

Jane shed glamor completely to share honors with Gregory Peck and Claude Jarman, jun., in "The Yearling," a tender saga of family life in the backwoods of America.

Nothing in Jane Wyman's early career as a brassy blonde singer suggested that she would one day be a top dramatic actress.

"My first big job was when Warners' hired me at £30 a week in 1936," she said.

The studio was amused when Jane asked for a dramatic role. "Not with that button nose of yours," she was told.

However, "weepies" became her specialty. She has a gift for putting over movie roles that call for sensitive facial acting appropriate to inarticulate characters.

The deaf-mute girl of "Johany Belinda," with which Jane Wyman won the 1948 Academy Award, is memorable.

Her crippled heroine in "The Glass Menagerie" is another example. So, too, is her dedicated "nanny" in "The Blue Veil."

Dividing her time between film drama and comedy, Jane took time to make some lightweight comedies like "A Kiss in the Dark" and "The Lady Takes a Sailor."

Alfred Hitchcock's "Stagefright" was made during a trip to London.

Jane had three handsome admirers in Metro's romantic comedy "Three Guys Named Mike."

As a musical comedy heroine Jane Wyman has her own charm.

Remember her with Bing Crosby in "Here Comes the Groom" a couple of years ago, and again with Crosby recently in "Just for You"?

She has a pleasant singing style and is a pert comedienne. And—no mean feat for a 39-year-old—she has a pin-up figure.

Her next film is Columbia's technicolor musical "Let's Do It Again." Co-star is Ray Milland.

Youthful-looking Jane Wyman is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 8 stone. Her short hair is brown and so are her eyes. She is superbly groomed in a well-scrubbed way.

She has been married three times. Businessman Myron Futterman was her first husband. Actor Ronald Reagan, whom she divorced in 1948, securing custody of their two children—Maureen Elizabeth (12) and Michael Edward (8)—was husband No. 2. Fred Karger, whom she married in 1952, is her latest.

● Next week—
MAUREEN O'HARA





*Your pretty hands agree
with your woollen witchery...*



Lux is so safe

The harsh wind doth blow, and we shall have snow (and so on!) But what does it matter with winning woollies to warm you, winter-long? But PLEASE treat them with respect and mild, creamy Lux suds! Not strong soaps or harsh washing methods. Nothing like Lux to keep woollies warm and winsome. Hands, too, stay lady-soft no matter how often they're in Lux.

No more dish-pan hands with Lux on the job. So speedy too—even big family wash-ups are easy with suds-in-a-second Lux. For as little as a penny a day.



So safe . . . you'll want to use it always

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ I Love Melvin

"I LOVE MELVIN" is one of those pleasant, unpretentious technicolor musicals that Metro does well.

It's an affair of bright music, zestful dancing, and mildly amusing antics by attractive young people.

The slender thread of story spotlights the romance of Melvin Hoover (Donald O'Connor), a very junior photographer on the staff of a picture magazine, and his efforts to make a cover-girl of his chorus-girl heart-throb, Judy LeRoy (Debbie Reynolds).

Donald and Debbie team well together, dancing with precision and pace, and frolicking about like a couple of puppies.

The panoramic screen spoils some dance sequences by cropping off the feet of the performers.

O'Connor's top number is a trick routine in which he scampers through all the roles in a "photo-crime" magazine feature. He also does a good roller-skating turn.

Revolving around these two are smooth campaigners Una Merkel and Allyn Joslyn, together with young Richard Anderson and Donna Corcoran.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ ★ The Hitch-Hiker

R.K.O.'S "The Hitch-Hiker" is a taut, small-scale melodrama in which good character and camera work build up an atmosphere of foreboding.

Actress Ida Lupino made the film in collaboration with her ex-husband, Collier Young.

Their enterprising treatment of what are said to be true-to-life happenings gives the story of murder and mishaps on the road considerable

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★ ★ ★ Excellent

★ ★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

punch, although the final showdown falls slightly flat.

After casually killing a number of motorists the hitch-hiker (William Talman) thumbs a lift with holiday fishermen Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy.

Under the gun of their passenger, who, of course, is a crazy killer, the pair are forced to drive him to Mexico.

The murderer's plan is to use their car to reach an escape point before disposing of the owners.

Once United States and Mexican authorities get on the trail, a wild cross-country chase ensues.

In Sydney—Palace.

News from studios

ACADEMY Award winner

Gloria Grahame has apparently escaped the Oscar jinx. The actress recently signed to play a starring role opposite Gregory Peck in 20th Century-Fox's "Night People." Miss Grahame will portray a German woman in love with Peck. The picture, originally titled "The Cannibals," will be filmed in Berlin.

COLUMBIA is reading a production based on G. K. Chesterton's "Father Brown" stories, with Alec Guinness as the star in the title role. The film will get under way in late autumn.

PEOPLE looked twice at

Lana Turner shopping in Bond Street this week. When last seen on the Riviera two months ago she had a lustrous pile of platinum blond hair piled seashell style. Now Lana is stepping out with a brunette bubble-cut and a deep holiday tan. She won't say whether this marks a return to nature or the arts of chemistry.



STRIKING NEGRO SINGER
Lena Horne lost her way in Hollywood and picked up her career as a topline at The Sands, a fabulous desert cabaret in the grounds of a resort hotel in Nevada.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Kiss Tomorrow Good-bye," thriller, starring James Cagney, Ralph Cotter. Plus "Two Texas Knights," technicolor Western, starring Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Penny Edwards. (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC.—★ ★ ★ "Champion," boxing drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Ruth Roman, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus ★ "The Prowler," mystery, starring Van Heflin, Evelyn Keyes. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★ ★ ★ "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," technicolor musical drama, starring Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ ★ ★ "Pygmalion," Shavian comedy, starring Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller. (Re-release.) Plus ★ "A Tale of Five Women," romantic drama, starring Bonar Colleano, Anne Vernon, Eva Bartok, Barbara Kelly.

LIBERTY.—★ ★ ★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ ★ "Arsenic and Old Lace," comedy, starring Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Josephine Hull, Jean Adair. Plus ★ "The Man Behind the Gun," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Patrice Wymore, Dick Wesson. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—★ "Niagara," technicolor drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters. Plus ★ "Taxi," drama, starring Dan Dailey, Constance Smith.

PALACE.—★ ★ "Hitch-Hiker," thriller, starring Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, William Talman. (See review this page.)—Plus ★ "Interference," sporting drama, starring Victor Mature, Elizabeth Scott. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★ "Treasure of the Golden Condor," technicolor adventure drama, starring Cornel Wilde, Constance Smith, Finlay Currie. Plus ★ "Wings of Danger," action drama, starring Robert Beatty, Zachary Scott, Diane Cilento.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ ★ "Somebody Loves Me," technicolor musical, starring Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ ★ "Lunelight," drama, starring Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ ★ "Miss Julie," Swedish-language drama, starring Anita Bjork, Ulf Palme. Plus ★ ★ ★ "Concert of Stars," music and ballet feature.

STATE.—★ ★ ★ "A Queen Is Crowned," technicolor Coronation feature, narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ ★ "I Love Melvin," technicolor musical, starring Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Sky Full of Moon," Western comedy, starring Carleton Carpenter, Jan Sterling.

VARIETY.—★ ★ ★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Bettor," gambling drama, starring John Liel, Marie Winsor.

VICTORY.—★ "The Golden Hawk," technicolor adventure drama, starring Sterling Hayden, Rhonda Fleming. Plus ★ "The Last Posse," Western, starring Broderick Crawford, John Derek.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Never Wave at a W.A.C.," comedy, starring Rosalind Russell, Paul Douglas, Marie Wilson. Plus "Strange Mrs. Crane," mystery, starring Marjorie Lord, Robert Shane.

LYCEUM.—"The Final Test," comedy-drama, starring Jack Warner, Robert Morley, Brenda Bruce. Plus "Brandy for the Parson," comedy, starring James Donald, Kenneth Moore, Jean Lodge.



GLORIA SWANSON (right) and Hedda Hopper at a recent Hollywood function. Gloria was the most-talked-of film star of the 'twenties. Her progress along Sunset Boulevard always caused both men and women to goggle.

From Under my Hat

THE bedrooms at San Simeon would make a princess of the "Arabian Nights" pale with awe. The bed I occupied once belonged to a De Medici, and I spent half the night imagining what foul deed had been hatched in the spot where I lay.

Once a starlet, visiting San Simeon for the first time, entered her room on a dead run, forgetting that her bed was cradled on full-sized lions of carved wood jutting out a couple of feet from the four corners. One paw caught her on the big toe and split it. You never heard such a scream. She thought a lion from W. R.'s hilltop zoo had got in by mistake.

At San Simeon two household rules were made to be obeyed:

1. Unless you were ill, you came down to breakfast. (But that was no hardship, since it was served until 11 a.m.)

2. No liquor in your room, no bottles brought in suitcases. (Cocktails, as many as you wished, were served before lunch and dinner, and wine during both meals, with an occasional highball while you played cards or worked a jigsaw puzzle. If a bottle of whisky was found in your room, you got your marching orders down the hill.)

If you happened to be visiting the ranch on your birthday, you were given a party. It happened to me once. There was a cake with my name on it. I was toasted in my favorite pink champagne and received a small Cartier diamond bracelet, a fitted travelling case, and a huge bottle of perfume. There was no distress shopping at the last moment; a huge closet was kept filled with appropriate presents—enough and to spare for anyone's birthday.

In the house was a theatre where pictures were seen long before their release. A saddle horse was ready for you at any

moment. No matter how many house guests there were, a horse was provided for each one.

W.R. led the parade over hill and dale, and woe to you if you were unfortunate enough to get a nag that needed exercise and went ahead of W.R.'s. He liked Marion to ride directly behind him. She was terrified of horses, and half a dozen of the finest and safest were bought for her. She was a good sport and went along on the rides, but never for a moment enjoyed herself.

The long overnight trips, which W.R. referred to as "picnics," were the worst of all for Marion. A picnic consisted of leaving San Simeon after lunch and stopping in a pleasant valley by a running stream. Servants went ahead with chuck waggons filled to overflowing with the same good food you got at the castle—pate de foie gras, thick filet mignon, and sparkling burgundy. After sleeping on cots under army tents, guests rode all next day to one of Mr. Hearst's faraway ranches for a dinner of chicken with all the trimmings. Automobiles waited to whisk you home in the usual luxury.

Only once did I have the pleasure of going on one of these so-called picnics. I became saddlesore long before reaching the promised land and practically fell off my horse when we got there. Dusk was closing in. There were no chuck waggons, no cooks, no Mexicans with guitars, no nothing. The more rugged members of the party, with Mr. Hearst in the lead, went on a search. The wagon had broken down; it was being repaired at top speed, but food would be delayed.

Someone had enough presence of mind to build a huge campfire. We started singing the

Fourth instalment of our Hollywood serial

SYNOPSIS: Young actress Elda Furry marries famous actor DeWolf Hopper in early New York. Years later the couple divorce and as Hedda Hopper the author begins making pictures for Louis B. Mayer in Hollywood.

In the film colony Hedda meets with varying fortunes and experiences.

Getting a part in a Marion Davies picture is a stroke of luck leading to an invitation to visit San Simeon, the fabulous ranch of newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst. NOW READ ON:

current hits of the day. When the waggon hove in sight, provisions were unpacked and cock-tails were hurriedly mixed and passed round in tin cups while we waited for food.

After dinner it was too late to put up more than two tents—one to house W.R. and the other for Marion. They were over to one side against a hill. The rest of us slept on cots under the stars.

Frances Marion and I were side by side and nearly had hysterics at the sleeping apparel of some of our rugged stars. Of course, we all wore our riding clothes, but some of the men were muffled up so that only their eyes, nose, and mouth could be seen.

Long before dawn a rustle among the dead leaves awakened me. I turned over to look and there was Big Chief

By HEDDA HOPPER

and Little Chief—Mr. Hearst bundled up from his neck to his ankles in a long, grey dressing-gown with a Peter Pan collar, and Marion also in a dressing-gown. Stealthily they tiptoed down to where the horses were tethered, and started searching in the saddlebags. They didn't miss one. Then W.R. shook his head and started back to his tent.

I was in a lather of curiosity and finally got Marion alone to ask what he was looking for. "Oh," she said, "his valet forgot to put in his Sedlitz powder."

You've heard about W.R. having a telephone behind each tree. That story isn't too great an exaggeration, because in the wilds of northern California I saw him stop on a summit, rein in his horse, ride around a tree, take out a telephone, call San Simeon, and give an order for an editorial he wanted in the paper next day.

Coming home by automobile, we went through a forest fire. Flames leaped across the road

over our heads to the trees on the other side—a regular inferno. Several of the cars were stopped by highway police to see if any of our males could help fight the fire. After looking them over, the police waved us on.

To F. Scott Fitzgerald it was the Lost Generation. To Hollywood it was the Golden Twenties. Everything touched turned to money. Girls were plucked from the ribbon counter, the dairy lunch, from Hungary without their being able to speak a word of English; small-town clerks and collar-ad boys all were fitted into the Hollywood mould. The symbol of the mould was the golden calf.

Gloria Swanson was the most-talked-of star of that part of the century. She was unpredictable, often unmanageable, and I watched her goings-on for years. Born shrewd, she took advantage of every break. She reached her great period under contract to Cecil De-Mille. What he couldn't think of she did.

I never made a picture with her until "Sunset Boulevard," but I knew her well.

Gloria's romances were as talked about as her clothes and her pictures. During the days when Gloria was in love with Mickey Neilan she was sent to New York to make "ZaZa" under Allan Dawn's direction. Wisely Allan saved the love scenes until Mickey could follow her to town. All he had to do then was step aside and let Nature, name of Mickey Neilan, take its course.

When Gloria finished "Sana Gene" in Paris, she returned to the land of her birth in a triumph equalled only by the progress among us of Queen Marie of Roumania. The star brought with her a new husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, her third, acquired while she worked on the picture.

To be continued

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Persil Wins GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S Whiteness Test!

*
* **MISS JOYCE RUTHERFORD,**
* of the Good Housekeeping Institute,
* who personally supervised the wash-
* ing of the towels and also refereed
* the Whiteness Test at London's
* famous May Fair Hotel.
*



6 FAMOUS WASHING POWDERS ON TRIAL—326 HOUSEWIVES ACT AS JUDGES

TO THE MAY FAIR HOTEL, London, recently,
came more than three hundred housewives—all
judges in a great wash-day whiteness test.

They had been invited to judge 6 famous wash-
ing powders in a test carried out by the well-
known Good Housekeeping Institute.

The women were asked to examine 6 tea towels,
each of which had been washed with a different
washing powder. None of the women knew which
washing powder had been used, and the tea towels
were identified by numbers only. Then they were
invited to pick out the whitest.

How the Voting Went

All the women filed past a table *one at a time*, in the
May Fair's Ballroom Foyer, then voted by secret ballot.

The result?
305 out of the 326 women picked out, as the whitest,
the towel that had been washed in Persil!

Scrupulously Fair Test

This great whiteness test was carried out by the world-
famous Good Housekeeping Institute, in London.

They took 6 identical new white tea towels and
used them in their kitchens for a week to get them all
equally soiled.



WAITING TO CAST THEIR VOTES. Some of the hundreds of housewives arriving in the Ballroom Foyer of the May Fair Hotel to vote in the Good Housekeeping Whiteness Test.



THE GREAT WHITENESS TEST for washing powders, carried out by the Good Housekeeping Institute, was held at the May Fair Hotel, London. 305 out of 326 housewives picked out the Persil-washed towel as the whitest!

Then they washed and ironed each towel, using a
different washing powder for each. In order to be
scrupulously fair, they carefully followed the individ-
ual manufacturer's instructions as printed on each
packet.

Later, the test took place—with the result you know.
305 out of 326 housewives picked out, as the whitest,
the towel that had been washed in Persil!

Hidden Bubbles Do It!

So that is the real truth about washday! Persil washes
whitest because it washes cleanest.

And the secret? Persil's millions of tiny oxygen
bubbles! No matter how other washing powders
are made, they don't have these unique Persil suds.
That's why Persil does such a wonderful job with
ALL the wash—your whites and your coloureds.
And Persil is so gentle too—to your softest wool-
lens and finest fine things.

HOUSEWIVES SEE PERSIL WIN FURTHER LAURELS

SYDNEY: Early this year one of the most exacting tests
ever undertaken was carried out at Camperdown, Sydney.
Members of the well-known Housewives Association of
N.S.W. were present.

Two new identical sets of white bath towels and coloured
frocks were purchased. One of each was soiled, then washed
with Persil in a Norlin Rex Washing machine, rinsed and
spin-dried. The whole process was repeated 100 times—the
equivalent to 2 full years of home washing. When this tough,
exhausting test was completed the articles were inspected by
Mrs. H. Jenson, President of the Association, Mrs. D. Lawson,
the Hon. Secretary, and compared with the new ones.

Although examined minutely neither of the washed
articles showed the slightest sign of wear.

In these two tests is the whole truth about Persil—it washes
whitest and it gives a gentle wash.

PERSIL BEATS THE LOT for whiteness and for gentleness!

out into the hall and looked for a streak of light under his stepmother's door, but the hall was dark; she had gone to bed. He shouldn't wake her. He went down alone and opened the door.

It was Mister, all right. The little dog lay at the door as if he might be dead. Then he moved his head and whimpered. Robert felt afraid to bend down, afraid to look. Mister's eyes were half-closed.

The coarse brown fur on his side was matted with dried blood, one leg sprawled out as if it had no bone, fresh blood was staining the step. Then Mister opened his eyes and Robert saw the pain and pleading in them. And all at once he wasn't afraid.

He turned back into the house and opened the big drawer under the sink where Mrs. Hansen kept her neat cutlery. There was part of an old sheet. Almost without knowing how he did it, Robert had slid the sheet under the dog and he was carrying him into the kitchen.

He remembered where Mrs. Hansen kept the iodine. He re-

Continuing . . . First Born

from page 5

membered where the wash-basin hung. He found more clean cloths.

The old sheet was staining red, but he didn't feel sick. He felt strong and sure and good. He ran hot water and washed the cut. He found the torn place where Mister, dragging himself home, had started the fresh bleeding.

He remembered the first-aid taught him at camp. He found the box of wooden skewers Mrs. Hansen kept for roasts, and, binding them together, he made a small splint. His fingers gently felt the severed bone.

If he put the leg just fairly straight that would be the best he could do until his father came. He began winding the bandage. Mister whimpered, but lay still, too weak to move.

Robert heard the door open, and his stepmother stood there, tying the sash of her blue robe.

He said, "I know the leg is broken. I've washed the cuts and put iodine on them. I don't think he's hurt inside. His gums

aren't pale. That's a sign, isn't it?" He remembered his stepmother had been a nurse.

"Yes, I think it is," she said. She bent over and touched the dog's head. It was a gesture of great tenderness.

She said, "I think it must have been a car. But I think he'll make it. He's worn out. But he got home and he knows he's safe and being loved. That will help him most. You've done a good job, Robert. You'll make a fine doctor one day. Your hands are like your father's. Nothing could mean more to him than to know that his first-born son will follow in his steps."

He didn't speak. His hand on Mister's head moved and he felt the little hot, rough tongue lick his fingers, the only way Mister could say thank you.

He thought, "I'm his first-born son. My hands are like my father's. I've never told anyone I wanted to be a doctor." He said, "No one thinks I'm like my father. I'm not. I'm like my mother. Everyone says so."

"You do look very much like her," she said. "And you are like her in many ways. You can be gay and charming like her, too. I'm glad for your father's sake. He loved her so much. But you are your father's son. You have his hands, a surgeon's hands. And his heart."

Robert stood up. He was almost as tall as his stepmother. Under the strong kitchen light she looked pale and tired and plain.

He felt suddenly sorry for her, but he said, "Why did you tell me that my father loved my mother so much? Didn't you think I knew? And how can you know anything about it?"

"He has told me," she said.

"I think Mister's eyes look better. He's breathing better. You've done a good job."

"I think I'll put a bowl of water beside him."

"Yes, I would. When your father comes I'll have him look at Mister. I'll wait up for him now."

"I'd like to stay up with you if I may," he said.

"I hoped that you would," his stepmother said.

He looked down at his hands. They were like his father's. Some day he might be a great surgeon. He was the first-born son. He said slowly, because it wasn't easy, "You are good for my father. You make him happy. I know. I've known from the first. He loves you, too. I see the way he looks at you."

He looked at her directly and saw her eyes fill with tears.

She said, "I'm not gay, Robert. I'm not beautiful. I'll grow old. But he will always remember your mother as gay and beautiful, charming and childlike, and lost to him forever, his first love."

The dog moved his head. Robert got down on his knees and tilted the bowl close to the dry mouth. The little dog lapped some water. Robert looked up and smiled. His stepmother smiled back.

He said, "I was writing to my Uncle Harry. I couldn't make up my mind. This morning my father told me about the baby. You might want me to stay here, to be here when my father is out late . . . I think Mister is better." He got up and stood facing her, waiting.

She said, "Please don't go, Robert. I do love you. And I need your love . . . Yes, he's better."

But they spoke without words, the way he and his mother used to speak. She did need him. The big kitchen was cool and quiet, the old

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Top-flight possibilities for any enterprise begun on July 21. The stars are on your side. July 26 carries a danger signal. Beware of accidents.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Shopping, entertaining may prove expensive, July 22. It's up to you whether you feel it was worth the price. Good news, a wish fulfilled, July 24.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Appointments, applications, correspondence should prove highly satisfactory, July 22. A short journey could brighten July 26.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Business arrangements concluded on July 21 may strike a snag, July 23, but this can be worked out. July 26 for a plan of campaign.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Push your personal or business interests, July 21, with all the confidence you can muster. July 25 for romance, social life, or a little flutter.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): While July 22 holds the promise of brighter conditions than for some time, the full benefit may not be felt until July 27.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Social or club affairs may create difficulties or much extra work, July 23, but popularity is increasing, as will be shown in many ways on July 27.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): The face you turn to the world may not indicate what you feel within, July 21, and there may be a showdown, July 23. It should be to your advantage.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21): Journeys undertaken this week, especially July 21 or 23, can bring either success or failure. It's up to you. July 25 for recreation.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Dealings in property and permanent financial arrangements are favored, July 23. A bit of velvet may come your way, July 27, with pretty trimmings.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Walk softly over the week-end. Any sudden quarrel could cause a broken friendship or romance. If married, the marriage partner may be difficult.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Physical upsets and minor illnesses should be guarded against, July 22 or 25. July 23 beams on employment matters and career in general.

clock ticked with great strength, the little dog breathed evenly.

A warm happiness flooded over Robert and overflowed into a tenderness for his father, for Mrs. Hansen, for Mister, for the old house, for his stepmother, a tight band across his chest loosened. Suddenly

the letter to his Uncle Harry was going to be easy.

"Dear Uncle Harry,—I can't possibly come this summer. I'm needed at home. My mother needs me, and Mister, our dog, has a broken leg and I'll have to take care of him."

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If the Police and other services choose Tasma radios for their cars, then surely you wouldn't do better than follow suit. The Tasma Carmaster can be installed in your car immediately and easy terms are available.



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theatre, sounded wonderfully sweet, like the note of a blackbird—surprising the spring afternoon.

Raymond Loverlay, "Touchstone" of the "Weekly Echo," looked round quickly and saw her. Saw her leaning over his fence idly swinging her pink bag and looking with critical disapproval at his work in progress.

He let go the rose tree, slowly rubbed the earth from his hands, and very slowly got up and came towards her.

"So I'm planting it all wrong, am I?"

"Yes." She leant farther in and pointed. "You mustn't cover the crown like that with earth."

"The crown?"

"That knot where the graft is. That's got to be left free. It'll never grow if you smother it up."

"Well, now! Is that so? Why didn't somebody tell me?"

"Perhaps," she said severely, "everybody's expected to know that much if they buy a rose at all and start to make a garden."

Over the fence their eyes met, hers smiling, his thoughtful.

"Well, now," he said again, "it just shows what a lot of traps there are for amateurs. Lucky you happened to be passing."

"It is rather. You've dug the hole too deep, I expect. And by the way, did you spread the roots?"

"Spread the roots? No, I can't say I did. I just took it out of its wrapping and sort of dumped it in."

"Good heavens!"

"I seem to be making a pretty fair mess of the whole business, eh? I suppose you wouldn't feel inclined to come in and direct me?"

"Yes, I'll show you, if you like," Primrose said casually, as though conferring a favor.

Actually, it was no great hardship to enlighten the ignorance of this more than personable young man who had such very attractive eyes and quite an exceptionally good figure, and who was looking at her with a glance that seemed to draw her inside whether she would or not.

"Sure I'm not keeping you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I'm just on my way home, to that house down by the river. My name is Primrose Reed."

"And mine's Raymond Loverday." He held the gate open. She went in.

"I like your new door," she said.

"Do you? Good. Apparently painting's anybody's job, not like gardening."

They went over the scrubby grass to where the rose tree stood drunkenly in its plot of earth.

He picked up the spade. "Now then," he said.

"Wait a minute . . ." She turned and surveyed the garden, the house, the small paddock with a knowledgeable eye. "What's the scheme?" she asked.

"What?"

"You've bought this place, have you?"

"Yes." He put down the spade and waited.

"I mean, you can do what you like with it?"

"Of course."

"Then for goodness' sake have a bit of vision."

Continuing . . . Over The Fence

from page 3

"I thought a nice rose bush," he put in humbly.

"But not in the dead middle of the garden like that, without rhyme or reason. May I suggest . . . ?"

"Do."

"Well, to begin with you'll need to do a lot of pulling down before you start building up."

With graceful gestures—stage taught—she sketched a plan, ripping up the scrubby beds and sinking paving stones with daisies growing between them, and a pool for birds.

Ribbon borders of brilliant annuals she put here and there and ruthlessly tore down the sagging trellis that half hid the glory of the peach tree, conjuring up beneath it rough grass studded with jonquils, and a table and chairs for tea on summer afternoons.

Raymond listened, nodded, agreed: "Yes . . . yes . . . that'd be good . . . that'd be fine . . . quite right . . . of course."

"You get the idea? Broken lines, vistas—that's the way to get the best effect with a small place."

"I get you. It's only . . ."

"Now what?"

"Only the execution of it all that I'm a bit doubtful about." "Nonsense, you'll soon learn."

"Shall I? Will you overlook my work, then, give me a word of advice now and again? I really think I'll need it."

"I will, I'll be passing and I'll see that you don't do anything fatally wrong."

At the gate she stopped and looked back at the house, at the garden, at him. "I'll keep my stern eye on you," she promised with a laugh, and disappeared round the bend of the road.

When she had gone Raymond walked slowly up the path and into the house, breaking, right then, the gardener's first rule, leaving trowel and spade and rake forgotten in the grass.

It seemed too strange for words to Primrose that for the next twenty-four hours neither her father nor mother so much as mentioned the new purchaser of the cottage. So, at tea next day, she was forced to bring up the subject herself of the alterations to the Miss Harrison's old place.

Her mother's plump hands hovered over the tray. "Yes," she said absently, "some young man's bought it. He's quite nice, they tell me . . . I wonder if he plays a decent game of contract."

"As to that I can't say," Mr. Reed said, "but I do know he's interested in gardening. I stopped and had a word with him this morning. I'm afraid, though, he's got a rather grandiose scheme for that little place of his."

Primrose's face turned to her father was deeply innocent. "Really? Grandiose? How?"

"Well, flagging and a sunken pool and ribbon borders of all the flowers in the catalogue. It's to be hoped," he added grimly, "that he'll be able to carry it through."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"I'm . . . Well, we'll see. However, it's the right spirit. It should be encouraged."

"I mean, you can do what you like with it?"

"Of course."

"Then for goodness' sake have a bit of vision."

to the post office presently. I'll take them in to him."

In the warmth of the glass-house Primrose picked up a trowel, went to the verd-boxes, and dug out generous patches of seedlings, choosing the biggest and sturdiest plants, which her father's trowel, she felt sure, had been doing this would somehow have side-stepped.

When she got to the gate of Raymond Loverday's cottage she thought, father needn't have been so doubtful.

Already the long beds for annuals had been dug, the offending rose tree had disappeared, and the old trellis that cut the garden in two was actually down, laid flat, and there he was busy at work chopping it up for firewood.

As she opened the gate he threw down the axe and came towards her. "Am I an obedient pupil?" he asked with a wave of the hand.

"I couldn't want a better."

"I was up at five this morning. How's that bed I've dug?"

"It looks all right. A spade deep?"

"At least that. Trenched, I think they call it in my gardening manual."

"I'll soon have nothing more to teach."

Standing beside him on the worn path, Primrose was lost for a moment. This place that she had always thought so decayed, so sunk in the past time, seemed, this afternoon, to hold all the future in it.

What was it, this newness she felt? Was it the plans he was making that would wipe out the stale past? Or the sweet spring air?—really spring today, really affirmative, for the first time this year.

For no reason—or was there one?—they turned and smiled at each other . . . stayed still for a while, unable to end the long glance.

Then he said, as though nothing else had been spoken between them to that moment: "And against the house there—you didn't think of this?—I'm going to have hollyhocks."

"Hollyhocks!" she laughed derisively.

"Yes. Big heads of sulphur and rose hollyhocks, peeping round my window like inquisitive neighbors."

"Ridiculous, you can't do it."

"Why can't I?"

"Against that wall?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"It's too shady, that's what is wrong. You'll never get them to grow there."

"Listen," he said, "Primrose . . . your name is a flower, the first flower of spring, a ridiculous little thing—though, I admit, rather charming—but it's so ignorant that it sticks its neck out before the frosts have gone. Why, may I ask, should you claim to know all the great secrets of horticulture?"

"Because my father is the local wizard. They'll hardly let him exhibit at the Flower Show any more. He's walked off with all the first prizes for the past twenty years."

"Oh," he said—blinked—then rallied. "That's your father, though. But you—"

"I am his favorite daughter."

"Are there many more?"

"No . . . I admit I'm the only one. That's why all his

wisdom has descended on me."

They laughed again, as though sharing some exquisite secret.

Suddenly Primrose was aware of a bubbling happiness inside herself, an expectancy of joy that was waiting, in this held moment, to burst into flower.

Raymond said: "Are you also an expert on interior decoration?"

"I have my views."

"Well, see if they tally with mine."

Inside the house, where, as yet, he was little more than camping with bed and table, they debated for an hour or so the question of polishing the narrow oak stairway and leaving it bare; the exact shade of ivory paint for the panelling; what rugs would best suit the hall and living-room. They hung imaginary curtains, measured spaces for furniture, and modernised the kitchen.

Sunset, as they talked, colored the windows and cast radiant beams into the rooms, filling their emptiness with kind of magic . . . filling the pauses in the talk with something that seemed close to magic, too.

I must go, Primrose was telling herself . . . I can't stay here for ever . . . though I really want to.

At last, crossing the hall, she opened the door and stepped outside.

"The seedlings," she said, and stooped to the bundle she had put down. "Wallflowers, phlox, petunias."

"Is that what they are?" he said absently, and stooped beside her. And then he had taken both her hands in his.

"How lovely you are! What a heaven-sent miracle! You just passing my gate, just an ordinary day, and then—"

Half finished sentences that yet told her all she needed to know.

Love, sang the green crystal sky behind them, the birds sang in the peach tree. Yes, it's love, she thought, right here, almost at home, while I've been running around everywhere searching for happiness in other things, when really there isn't anything else worth having but just this.

He drew her closer, their faces close together in the dusk. "You expert," he murmured, "you infallible authority—do you think—could a primrose ever grow here?"

But before she could answer a car had driven up to the gate. Their hands fell apart, and Raymond was welcoming two or three friends from town—not very enthusiastically, it seemed to Primrose, though there was a lot of talk and chatter; and presently they were inside and he had gone to the kitchen to search for glasses and a bottle of sherry.

Later, Primrose could have repeated like a part learnt the very words that enlightened her while he was out of the room.

Bob Hardy—was that his name?—perching on a packing-case, said: "Very nice, very peaceful, but a devil of a long way from town."

Bob's wife threw in casually: "I guess Raymond will join the ranks of the critics who don't wait for the last act."

And Bob's sister—or whoever she was—declared mockingly: "Not Raymond Loveday! Not 'Touchstone' of the 'Echo'!"

He's far too serious a student of the drama."

Primrose, standing by the window, felt her heart freeze inside her. Raymond, the critic of the 'Echo'! It couldn't be true, it couldn't.

But it was. He was the author of that hateful, that crushing notice of her acting; and in that moment's realisation love flamed into bitter rage.

She heard the kitchen door bang behind him and his step in the passage. Go—get away before he came back, was her one thought; don't ever see him or speak to him again.

Murmuring some excuse, vague good-byes to the three, she slipped out the front door, hurried down the path in furious rejection of him, and opened the gate and shut it behind her with a final click.

By the time she reached home Raymond was on the telephone. She didn't speak to him, only sent him a message by her mother that she was too busy to come.

Half a dozen times on the next two days he tried to get in touch with her; half a dozen times she sent him messages planned skillfully to wound, messages that seemed to be choking off a bore, suggesting that she was through with an acquaintance she'd allowed to go altogether too far. After a while Raymond dropped into silence.

It was a full week before Primrose passed his house again. To avoid it, she had been taking short cuts on her way to the station.

Now she decided she couldn't go on doing that for ever, but as she drew near she quickened her step and tried to keep her eyes turned away from those pink-washed walls and blue shutters.

She couldn't help seeing, though, and paused against her will to see that the seedlings she'd brought him were drooping for want of water, that work on the trellis had been abandoned, and that the camellia tree she'd told him to order was thrown down in its sack- ing beside a pile of unladen paving stones and weeds and rubbish.

She stood for a moment looking in at the neglected scene, feeling almost as desolate herself, with the chill air of spring around her, the spring that after its bright beginning had ceased to promise any interest or joy.

And then suddenly Raymond had come round the side of the house and was crossing the plot of grass towards her.

Enemies now, she thought. Face him as an enemy, don't sink past as though he'd triumphed in the affair. Their eyes, meeting, were cold.

He said: "I'm surprised you have a moment to spare to glance in at my feeble efforts."

She let her eyes stray contemptuously over the weeds and rubble. "I see very few signs of effort this morning."

"Quite. I'm getting a professional gardener to finish it. Instead of being dependent on amateur advice from the locals!"

Local! What a sting the word had! Hicks, hayseeds, dull folk who inhabit a different world from your own in the bright cosmopolitan scene. She felt her face burn.

"You see I've learnt my lesson," he went on, "and in future I'll fight shy of small-town misunderstandings and petty squabbles over God knows what."

He turned away, snapped off a spray of rosemary, crushed it between his fingers, and tossed it away.

To Primrose the scent was suddenly bitter-sweet on the air. And why did he have to be so mildly attractive and the sunset on the small house behind him so tenderly glowing . . . and a bird in the peach tree singing so throb-

bly? Why, oh why, couldn't she hate him!

She put her hands on the top rail of the fence and leant farther in. She said, with a rush of words: "I suppose you think it's just hurt vanity on my part, childish pique, that I couldn't take criticism? Well, it's not, it's not just that. I didn't like it, of course. Who would? But the thing I can't forgive is your deception, the way you took good care that I shouldn't know the truth until you got me—sort of—interested in you and—"

The silvery voice faded out, an angry flush came and went on her face. "I do think that was the most contemptible, the most despicable—"

"Primrose," he said, "wait a minute." He stepped on to the newly turned earth, crushing the border of violets, trying to lay his hands over hers.

But she pulled them away. "Don't bother to explain. There can't be any excuse. You are 'Touchstone,' aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Dramatic critic of the 'Echo'? Pontificating in your weekly column about young actresses and their failings?"

"Yes," he said again. "About young actresses and old ones, too, when I think they merit it. That's what I'm paid to do."

"And it was you—you yourself—who wrote that notice for 'The Forbidden Hour,' saying that I was just another of those little amateurs who can't act and never will be able to?"

The full rose-pink lips quivered, the velvet-brown eyes challenged him.

He was very still on the other side of the fence. He looked down and then up again. He said: "Yes, I wrote that. But do you mean to say you couldn't forgive a man who practised a small deception because he'd fallen in love with a girl at the very first meeting?"

She said slowly: "I don't know . . ."

"Listen, Primrose, as a matter of fact—over the fence he grasped her two hands, "as a matter of fact, though, that isn't what you've got to forgive. I didn't deceive you at all. No, since you want honesty, it's something worse than that, far worse, far harder to forgive, something you may think quite over the fence."

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't—not till one minute ago—know that you were in 'The Forbidden Hour'; that you acted under the name of—what was it?—Jane Ambrose. I simply didn't know that you had anything at all to do with the theatre."

Primrose leant away from him, half hysterical laughter rising to her lips. "What? Is it true? Is it possible?"

He nodded. "Is it possible that as an actress I made a little impact on you that after you'd sat for a whole evening looking at me, listening to me, watching my exits and entrances, you didn't even know me when you saw me again face to face? My vanity is in the dust!"

"Listen, there's a reason. You really must understand. You're spring—like beauty simply couldn't shine through that messy mask of grease-paint. Your voice—how it thrilled me over the fence! But over the footlights—truly, darling, it hardly carried to the third row of the stalls."

"Give up the stage. You're not cut out for a star. Miss Ambrose—Primrose—darling—I'm offering you a number of character parts instead. Gardening instructor, critic-instructor, housekeeper, ne'er-do-well, wife . . ."

He ran the length of the fence, opened the gate, and Primrose went in.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

TIM



try to remember," said the General, a shade testily. "There must, at some time, have been this girl, this—Helga. You met her, you paid her, perhaps, some attention, and you forgot her. It's unnatural at your age, I suppose, though I must say that I myself—"

However—you must cast your mind back."

"I've cast it," said Paul. "I've cast it back as far as the time I was twelve and chased Patty O'Connell up the—"

"Quite. But you must understand—Barney," the General broke off to ask—"is there nothing you should be doing elsewhere?"

"No, nothing," said Barney with obvious sincerity.

"Oh, Well, the thing we've got to do," said Oswald, looking angrily round the listless company, "is to find out who is in this monstrous announcement, and what they hope to gain by it. You all sit there as though it were the most normal thing in the world to open a newspaper and see a respected name linked with who can guess what riff-raff!"

You all read it, you all express surprise—and then what do you do? Nothing! You let a whole day go by, with the news spreading all over the country, and you do not do one single thing to sift it or to refute it. What steps have any of you taken?"

There was no reply. Nobody had taken any steps. Worse, nobody appeared to have any intention of taking any.

"Now come on, come on," raged the General. "Surely one of you might have had the wit to take one step in a forward direction. You are certain"—he turned to Paul once more—"you are certain that this girl has never written to you, never tried to get in touch with you in any way?"

"Quite certain."

"Very well. Two things must be done, three, in fact. First, somebody must find out who signed this letter to 'The Times.' I don't fancy that will take us much further. Still, it must be done. I shall do it myself this morning. The next thing is to see someone at Scotland Yard—quite unofficially—"

to find out how one deals with cases of this sort. One can't say yet what's behind it—it might be some form of blackmail."

"Nobody," said Paul, "has anything to blackmail me about."

"Nobody would go to these lengths," pointed out the General, "unless they hoped to gain something—unless they were certain, in fact, that they had something to gain. I do not," he went on generously, "question the truth of your statement when you say you never met this girl, but I do question its accuracy. It's very easy for a young man to forget—a young man, that is, of your type."

"There was never any Helga," reiterated Paul. "It isn't a name one would forget, in the first place. I might let a few Susans or Marys or Elizabeths slip out of my consciousness—but a Helga, no."

"Well, we won't argue about it," said his uncle. "We shall act. And we shall act now—this morning. I shall go to 'The Times' and then I shall look in—quite informally—on Douglas Warwick at Scotland Yard. He knows I'm not a man who'll waste his time. I shall tell him the facts and ask for his advice. Now the third thing." He turned to his brother. "I think you'd better tackle this, Hugo."

"Well?" asked Hugo. "Obviously," said the General, "these people must be investigated. And just as obviously they must be expecting us; they must, in fact, have expected us yesterday. They know we've read this notice, and they'll certainly be waiting for us. Paul will have to go, of course, but he mustn't go alone."

"Why not?" inquired Paul. "I'm the only one she's engaged to."

"Flippancy," said the General coldly, "will get you nowhere. I never cared for your decision to go into the Colonial Service when a military career was open to you, but

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since you've chosen your job, you might now see that nothing is allowed to prevent you from going out to do it. People who can do a thing like announcing an engagement that doesn't exist can go a good deal further; they don't usually stop at interfering with your private life—they make it their business to blacken your reputation professionally, too. May I ask whether you intended to go out to Africa without having investigated this outrageous notice?"

"Not at all," said Paul. "My own idea was to pop round yesterday and see what she looked—to see what it was all about. But Uncle Hugo said something about not being too precipitate, and so here we all are—still talking about it. I'm quite prepared to set off at once to Number 89, but I don't see why it's necessary to have anyone with me."

THE General flushed angrily. "It's more than necessary for someone to go with you," he said. "It's vital. Don't you realise what these people have done? Don't you understand that they've used your name—my name—our name to fabricate this connection between you—you!—and a woman who might be anybody—anything? Do you understand what kind of women these might be?"

"Well, let's go and find out," said Paul. "Uncle Hugo, how do you feel about coming?"

Hugo rose to his feet and stood in the middle of the room—a fine figure of a man in spite of his years, but with the vague air of dejection that had characterized him since his return from Burma.

"I feel extremely unwilling," he stated, "but I'll come."

"And Louise should go too," said the General.

"Me?" gasped his sister in astonishment.

"This," said Oswald magnanimously, "is a family matter."

"I rather agree with that,"

said Elaine gently. She was feeling very happy; they were all going away. Oswald was going to see a detective of some kind; Hugo and Louise were going with Paul, who would so much have preferred to go alone. She and Philippa and Barney would at last be left in peace.

"We shall go in my car," said Hugo to Paul. "You can't expect your aunt to travel in yours."

"Certainly not—I'm not an acrobat," said Louise. "We shall go in our own."

"It might be best," said Paul, who had once been driven by his uncle, "if we each went under our own steam. I shan't be coming back to lunch, and if I've got my own car, I'll be able to go straight on."

It was agreed that both cars should be taken, and the missionaries prepared to set out; Hugo went round to the garage for his car and he and Louise were seen shortly afterwards driving away in a car of distinguished but antiquated design. The General walked with Paul to his car, and watched him take his place at the wheel.

"You needn't hurry," grunted Oswald. "Your Uncle Hugo drives at a funeral pace—you'll catch him up in no time. Do you know which way to go? To Selcourt Street, I mean."

"I know one end of it," said Paul.

"Everybody knows one end of it," said Oswald gloomily. "One end of it's all right. Not a district I'd choose myself, but your Uncle Cedric always liked it. Yes; if Number 89 is at that end, it won't be too bad—one or two quite passable houses there. If it's the other end, then I don't know." He shook his head in foreboding.

"What's the other end?" asked Paul.

"The other end tails off goodness knows where—Pimlico, eventually, I believe." The General shuddered. "If it's that end, there's no knowing what sort of trouble you'll be up against. You'll soon know, however. How you drive sitting down at that angle, I

don't know. Keep your head when you get to this place, and if there's straight talking to be done, let your Uncle Hugo do it."

"I will. Oh, incidentally—" Paul hesitated.

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing. It was just—well, it struck me that I'm going away for a pretty long time, and I mightn't get another chance to ask you—to ask you privately, that is."

"Ask me what?"

"About Uncle Hugo," said Paul, still with some hesitation in his voice. It was delicate ground. "I don't want to seem unduly inquisitive, but I've often wondered what it was that happened to him—years ago, in Burma. The family rumors never made much sense, and lately I asked Mother, but she doesn't know."

"Nobody knows." The General spoke moodily. "It seems to me that at a crucial time in a man's life, he ought to know what's happening to him. But Hugo didn't know—or says he didn't. Same as you, to-day, standing up and saying you know nothing about a girl who's published an announcement of her engagement to you. Doesn't make sense, but there it is; you say you don't know, and he said he didn't know."

"One moment he was out in Burma doing splendidly—due for promotion, well thought of by every high-up in the Command; the next thing, he's accused of something shady in connection with a Burmese girl. Nothing much to go on—I saw all the officers I could get in touch with, as soon as they all got back to this country, but nobody knew anything."

"What did he do to the Burmese girl?"

"Nothing. He said—he says to this day—that he had never heard of her. That makes a pair of you. But he had some important papers—and then she had them. That's all. She took them to Headquarters, and then disappeared; they asked your uncle to explain, and he's still trying. He managed to find out the girl's name, but he never discovered how she got the papers."

There was a short silence.

New wonder food

DOCTORS in England have discovered a substance, found in liver, which makes children grow bigger.

They have named it G.F.A. (G.F. for Growth Factor), and tested it recently on rats and children.

They fed the rats on a liver diet and found they put on weight faster than other rats.

Then they fed nursery children on chocolate containing liver powder. The children gained more weight—and became taller—than children who had not eaten the chocolate.

Illuminating information on it—and vitamins in general—is presented in the July 21 issue of the Australian Magazine.

Paul shook himself out of a dream, and hunched his shoulders.

"Bad luck," he commented. "Quite. Perhaps you'll have a bit more, but you'd better go and see. Good-bye for now."

"Good-bye," said Paul. He started the engine and spoke with an effort. "Thanks for coming up," he said.

"Not at all," said the General briskly. "Not at all. Family matter."

"Can I drop you anywhere?" asked Paul.

"No—I'm not going for a few minutes. I'll go in and talk things over with your mother."

Paul drove away reluctantly. He disliked his errand, and he disliked his uncle; most of all he disliked Oswald's talks with Elaine. His recent impulse of gratitude faded abruptly and he apostrophised Oswald in a low growl.

"Interfering old busybody," he muttered.

Number 89 was not at the

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Australian climate dries, ages your skin!

Don't let drying skin give you that "getting-older" look

Harsh winds, burning sun, "sticky" humidity can play havoc with your skin! Almost every woman after 25 knows that dismaying little shock of finding dry skin signs—flaky patches, tiny criss-cross lines that say: you are getting older. At about 25, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh, starts decreasing.

But many, many Australian women show these dry skin signs even earlier.

It's our severe climate—drying, roughening winter winds; a burning summer sun; often a humid "sticky" atmosphere—that can make you look as many as 10 years older than your real age.

Yet—you can offset this loss of natural softening oil. You can use the special replacer known and loved by

so many women for its really remarkable help. You can use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make this rich cream extra effective for drying skin. It is very rich in lanolin—most like the skin's own precious oil. It is homogenized—to soak in better. And it has a special emulsifier for extra softening.

Smooth away dryness—this way
Soften by night. Cleanse skin thoroughly. Then work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face and throat. Leave cream on a few minutes—then tissue off lightly, leaving a thin veil of cream to cuddle your skin while you sleep.

Protect and soften by day. Be sure to smooth in a softening touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. You'll find that this rich cream guards

your skin from parching winds and dehydrating sun.

Use this remarkable cream for a week. See if it isn't the finest help for dry skin you've ever used. Get a jar or tube of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

3 features make it extra effective for dry skin



1. Rich in lanolin.
2. Homogenized to soak in better.
3. Special emulsifier for extra softening.



Crepey-Dry Eyelids make your skin look darkened, fade out your eyes.

To Lighten and Soften—Nightly, touch Pond's Dry Skin Cream to inner corners of eyes—tap gently out over lids. Leave a little of this lanolin-rich cream on all night. A special emulsifier makes it extra-softening.



Dry Skin "Down-Lines" by your nose and mouth harden your expression.

To Help Soften Lines—"Knuckle in," softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream out and up from nostrils, mouth. See this lanolin-rich cream smooth that "dry skin," tense look. It's homogenized to soak in better.

POSIA

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right end of Selcourt Street, and Oswald's gloomy prognostications regarding the other end were more than fulfilled. From gentility, Selcourt Street slid into shabbiness, and all the numbers from seventy upwards stood revealed as hopelessly slovenly. Hanging curtains became dingy bits of lace; pleasant little front gardens were succeeded by broken paths; well-tended window-boxes by drooping aspidistras.

Number 89, when the two cars drew up before it, proved to be no better than its deplorable neighbors, and Paul, looking up at the house, realised for the first time the seriousness of his situation.

It took some time to persuade Louise that they had come to the right address. London streets, she insisted with dimming hope, were very often duplicated; there were innumerable areas which could be traced only by the district number. This, Hugo pointed out, was S.W.3, which was what the notice had stated. This was, unfortunately, Selcourt Street; this was, regrettably, Number 89.

"But look at it," urged Louise, still seated obstinately in the car. "Look at it! Can you believe that anybody inside that house has ever heard of 'The Times,' let alone being capable of drafting a notice that 'The Times' would accept?"

"It's a large house," said Paul, who was taking in details. "It's got cards—or at any rate, bits of cardboard—stuck beside the front door, with names on them. Lots of names."

"Rabbit warren," said Hugo grimly. "Go and see if de Brulais is among them."

Paul walked up the inhospitable path and studied the array of cards affixed by drawing-pins to the side of the outer door. Some were all but indecipherable; most, it seemed to him, were foreign. He ran an eye along them: Goldstein, Emblatt, Kroner, Keenig, Wyatt, de Wit, and—ah! here it was. Blotted, unclean, smirched, but perfectly legible: de Brulais. Paul read the card and gasped: Madame de Brulais.

Fortunes.

Monday. Wednesday. Friday.

Fortunes! Madame de Brulais, Helga, only daughter of Madame de Brulais—Fortunes. Paul stared at the card, his mind working swiftly. This was more than any of them had bargained for. It was madness for him to enter this seedy dwelling in an attempt to uncover the credentials of a Madame de Brulais. Fortunes. It would be far, far better to leave things as they were; to ignore the announcement, to go off to Africa, where only a Helga with exceptionally long claws could reach him.

There would be no need to take Louise and Hugo into his confidence; he could walk back along the path, tell his uncle and aunt that there was no de Brulais, and persuade them to follow him round London looking for more suitable Selcourt Streets.

He took a step backward and glanced up at the windows of the house. It had once, he saw, been a good building, but it had fallen into disrepair, and it was there—in this disreputable dwelling—that the unknown Helga lived; it was from this house that a hand had been stretched to touch him, to touch him intimately.

The resolve to leave matters as they were faded before a slow, hot anger. This house—and Paul Saxon—his lips tightened. He would not go away. Far from going away, he would go inside and confront them; he would find out what they meant, this Helga and her

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Journey's Eve

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scheming mother. Fortunes! He turned and walked with long, determined strides to where the cars waited.

"This is the place," he said, with a new note in his voice. "Madame de Brulais is a fortune teller."

"A—I—?" Words failed Louise. Hugo put out a hand; she grasped it automatically and stepped out of the car.

"It'll be bad, I think," said Paul, "but we'd better go through with it. A moment ago, I thought perhaps we needn't, but now I think perhaps we will. You ready, uncle?"

His tone gave Hugo a confidence that had been rapidly slipping from him. He liked the way Paul was dealing with this. Someone in there needed to be taught a lesson.

The three walked to the front door. Paul looked for a bell near Madame de Brulais' name, and found none; he selected the nearest and kept his finger on it for some time.

There was no response. Sounds came from within the house—voices, thumps, the thin sound of a violin, the scrape of chairs across a floor. It was plain that the inmates were alive but uninterested; nobody, it seemed, was going to answer the door. At last, Paul pushed it and it yielded, revealing an inner door; he grasped the knob of this and, turning it, opened it slowly and looked into a large, dark hall.

"We'll go in," he said, ushering in his aunt and uncle. "It's no use our standing about hopelessly. I'll knock on one of those doors and see what prize we draw."

He crossed the hall and, stopping before an imposing double door, rapped sharply upon it. There was a second's pause, and then a loud hail came from within.

"Who is that there?"

It sounded like a man's voice, but it was difficult to tell; it was deep, sonorous and full-throated, and the accent was foreign. Paul raised his hand and knocked once more, and the next instant the door opened and he took two hasty steps backward.

A woman stood in the doorway—she was, without exception, the most magnificent specimen of womanhood Paul had ever seen. She was as tall as he was—he stood six feet one—and she was of enormous girth. He would give sixpence any day, he acknowledged, to go into a tent and gaze at her; she must without doubt be the World's Biggest Woman.

She was dressed in garments that compromised fairly between the sober garb of morning and the finery of evening. Her skin was dark and she stared at Paul out of a pair of small, keen, dark eyes. She was a striking and spectacular figure, but nobody could have applied to her the terms neat or cleanly. Her voice, heard without protection of the thick door, ruffled the little feather in Louise's hat and made Hugo wince.

There was no awkward pause; having hung open the door, she gave vent at once to a rapid flow of words.

"You want someone? You shouldn't knock on my door. I'm not here to tell everybody where to go, is it? What time do I get, if every moment I have to run to the door to ask what you want? What do you want? Do you want somebody? Tell me—tell me soon and then I can say, or not say, and then all this knock, knock, knock will stop and I can get on with what I was doing, no? What do you want?"

Paul waited; his Uncle Oswald had said that Hugo was to do the talking. A glance at Hugo and Louise, however, told him that it would be some time

before either of them was able to speak.

"I'm sorry to give you this trouble," he said to the woman confronting him. "We're looking for a Madame de Brulais."

"How a Madame de Brulais?" demanded the woman. "How many de Brulais are there, since you want only one? Do you know many who are called Madame de Brulais?"

"I don't know any," said Paul with relief. "I'm looking for a Madame de Brulais who lives at Number 89 Selcourt Street. That's this house. Can you tell me which room she's in?"

"She's in this room, and she won't see you," came the answer on the instant. "She won't see anybody. Can't you read? Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays. To-day is Saturday—did you see anything about Saturday? You shall go away and come back next week—or the week after that, or whenever you please. Business is business, but only on Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays."

"Will you kindly tell Madame de Brulais," asked Paul firmly, "that we must see her to-day."

"To-day is Saturday, and there is no business to-day, and what is more, if only you would like to know, I—I—she thumped her massive chest—"I am Madame de Brulais and I



will see you on Monday—all of you, but I do not like three at one time. One at a time, but if you want three, I charge for three, and not for one only!"

Paul was staring at her, open-mouthed. This . . . this . . . well, perhaps it wasn't so remarkable. She looked every inch—every yard—a Madame de Brulais, Fortunes. And she had a daughter Helga and she had had the colossal effrontery.

"We must see you to-day," he said, with a hardness in his voice that made Madame de Brulais peer at him more keenly than before.

"Monday," she said.

"To-day. On urgent business," said Paul.

Before she could reply, he had swept Hugo and Louise into the circle of his arm and was shepherding them before him. They were as reluctant to go in as Madame de Brulais was anxious to keep them out, but Paul was young, strong determined, and angry. With a last effort amounting to a shove, he got his relations inside and closed the door behind him. Madame de Brulais, her eyes glinting with anger, made her way round the cowering Louise and thrust her face to Paul's.

"You understand, I make it plain—I charge for three. And on days when there is no business, it is double the charge."

"I'm sure it is," said Paul. He was surveying his surroundings and his eyes widened every moment. They were in

a large room in which, it was clear, Madame de Brulais spent not only her days but also her nights. To give to the room the term *disorder* would have been an understatement of the grossest kind; it was in chaos. Undergarments, ornaments, and utensils huddled together in embarrassed proximity; the two windows were sealed with pieces of brown paper, and the room smelt stale, and worse. The curtains were drawn, and the room dimly lit.

Madame de Brulais, making her way through the litter, cleared three chairs and waved her visitors to them. Walking across the room, she seated herself behind a small table on which was draped a heavy cloth, and from this vantage-point she addressed her visitors.

"One will have to be first," she stated. "When a lady and a gentleman come, I say first the gentleman. But now you are three, so we shall do this: first that lady and then—"

Paul pulled himself together and made an attempt to stem the stream of words.

"I don't think you understand who we are," he began.

"We—"

"Who you are? Who you are? What is all this 'who you are'?" demanded Madame de Brulais irritably. "When you come here, you do not tell me who you are. If I know nothing, that is better. You shall tell me nothing; I shall know nothing,



and you will see what I shall tell you. Now. Do not speak."

She swept the cloth from the table, revealing what her fascinated audience saw to be a large crystal. Upon this object Madame de Brulais directed a look of steady blankness. Staring at her across the ill-lighted room, Paul wondered whether his mind was becoming unhinged; he glanced from Louise on one side of him to Hugo on the other, and saw that the same fear was clutching at them both. Louise was holding the sides of her chair tightly; Hugo was staring at Madame de Brulais as though he were hypnotised—which, Paul decided, was not far from being the case. He made a stern effort and addressed the woman facing them.

"Look, Madame de Brulais," he said, "we're here—" "My name," he said, "is Paul Saxon."

Madame de Brulais, with an effort, withdrew her eyes from the crystal and directed upon him a glare of hatred.

"I do not care for all that," she said, and the strident voice had dropped to a hiss. "I have told you, no? You have come here with your knock, knock, knock, knock and when I tell you it is not my day for business, you push yourself in here with no asking, and now we have made a bargain—you are to pay double. That is agreed—now there is nothing but not to speak."

"Don't move," she said. "There is something to say."

Her gaze went once more to the crystal, and there was a breathless pause. Paul, with his uncle's hand still upon his arm, could feel the fingers tightening, and strove to think clearly. They must get out of this poisonous room, away from this woman and her hypnotic effect. They must—

"We saw the announcement in the paper," went on Paul doggedly. "We came."

"Quiet!" shouted Madame de Brulais furiously.

A voice, curiously unlike Louise's firm tones, was heard. "We wish to see your daughter, Madame de Brulais," she said.

"Yes—that's it," corroborated Hugo, with not much certainty. "Your daughter—we're here to see your daughter."

A frown, deep and terrifying, appeared on the brow of Madame de Brulais; she leaned across the table and addressed them all impartially.

"You lot! she yelled. "You lot, coming here and banging on the door at this time—no more! Sit still! Be quiet! What is all this? My name is this, my name is this, where is your daughter? Daughter? Daughter? What daughter is this? There is no daughter here. How shall I have a daughter? To tell fortunes, to see what nobody else can see, to tell you what has gone by, what is to come—why shall I need a daughter for this? Never, never, never have I had a daughter. Husbands I have had, plenty of husbands, but no daughter. Now no more! No more, or it is finished. Am I a machine, that you can turn me on and turn me off? You will be quiet—quiet!"

Her voice dropped to a mutter and with a sudden movement she leaned over and switched off a lamp at her elbow, leaving the room in almost total darkness. "Hush!" she hissed. "Hush . . . hush . . . hush . . ."

Her admonition was unnecessary. Paul could not have spoken if he had wanted to; Louise sat stiffly, one hand still clutching her chair tightly. Hugo was still, staring at Madame de Brulais, who stared into the crystal before her. There was silence for some time, and then they heard her voice.

"Too many people," she muttered. "People, people, people. This one, that one. Now, who are you? Black as the ace of spades. How did you get in? Another one—as black as the last, Gold Coast. No? Well, near there. An airliner. Good. I like them; pretty things . . . look, swooping like a bird. And another man—yellow. Chinese? No. Now a white man. A white man in the sun. Two white men in the sun, and a white woman in the sun, and a big white horse in the sun, and a white house and a green gate and a red bush and a black man in the garden walking one-hop, one-hop, one-hop."

"A blue sunshade and a blue handbag with dragons, and the white man on the white horse . . . he's gone, but the other stays, the one with the wounded arm, and the woman stays and the man is going into the house with a coat . . . and out of it he takes a key . . . he's opening a case and taking out some papers . . . he's . . . he's gone, and there's a girl. Chinese? No. Burmese. A girl—"

Something fastened on Paul's arm, and he felt his flesh creep. Choking back a yelp, he looked down to find his uncle was holding him in a grip of iron.

"Paul!" his voice came hoarsely. "Paul, we've got to get out of this."

The urgency in his voice was unnerving. Paul tried to move, but before he could leave his chair Madame de Brulais had raised her head and was staring at them with blank, unseeing eyes. She spoke with calm authority.

"Don't move," she said. "There is something to say."

Her gaze went once more to the crystal, and there was a breathless pause. Paul, with his uncle's hand still upon his arm, could feel the fingers tightening, and strove to think clearly. They must get out of this poisonous room, away from this woman and her hypnotic effect. They must—

"I'm all right, Hugo . . . thank you. Let's—let's go away—please!"

Hugo stood still, looked at her doubtfully, and after a moment glanced at Paul. The two men walked slowly across

He saw a narrow slit of daylight, and his eyes went to it. The double doors were opening; the slit became wider, and a slim figure slipped through it and closed the door hurriedly. Through the gloom Paul could see a girl moving down the length of the room—swiftly and unhesitatingly, as though she had moved in it many times in the semi-darkness and knew exactly where to go.

A girl . . . a girl in a black suit . . . a slim girl, a rather small girl. She fitted well into the dark mystery of the room, in her black outfit . . . and she had black hair—he was almost certain it was black. It was soft and wavy, and she moved with grace. There was no daughter, but this might be Helga . . .

With almost desperate longing, Paul wanted to see her face. She was carrying something—a package—no, it was a small dish; she had put it on the table at the end of the room and she was—she was going out again—and he had not seen her face. He could not tell why it was so important that he should see it; perhaps it was the effect of the room and this woman and the attempt she was making to tear down the veils protecting mortals from the unknown . . .

Slim, small, black-suited, black-haired, graceful, and—she was turning.

She was beautiful. He had only had an instant to look at her through the half light, but as the door closed behind her, Paul ceased to struggle against the powerful influences in the room. This was magic and he was glad to feel it. Her face was small, and her eyes—he couldn't tell their color, but they were large, and her nose was small and her mouth looked deliciously soft and full—and—

"Paul!" Louise's desperate choking appeal recalled him to himself. He must get his uncle and aunt out of here—Louise looked like a ghost, and Hugo—

It was too late. Madame de Brulais had raised her voice and was speaking with a new note of urgency.

"The girl—the girl with the papers," she muttered. "She comes from a place . . . a place . . . I can't see the name . . . but she's near, very near. You must go at once to Mandalay, Yes, Mandalay. That's it—Mandalay. Mandalay!"

"Quick—Paul!" Hugo was holding Louise; he had got her to her feet and was supporting her with one arm round her shoulder. Paul moved swiftly to her other side and took her arm, but Louise, with an obvious effort, steadied herself.

"I'm all right—I'm all right," she whispered. "But take me away—please take me away."

They went across the room and passed close to Madame de Brulais, but she did not notice them; she was staring at the crystal and her voice had sunk to an unintelligible muttering. Paul took his aunt and uncle into the hall; then, taking out his wallet, he extracted some notes, walked quickly into the room and left them under a paperweight at the fortuneteller's elbow.

She made no sign, and Paul, after waiting for a few moments, followed Louise and Hugo. They were out of the house and walking a little unsteadily to their cars. Without a word, the two men helped Louise into her seat and stood by, looking at her anxiously. In a little while the color returned to her cheeks and she spoke in a faltering voice.

"I'm all right, Hugo . . . thank you. Let's—let's go away—please!"

Hugo stood still, looked at her doubtfully, and after a moment glanced at Paul. The two men walked slowly across

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All characters in the serials and their stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

to his nephew's car. Paul felt at a loss, and chose his words carefully.

"That was rather more than we bargained for," he said slowly.

"Yes. Yes." Hugo's mind appeared to be elsewhere, and, after waiting a moment, Paul spoke again. "Will Aunt Louise be all right?"

"Yes," Hugo sounded a little uncertain. "Yes. She'll be all right, but she's had a shock. A shock," he repeated after a moment. "We've both—"

he hesitated, and then went on: "We've both had a shock."

Paul spoke with some hesitation.

"Do you—do you believe what the woman was saying?"

"Believe?" Hugo gave a short, mirthless laugh. "Believe? There was nothing to disbelieve—at the beginning.

Our bungalow out there—in Burma—white with a green gate, and the red poinsettia behind it. Your aunt's blue awning, and her blue handbag with dragons on it, and the gardener who walked with a limp. The man with the—the wounded arm, she called it—that was a man called St. Clair. He'd been thrown by his grey charger, and his arm was injured—he wanted me to buy the grey, and he brought it over for me to try. That was the day the papers disappeared. And then that girl, that girl—"

His eyes, with a dazed look in them, looked into Paul's for a moment. "It's . . . incredible. It's . . . fantastic."

"If what she says is true," asked Paul slowly, "or if you believe there is anything in it, are you going to—follow it up?"

"Yes—no," said Hugo heavily. "I can't even think clearly."

Without another word, he turned and walked back to his car. Paul heard the purr of the engine and saw the big car glide down the road and out of sight.

He stood where he was, his thoughts in a whirl. They had come here with a definite, a stern purpose, but they were back, he reflected morosely, where they started—in fact, they were a good deal farther back; they were back thirty years and more, entangled in details of an affair which, from all he had heard, was best forgotten.

Hands deep in his pockets, kicking absently at one of the tyres, Paul debated on his next move. He could go back and report to his Uncle Oswald, and give it as his opinion that Madame de Brulais had no daughter and knew nothing of the announcement.

Someone had used her name, but there seemed no reason to connect her with what he was rapidly coming to regard as a hoax. She had denied, with a vigor that carried conviction, the possession of a daughter, and if the mysterious Helga had used the name and ad-

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dress in order to bring him to the place, she would certainly have been there to intercept him.

There remained the girl who had come into the room. The girl . . . She could be Helga, if there was a Helga, which, in the prevailing confusion, seemed unlikely. She knew Madame de Brulais—knew her well enough to come into her room and find her way round it in semi-darkness. She might be able to impart some information on a situation that had got rather badly out of control.

He could at all events go in and ask her. There was a good deal to be cleared up. A good deal . . .

Turning, he walked up the path to the house and, without hesitation, pushed open the door and went inside.

He had not been out of the house for very long, but he saw at once, on returning, that a great change had taken place in the hall of Number 89. Far from being the empty and deserted space it had been on his first entrance, it now presented the appearance of a busy foyer.

The inmates of the house had all, it appeared, left their rooms and were in process of taking their lunch; some were taking it downstairs in a raw state, while others were taking it upstairs in covered dishes, from which succulent smells escaped and filled the air.

He stood for a few moments in astonishment, but the fear that he had come back to the wrong house was calmed by the opening of the double doors and the sudden and brief emergence of Madame de Brulais; she snatched a newspaper from the pile on the hall table, glanced at Paul without a flicker of recognition, and disappeared into the room once more.

He stood in the middle of the hall and studied them as they passed, deciding that they were an odd assortment. What was that girl doing among them, that slim dark-head? It would be disconcerting if she were, now he came to think of it, he'd been the only one who appeared to have noticed her entrance. Still, it would take more than that gargantuan crystal-gazer to make him see lovely girls that were not there. Where lovely girls were concerned, he could assure himself that he had matters on a very practical plane.

He followed the progress of an old man who was coming carefully down the stairs holding a basket of provisions. He moved slowly, and Paul had plenty of time to study the contents of the basket: an onion, peeled; two potatoes, peeled; a large carrot, scraped; a china mug containing what smelt like coffee.

The old man negotiated the last stair and turned towards the door through which all the previous passers-by had dis-

appeared. Paul, moving nearer, saw that it opened on to a flight of steps.

That, he told himself, was the solution. Down there was the kitchen—the communal kitchen. They went down raw and came up cooked. An old lady was on her way up—steady, now, I'll hold the door open for you. No, don't bother to thank me, madam—and here was Madame Fortune-teller coming out again, and now was his chance to ask her about dark-head. He strode towards her.

"Madame—please," he began firmly. "I wonder if you would tell me—"

"I do not know anything," stated Madame de Brulais. "Anything you wish to know, there is a caretaker. I will call him—wait." She walked to the foot of the stairs, looked up, and raised her voice in a loud shriek: "Chen-KA!"

There was a pause, and then a shuffling sound came from the top story. It was succeeded by a series of soft thuds punctuated by angry grunts. Chenka, Paul decided, was descending, but unwillingly. He turned to Madame de Brulais.

"I don't think Chenka can really help me, Madame," he said. "It's just that I—well, as a matter of fact, I saw a girl in your room this morning and—"

"This morning?" Madame de Brulais confronted him with a furious air. "You have been in my room this morning?" she shouted. "You have? Where do you get this cheek, eh? Shall I have to have policemen to keep out all the riff-raff that goes in and out of this house all day? You—who are you to come in? Nobody comes into my room that I don't know, let me tell you, Mr. Who-knows-from-where. If you are coming to live here, let me—"

"But I assure you—" "tell you that you will keep yourself where you belong, you hear me?" Her voice rose to a shriek. "In my room! I ask everybody what they think of that. In my room! I ask everybody!"

There were, by this time, a good many to ask. Raw foods and cooked foods had paused in the hall to listen to this interesting exchange. Madame de Brulais gave a final snort of rage and returned to her room, and Paul let her go; conversation with her, he was learning, led nowhere.

He ran a finger round his collar and took a deep breath. An old man was fumbling his way down the last few stairs. Paul waited; those slippers had made the shuffling sound and this was probably Chenka, and Chenka was the caretaker. If Chenka spoke English—

Chenka did not. It was some time before Paul could make himself understood, and during his struggles the watchers, one by one, lost interest and went on their way. This strange young man wanted to know if Madame de Brulais had a daughter; if he had asked any one of them but that half-wit Chenka they could have told him—no, she had not.

"No," said Chenka finally, in a semblance of English. "No. No daughter. No."

He turned as if to go upstairs again, and Paul put a hand on his arm. A menacing growl made him remove it again, but with the remnant of good sense now left to him he swiftly extracted some coins and slipped them into the old man's co-operative grasp.

"Now look, Chenka," he said with a shade more confidence. "There is a girl in this house—or if she isn't in this house, Madame de Brulais knows who she is. She carried something into Madame's room

Enter the ...

Tek

TOOTHBRUSH NOVELTY QUESTION CONTEST

32

Malvern Star "Coronation" Cycles TO BE WON



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1. Just forward your novelty question to Tek Novelty Question Contest, Sydney. Send as many as you like. Include name and address.
 2. Weekly prize winners will be announced in first Quiz Kids programme broadcast in July. Special prizes awarded in Quiz Kids, September 20 (I.A.W. September 18).
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LISTEN TO THE QUIZ KIDS FOR FULL DETAILS!



"Sorry, bou constrictor counts as two words—want to leave out help?"

this morning. Carried something—you understand? She came in—in that door there, and she carried something in, and then she came out again."

A gleam of understanding shone in Chenka's watery eye, and Paul's spirits rose with a bound that left him shaken. This was progress—at last! He waited breathlessly.

"You want . . . Chenka fumbled for words—"you want to know what she carried—yes?"

With a supreme effort, Paul spoke slowly and patiently.

"No, Chenka. No. I want to know where she is. Who is—that girl? Where is she?"

By way of answer, Chenka raised a bony forefinger and pointed upwards. He stood thus, silent, pointing, while Paul struggled to read the meaning of the gesture. Up. It might, he thought desperately, mean anything. She might have died and gone to Heaven. It might mean . . . but it couldn't. No, it couldn't, it couldn't. It couldn't possibly mean that—that she was upstairs.

"You mean . . ." He held his breath. "You mean she's upstairs?"

"Ya."

"You mean—she's upstairs now?"

"Ya."

"You—do you mean she—she lives upstairs?"

"Ya."

Paul breathed again—deeply—and with hope and confidence buoying him up. There couldn't be two girls in this house of octogenarians; at all events, he was going up to see. In an access of gratitude, he added a few more coins to Chenka's collection, and turned to ascend the staircase. Chenka laid a hand on his arm and checked him, putting his face close to Paul's and speaking in wheezy accents.

"I tell you," he stated frankly, "only for the money." He jingled the coins contemptuously. "Otherwise, for the Brit-isch—nothing!" Paul detached himself firmly.

"Never mind the British now," Chenka. Some other time.

"Thieves," said Chenka.

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"Yes, yes. Which room?"

"That one. Thieves and liars."

"Yes, I'm sure they are. We'll go into it when I've time."

He was half-way up the first flight, and he could see the door . . .

"Thieves," said Chenka, far behind him.

Paul did not hear; he was standing before the door; he had raised a hand and knocked softly, and he was waiting . . .

The door was opening; it had opened, and she stood before him. The light was full and clear and he could see, now, all the details that had been hidden from him in the gloom of the room downstairs.

She was small—even smaller than he had thought; her face was oval, her skin creamy; her eyes were very large and dark, with a serious look that had in it a certain aloofness and detachment. Her eyebrows were thick and, instead of curving, ran in an inquiring line below dark hair that lay on her forehead in a soft, silky fringe. Her nose was small and her lips full. She was unlike any girl he had ever known. She had a calm stillness, and a pure, nun-like gaze . . .

He pulled himself out of a trance and answered the lift of her eyebrows. He realised that she had spoken without his having heard her.

"I—I'm sorry to—disturb you," he said, and Philippa would have been astonished at the hesitation in his manner.

"I—I wanted to see you."

"Yes?" Her voice was like her eyes—cool, tranquil, and detached.

"I—as a matter of fact, I was down there, in Madame de Brulais' room, when you came in, and I—well, I've had an awful job finding you. Could I—could I have a few words with you?" He saw her hesitation and realised, with a sinking heart, that this was the hour at which most people lunched. "I—I won't keep you long," he ended.

There was still some hesita-

tion; she was frowning slightly, as if trying to make up her mind.

"It's rather an urgent matter," said Paul. "A family matter."

She opened the door wider to admit him.

"Come in," she said quietly.

He went in, and after taking one step into the room, stood still, looking round him in amazement. In stepping across the threshold, he had come from neglect and shabbiness, from disorder and disrepair, into a room which—though of the same size and shape as the one in which Madame de Brulais lived, below—was a haven of freshness and charm.

THE furniture was plain, and there was not much of it; a pale green carpet, cut in strips, covered the whole floor; flowered curtains hung at the windows; Paul saw a low table, two easy chairs, chintz-covered, and a divan on which were some large cushions. This was a bed-sitting room.

Obviously, the girl lived here; she slept here; she ate here. In a house which any fastidious person would refuse to enter, she kept this clean, neat, charming room. It was incredible. This was a—

"This is an oasis," he said, impulsively.

The girl smiled—a smile that began in her eyes and made her lips bunch enchantingly for an instant before they parted and showed her white, even teeth. She waved him to a chair.

"Everybody," she said, seating herself in the one opposite, "always says that first of all when they come in. 'This is an oasis.' They take one step—two, if their reactions are slow—and then they say, 'This is an oasis.' Her English was perfect, but there was something—scarcely an accent, but something in intonation—that pointed to a foreign strain.

He saw that she was looking at him inquiringly, and came to himself with a jerk.

"What did you say?"

"I said I can't offer you a cigarette, but if you want to smoke . . ."

"Thanks." He took out his case and held it out to her. She shook her head, and he lit one for himself and leaned back looking at her.

She waited for a few moments, and then, as he appeared to have lost himself in dreams once more, put a question.

"What did you want to see me about?"

"I—Well," he began, "I came here this morning with an uncle and aunt of mine to see Madame de Brulais."

"Madame de Brulais usually takes clients on—"

"Yes, I know—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. She told us. But we hadn't come to have our fortunes told. In fact, we didn't know she told fortunes. We wanted to ask her one or two questions, but—well, perhaps you know how difficult it is to pin her down to questions and answers."

"Yes. But—she is a genuine clairvoyant," said the girl.

"I'm quite sure—I really believe she is." He looked at the small, oval face and wondered how old she was. Nineteen—twenty? It was difficult to tell; she looked very young, but it must have taken more than nineteen years to acquire that odd little air of self-possession.

"You aren't by any chance called Helga, are you?" he asked suddenly.

She shook her head slowly.

"No. Are you looking for a girl called Helga?"

"Yes. No. Well, in a way. It's rather a long story. Am I keeping you from your lunch?"

"My lunch," she said, "is ready, but it can wait, if I can help you."

"I'll try not to be long. Look," he said on an impulse—

"couldn't you abandon your lunch and come out and have some with me?"

Beauty in brief:

SKIN REFURBISHING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Sun and wind—especially when the air is dry—are the enemies of a smooth, well-behaved complexion at this time of the year.

TOGETHER they result in dry skin that tends to peel off in flakes and refuses to hold face-powder evenly.

You might start your complexion campaign with a course of beauty treatments. This is a very good idea if much restoration is necessary.

In the home, start warm oil treatments right away, and keep them going once a week for the rest of the winter.

Soak pads in olive, baby, or peanut oil heated to lukewarm, and apply them to cleansed skin for 15 minutes at a stretch.

A few minutes of gentle steaming occasionally is a useful prelude to oiling.

Remember how smooth a salt rub makes body skin feel? Try it in miniature for buffing down a flaky rough skin.

Put half a cup of coarse salt in the palms of your hands, slightly moisten it, and then rub the damp salt all over your face and neck.

She shook her head and smiled; it was very gentle, but it was also quite definite.

"Thank you, no. What were you saying?"

"Could I know your name first?" pleaded Paul. "I always think Sir and Madam a little too formal. Mine's Saxon—Paul Saxon."

A smile—slow, but widening into a look of mischief—appeared on her face. Something in the name had amused her very much.

"Saxon," she murmured. "Do you live in Lowndes Crescent?"

There was something in family, after all, reflected Paul with satisfaction. It was pleasant to find that a name could mean something to a total stranger.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"Sir Paul Saxon, 16 Lowndes Crescent?"

"Yes. Have we met? No, because I would have remembered. Then how—"

"I've sent bills to you—often."

"Bills? Bills what for?"

She laughed with open amusement.

"I work in a flower shop," she told him.

"Lady Pembury's flower shop."

"Oh." Paul fought off a feeling of disaster. "Oh. But I don't—I don't remember seeing—"

"I don't work in the front of the shop. I work at the back. At the back of the shop there's a sort of jungle, and I work in it. The beautiful arrangements you see in the vases in the shop—all my work. I arrange them and Lady Pembury and her sister take them into the shop. I make up all the presentation boxes that we send . . . for gentlemen . . . to the lady of the moment."

The lady of the moment.

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INDIGESTION

Here's the Family Standby
so QUICK . . so SAFE . . so RELIABLE

YOU MUST EAT. But do you pay for it afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, discomfort or pain? No wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

When indigestion troubles you like that, life is a burden. But you can get relief not by starving yourself, but by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. This wonderfully effective medicine neutralises excess stomach acidity so quickly that the first dose gives relief.

WHEN AWAY FROM HOME—

At a restaurant or in the street, carry a few De WITT'S ANTACID TABLETS in their cellophane strip. Dissolve one or two on the tongue like a sweet—you will enjoy their peppermint flavour—you will get prompt relief from digestive discomfort. Price 1/6 or economy pack 2/9.

Speedy relief!

AT HOME

A canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder, kept handy in the home, is the ever-ready answer to commonplace digestive disorders caused by too much acid in the stomach. A teaspoonful of this reliable family medicine taken in half a glass of water is an effective dose. De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER. Price 3/- or 2½ times the quantity 6/6. Sold by chemists and storekeepers everywhere.



De Witt's

ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

"Don't let's talk shop," he begged.

"You didn't," she said, "pay your last two bills."

"I—"

"For the carnations. To Miss Hannington. And the Easter lilies to Miss—I've forgotten."

"So've I," said Paul. "Will you tell me your name?"

"Wyatt."

"Wyatt—I saw it on the door outside. But there must be some more."

"My name is Antonia," she said.

"Antonia. Antonia." He said it aloud, lingeringly. "Antonia. That isn't an English name?"

"No. My father was English, but my mother was Italian."

That would account for everything, thought Paul. It would account for the dark hair and the liquid brown eyes and the difference in intonation. Everyone, every girl, he decided in a rush of conviction, should have dark hair with a fringe, and an Italian mother and slight inflections in her speech. Every girl—

"Now tell me what you came about," said Antonia.

"About"—Paul made an effort, and collected his thoughts. "It was really Madame de Brulais we came to see," he explained. "My uncle, my aunt, and I. You see, an extraordinary thing happened—there was an announcement of my engagement in 'The Times' yesterday."

"Congratulations," said Antonia.

"Thanks. But you're a bit early, because I'm not engaged. The announcement was a fake."

"A—?"

"It was pseudo—a complete fabrication. It read like the real thing—son of, daughter of, and so on. But it teamed me up with a girl I've never heard of in my life—a girl with a name that would have remembered if I'd ever met it. Helga, Helga, daughter of Madame de Brulais."

There was a pause. Antonia sat quietly thinking over his words.

"Madame de Brulais has no daughter," she said. "There must be some mistake. Why did you think it was this Madame de Brulais?"

"Because it gave this address—quite fully and quite plainly—89 Selcourt Street. I would have come out here yesterday to look up my imaginary future mother-in-law, but we're a family that takes itself rather seriously, and a few of my innumerable uncles and aunts closed in and insisted on playing, too. I wish I had 'The Times' with me—if you saw the announcement, you'd see how—how authentic it looked, but I assure you that I'd never in my life heard of either Madame de Brulais or her daughter."

There was a frown on Antonia's brow.

"But when you asked Madame—"

"We came here and knocked at her door, and after that nobody had a chance to say anything—except Madame. We were all swept into the den, made to pay double because it wasn't visiting day, and then she whisked the cover off the parrot—off the crystal—and turned into a medium."

"Madame de Brulais," said Antonia slowly, "isn't a fake. She hasn't told my fortune, because I won't let her—but I can tell you that she has—"

"She hesitated"—extraordinary powers."

"She has such extraordinary powers," said Paul with feeling; "that my uncle and aunt left this building in a state bordering on collapse. She opened a cupboard, put a fin-

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"You . . . cook her food!"

"Yes."

"But . . . you mean you cook her—Madame de Brulais' food?"

"Yes."

"But—for Pete's sake, why?"

Antonia leaned back more comfortably in her chair.

"In this house," she explained, "everybody cooks in the same kitchen—downstairs. Most of the people in the house are foreign, and most foreigners—of the type that live here—cook well and cleanly. They cook, they clear up, they clean up. But Madame de Brulais—"

Antonia paused, her eyes opening, her nose twitching with memories of Madame de Brulais' cooking. "I couldn't live with it—and so I arranged to cook for her. I don't think she realises I do it; she sees her food, she eats it, and Chenka washes the dishes."

Paul looked at her.

"Have you—he began, and stopped."

"Well?"

"It's rather an impertinent question—I was going to ask you whether you'd lived here since you were twelve."

"Yes, I have."



GOLDSTEIN
"I'll tell you whether I still love you when I find out what you're leading up to."

"In this house?"

"Yes. In this house, but not in this room. My father and I lived on the floor above, and then the woman who had this room went away, and we moved down to this floor—I was in this room and my father was in the one opposite until he died. My mother was never here—she died before we left Italy."

There were a thousand questions he would have liked to ask, but something in her manner prevented him. He got reluctantly to his feet; he had no excuse for staying longer.

"I'm keeping you from your lunch," he said. "Look—couldn't we meet somewhere soon?"

Antonia frowned in thought.

"This is Saturday; I'll talk to Madame de Brulais early on Tuesday—Monday is no use, because she has clients all day."

"But—not till Tuesday?" said Paul agitated.

"I'll talk to her on Tuesday, but I shan't be able to see you until Thursday," said Antonia.

"Not even for lunch?"

"I come home every day. If I didn't come home, Madame de Brulais would cook her own food and the house . . ." She shuddered.

"Can I phone you here?"

"There's no telephone in the house."

"Then at the shop? Bertha—Lady Pembury—is an old friend of mine."

Antonia smiled again.

"You can try," she said, "but others have tried. Lady Pembury always tells them I'm out." She went to the door and opened it. "I'll come downstairs with you," she said. "There are some curious people here—you might get into difficulties."

She led him towards the stairs, passing on the way a padlocked door. "My bathroom," she said. "But I have to keep it locked, because if I didn't Enblatt and Goldstein and the rest would move in."

They went downstairs. A shuffling close beside him told Paul that Chenka was passing, but he saw to his relief that the old man made no move to stop, and contented himself with a sentence or two in passing.

"Finished, the British. Finished, no more. Finished."

"Loyal fellow," commented Paul, as the old man retreated. "What is he—Pole? Czech? Displaced?"

"He's waiting for naturalisation," said Antonia.

Threading his way now along the thronged street, he could reflect with self-congratulation on having forced Mr. Warwick to sit down again and reconsider the matter. A good fellow, Warwick, he mused, glancing at his own trim reflection in a shop window; a good fellow, but slow. It had taken a great deal of argument to make him promise to go along to Lowndes Crescent and talk the matter over with Paul; but he had promised, and he was a man that would keep a promise.

Once he had begun to interest himself in the matter—one couldn't say he was interested yet, but he would be—and once he was, he knew what steps to take to deal with the persons who dared to put the announcement in the newspaper.

For his own part, the General still held the opinion that Paul had at one time known Mademoiselle de Brulais. He had known her—he had probably been on extremely warm terms with her, and then he had, with the lightness that so regrettably characterised him, transferred his attentions to some other woman.

Every time, the General remembered moodily, every time he had visited his sister-in-law's house, he had been presented by his nephew to a new young woman; he picked them up and put them down again with a carelessness that bordered on philandering.

Suddenly he wondered, for the first time, how Ursula would take the news. Though he did not know her very well, he felt her to be a girl with a good deal of spirit; a girl who knew her value and would take care that others knew it, too; a girl, in short, who would not take a thing like this lying down.

It was perhaps a good thing, thought the General, that her father was such a meek little fellow; he had known Quillerby all his life and had never seen him stand up to anyone. Any parent worth his salt would have seen to it that Paul made some kind of explanation.

At this point the General, taking a short cut to his club, turned into the Burlington Arcade and came face to face with Ursula Hannington.

It was impossible to avoid her, though he dearly wished he could have done so. Deep within him, unexpressed, had been a determination to keep out of the way of both Ursula and her father until his nephew's case had grown stronger. But if he was a little out of countenance, he saw with mounting admiration that Ursula's manner was as calm, as unmoved as ever. She was never, he knew, a girl to show much feeling, and now she was behaving as though she and Paul had never been anything but the most distant of acquaintances, as though—

"General Saxon," she said, coming to a halt and holding out a softly gloved hand. "How nice!"

She was in grey—how well it suited her, thought the General. She was really a very fine figure of a woman; tall, slim, regal; she might have been a princess. No—not a princess; there was an assurance about her that made her air more one of queenliness. His uneasiness gave way to pleasure at the sight of her good looks and excellent grooming.

"Ursula, my dear." He took her hand and held it for a moment. "You're looking very lovely."

"Thank you." She smiled at him. "You don't look as festive as I expected to find you after trading yesterday's announcement."

There it was—out at once, calm and direct. The girl really had spirit.

"I don't feel festive," he returned. "There's nothing in the announcement to make anybody feel festive."

Her eyebrows went up. "No? But I was going to ring Paul

up after lunch to congratulate him. I nearly did yesterday, but I thought he might ring me up and tell me all about her. Tell me, who is she?"

It was impossible to stand in the middle of Burlington Arcade and explain who she was, or if she was anybody. Ursula noticed his hesitation, watched him for a few moments, and wondered whether there might not be something in the matter which it would be worth her while to learn.

"If you're by any chance free for luncheon," began the General—

It was Ursula's turn to hesitate; she was not free, but if she left him now, there might not be another opportunity of finding out what was making him look so gloomy. She was prepared for uneasiness—his hopes of Paul's marrying her had, she knew, almost equalled her own—but there was something else in his manner, and she determined to find out what it meant.

"I'm just on my way to meet some friends," she said, "but they're friends of yours, too—do come and join us!"

"No, no, no"—the General backed away—"I couldn't really do that. You must go along, and we'll arrange some—"

Ursula's firm mouth became a little firmer.

"But they'll be so disappointed! You know them all—Tony Perch and Elspeth Harleigh and the Brewstons; anyhow, we're five and you'll make the numbers even—of course you must come."

The General gave in, glanced possessively at the hand laid lightly upon his arm, and clove a way for his fair companion through loitering pedestrians.

"Manuelo's," she said. "You know it, of course?"

He knew it, but had never been inside; it was not one of the quieter places. As he followed his companion into the small, overcrowded bar of Manuelo's, the General's spirits sank; they reached a still lower level when he saw the party in whose midst he was to lunch.

Ursula had said that he knew them; the meant, of course, that he knew who they were—as indeed he did, for they were all young people who appeared with unfailing regularity in the pages of the popular Press. They greeted him with almost excessive warmth, but the conversation, which had been loud and unrestrained, was now tuned to a more decorous note.

The General did indeed make the number even; there were now three women—of whom Ursula was by some years the oldest—and three men, though the General wondered whether the term could be stretched to include two such beardless youths and a grey-head like himself. He edged himself into the tiny niche in which three of the party were already squeezed, and found himself in the unlooked-for position of not only ordering drinks for six but of paying for them when they were brought.

He counted his remaining notes surreptitiously and wondered whether they would be sufficient to meet the bill for lunch; something in the attitude of the company told him that they had accepted him as the senior member, privileged to pay the account, and his lifelong habit of thriftiness made him accept the role without enthusiasm.

They moved presently, to the General's relief, into a larger room, but the space provided for the tables was almost as inadequate as that in the bar. Ursula waved the General to a place between the girl called Elspeth and the young man named Tony.

"Tony look after the General," she ordered.

Tony did his best. Though

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Headaches
Nervousness
Rheumatism
Toothache
Stomach Pain
Fibrositis
Lumbago
Sciatica
Muscular Pains
Neuritis
Periodic Pains
Sleeplessness
Colds & Flu

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Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away.

Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

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somewhat deficient in intelligence, he was a good-natured youth, not long out of school and anxious to remove from the General's face the look of cordial dislike he saw written upon it.

The General, indeed, was getting angry. His hope of a tête-à-tête with an attentive Ursula listening to him as he spoke of the less obvious aspect of Paul's engagement had come to this—this—he groped for suitable words—this monkey house. He glanced at the girl next to him; he might be old enough to be her grandfather, but that was all the more reason for politeness, instead of a shoulder turned to him as she exchanged doubtful stories with the sallow youth on her other side.

And if that one was sallow, this one—the General's eye fell upon Tony Perch—this one was callow. Called him "General"; piece of impertinence. A generation ago, he would have called him Sir and waited to be spoken to.

Tony Perch, for his part, found the General heavy going. An extraordinary exhibit, he thought gloomily, and where Ursula had picked him up was what he'd like to know. It was hard enough to find anything to say without having that basilisk stare directed at one. Well, he'd better say something.

"Pity, wasn't it, the way Old Glory just got pipped at the post in the twelve-thirty?"

No go. The old boy obviously knew not the first thing about form. Didn't even follow the trend; one ought to give him a hint.

"You don't go in for racing?"

The General savagely broke his roll in two.

"Never."

Nevah. Well, that hadn't gone very far. What did those Edwardians talk about?

Just then Ursula met the look in the General's eye and recognised it for desperation. She gathered up the party without effort, gave the waiter a casual glance that told him not only to bring the bill but where to take it; as the General, summoning his fortitude, counted out notes, she dismissed the others and bade them a casual farewell. The General rose to his feet, bowed, and made no attempt to disguise his relief at their departure, and Ursula, watching his expression, gave a laugh.

"Now that's over," she said, "and we can talk. Do sit down—no, not there—we don't want to have to shout." She indicated a chair by her side; the General sat down just in time to be snapped by an

enterprising photographer who, undeterred by the General's fierce glare, approached and asked for their names.

"Go away," said the General. Ursula smiled. "General Saxon, and you know me," she said. "It's no use offending them," she said, as the man went away. "They only look you up and print the worst copies. Now—" she put her elbows on the table and rested her chin on her hands, making Oswald thought, a very charming picture. The sight of her, quiet, attentive, did much to eradicate the memory of the hideous din and clatter of the past hour.

"Now," she said, "tell me about this girl Paul's got engaged to. Nobody seems to have heard of her."

"We hadn't heard of her, either," said Oswald. "We—" "He's been horribly secretive about it," went on Ursula. It was necessary, she felt, to define her position before they went any further. "He said not one word about her; he didn't mention her name and, believe it or not, he didn't even ask my advice!" She gave a laugh in which the General detected nothing but warm goodwill. "I think he might have trusted me to be discreet. I'm really very angry with him."

The General took even this statement in good faith, and his admiration for her sportsmanship rose. How, he wondered, could Paul have resisted her?

"It's a funny business altogether," he said. "You can see that I'm trusting you to be discreet."

"Well?" Ursula's interest rose sharply, and her glance became keener. "Isn't she—"

"According to Paul," said his uncle, "she doesn't exist at all."

Ursula considered this for a few moments and then shook her head. "I don't understand."

"Nobody quite understands," said the General. "You saw the announcement?" She nodded. "I saw it; my sister Julia saw it; we all saw it—and we were all dumbfounded. Naturally, I came up to see Paul; I didn't come entirely with the intention of congratulating him, but I found that he knows nothing—nothing whatsoever—of the affair."

He paused, and Ursula frowned with a touch of irritation.

"I still don't understand," she said. "I must be very stupid. Who put the announcement in?"

"That's the point," said the

General. "Nobody knows—yet. Paul went off this morning to the address given in the paper."

"Selcourt Street?" "Yes, that's the place. I looked up the name in the telephone directory, but it wasn't there. It may be that the name's fictitious and there's somebody at that address waiting for Paul to turn up. I saw to it that he didn't go alone—my brother Hugo and my sister Louise went with him."

Ursula, with some difficulty, managed to look as though she thought this admirable backing.

"You mean," she said slowly, "that Paul doesn't remember who this girl is?"

"Not only doesn't remember. He says quite definitely and quite positively that he never in all his life heard of a Helga de Brulais."

Ursula smiled again—a slow, broad smile of disbelief.

"Oh—nonsense!" she said. In spite of her effort to disguise it, the relief in her voice was clear. "Nonsense! He might have forgotten her, but for a completely unknown Helga to emerge like that—oh, nonsense! He's simply forgotten her, the philandering little beast that he is. He's forgotten her, and she's going to make things very unpleasant for him—and I don't blame her in the least. I hope—a tinge of spite crept into her voice—"I hope she hauls him into court and gets a nice tidy sum out of him."

"Well, I hope she doesn't," said the General. "It isn't a thing that has ever happened in our family before. You really think he did know her once?"

"Of course he did! Why would anybody waste however many guineas it is to put an announcement in 'The Times', if they didn't have a basis for making the announcement? Why would a Helga de Brulais materialise suddenly out of nowhere a month before Paul's going to leave the country, and declare they're to be married, unless she had some kind of evidence to support her claim? If there was nothing behind it, it would simply be a waste of time—and money. Money," she added thoughtfully, "must be in it somewhere."

Something in her tone and words jarred on the General, but he felt that he understood them; she had kept herself well in hand since reading the announcement and now, at the knowledge that Paul knew nothing of it, reaction was setting in.

Looking into her eyes, he saw their hardness and mistook

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

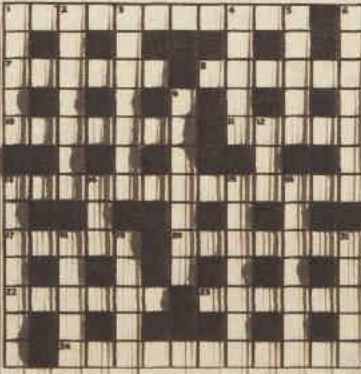
ACROSS

- and 8. John citizens (3, 3, 2, 3, 6).
- Spirit the centre of which is above the head (6).
- See 1.
- Guided case between a holy man and a Communist (7).
- Come in to make mixed inferior tin-plate (5).
- Take in the wrong sense (12).
- Healthy noise (5).
- Appropriate place for a broken bust in a name (7).



Continued last week's crossword.

Solution will
be published
next week.



DOWN

- Be surrounded by cut up sweet in hollow cylinders (5).
- They obliterate (7).
- Adorn in a fire dog (7).
- Let it be stirred to make a personal appellation (5).
- Build upright (5).
- Changed, but could be related (7).
- Appendices 1455 years ago with a shaken dean (7).
- Fruit may turn into 252 wine galleons (3).
- Robbing (7).
- Used for tea-making (2).
- Famous chapel and Madonna (7).
- A Balkan country (7).
- Say in stout terms (5).
- Violon formed by blending a melode with 20 quires (5).
- European language can make a Spanish title (5).

it for brightness; her flush of triumph he took to be a blush at the thought that Paul might be free. He felt a glow of sympathy for her, and, putting out his hand, gave her coat-sleeve a little fatherly pat.

"I'm glad to have had this talk with you," he said sincerely.

"It's been lovely," said Ursula. "But we must meet again—I must know what happened when Paul went to Selcourt Street."

"He'll want to tell you himself," said the General.

"No," Ursula's voice was firm. "We'll see how this thing works out first, and if Helga turns out to be the girl I hope she is, Paul is going to be too uncomfortable for any parties for the next week or so. No—let's meet like this, for lunch—or perhaps dinner—dinner's better, I think. To-night's no use, but to-morrow we must lunch together. Tell me where you're staying and I'll call for you at half-past twelve—we'll drive somewhere."

The words were rapid, the tone assured and sweeping; before the General could muster his thoughts, he had admitted that he had no engagement for the next day. He had intended to go and see Paul and then re-

Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

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turn home—Julia would expect him by Sunday evening. Rising to follow Ursula out, he decided to write to Julia and explain.

He would tell her that he would stay in London for the present. If he said there were six at luncheon, he must also explain how the photographer came to find only two. On second thoughts, he need not put himself out to explain anything; a man who had lived circumpectly for every one of his sixty-odd years could dispense with explanations.

Paul drove home from Selcourt Street in a state which robbed him of his accustomed expertness in traffic, and rendered him deaf to the remarks addressed to him on the way by the outraged drivers of other vehicles.

At Lowndes Crescent, he ran his car into the garage and went into the house; he felt a little light-headed, but hunger directed his steps to the kitchen, where Petunia received him with little ceremony.

"You said you weren't coming back to lunch."

"When I said that," explained Paul, "I meant it. But I've come back and I'm hungry."

"You'll stay hungry. Nothing in the house. Nothing. Get yourself out of that larder."

"That all the cheese there is? Come on Petsy—be kind!"

"That's all there is. Why didn't you eat out? You out of money?"

Paul considered the question, occupying himself meanwhile in watching Petunia making some large cheese sandwiches.

"I didn't eat out," he said truthfully at last, "because I clean forgot about eating."

"That girl," asked Petunia, seeking for the cause of this phenomenon, "was the pretty?"

"Pretty as a—as an angel," declared Paul.

"Ho? Then how came it you forgot about her?" demanded Petunia.

"Forgot—Oh, that one! I don't mean that one—I mean another one."

"You mean a new one?"

"I can't talk, Petsy—my heart's too full and my stomach's too empty. Thanks, those'll be fine—let's put them on a tray with some beer. That's it. Where's mother?"

"Drawin'-room. Wait now till I open the door."

"Thanks, Petsy," said Paul, balancing the tray on one arm and manoeuvring himself through the door. He went towards the drawing-room, performed a similar movement and found himself alone with Elaine.

"Hello, Mother."

Elaine looked up at him, and at the look of dejection on her face Paul gave a low whistle of comprehension.

Only one person could bring a conscience-stricken look to his mother's face.

"Had a nice talk with Uncle Ossy?" he inquired.

"Oh . . . he said the usual things," said Elaine. "Paul—what happened?"

"At Selcourt Street? Nothing, but let's take first things first," said Paul, finding a place for the tray. "What are you looking so gloomy about?"

"I'm not gloomy," Elaine got up, walked across the room and arranged some cushions with a dissatisfied air. "This room"—she looked round it with distaste—"it doesn't look very tidy—very well-kept, does it?"

"Yes, Mother dear, it does. It really does," said Paul, in the soothing tones he kept for these occasions.

Elaine sat down, but the frown of self-reproach remained on her brow. Paul ate his sandwiches and waited patiently for the next item to rise to the surface of her disturbed mind.

"One thing has always worried me," she said slowly, "and that's Barney and that school. I never speak of it but—"

"And you never think of it," said Paul gently. "But it's a standing grievance of old Ossy's, and you always let him bring it up."

"But he's right, Paul! I should have sent Barney to your father's old school. It would have been right and—"

"Barney," said Paul, "has got more character than all the Saxons rolled into one, and he's going to be a world-famous engineer. If father could see him he'd be as proud as Punch."

"You really think so? Your uncle—"

"—said he was a useless young jackanapes. I know. He

used to say the same about me, and look how well I turned out. Or doesn't he think so?"

"He—One thing he did say," went on Elaine, "was that I didn't seem to make money go very far."

"Whose money is it?" demanded Paul. "Ours—or his?"

"Well—" Elaine gave him a troubled look. "You know, Paul, there is a sort of idea going about that you're a—that you're—"

"That I'm a philanderer, I know. It began when I dodged a dance with Great-Aunt Miriam at a tenants' ball when I was fourteen, and danced with the gamekeeper's daughter."

"But you do—I mean you have gone about with a great many girls and—"

"Yes, my cherished Mamma, I have." Paul's voice was calm itself. "And didn't Uncle Mephistopheles tell you that it was all your fault for bringing us to this wicked city?"

"Well—he never felt it was a wise move."

"Mother, darling, I wouldn't have stayed down in that Berkshire manse unless you'd chained me in it—and neither would Philippa. We love this house, and we love you, and we're all very, very happy on the days Uncle Ossy doesn't call. What else, darling?"

"You mustn't take it too lightly, Paul. There's a good deal of truth in a lot of what he said. It's quite true that Philippa—"

They were, reflected Paul, getting on. They'd done the house, Barney, himself; there remained only Philippa and Petsy.

"—Philippa," said Elaine, the frown now a pucker. "She's—well, she's not really a useful member of society, is she?"

"No, she isn't," agreed Paul readily. "I don't really know many girls of eighteen who are. She's fairly average, you know;

she got whatever that certificate was she went in for at school—that means she knows a very little about a lot of subjects. She can do shorthand if someone reads it to her at dictation speed, and she can type with two fingers. Can one ask more, at eighteen?"

"But her music—"

"She gave up the violin at the age of fifteen, heaven be praised."

"—and her painting—"

"There's a specimen of it up there, framed," pointed out Paul, "and I must say it's enough to turn old Ossy sour. She had no talent, Mother, and you know it."

"No, but there was that promise she showed as a dancer and—"

"No, darling, she didn't. She did the usual balloon dance at the age of five and brought the house down—but that wasn't her dancing. That was her sex appeal."

"At five?"

"At five, and at fifty-five and a hundred and five. Philippa's the sexiest thing a cool little character like yourself ever produced. And Uncle Ossy sees it without understanding it, and it drives him to call it all sorts of other things. Why do you let him, Mother darling? Why do you let him tear your children to pieces and scatter the bits at their feet?"

"Oh Paul—I don't! I think you're all perfectly all right, but it's just—"

"—just seeing us through Ossy's eyes. Yes, it must be depressing, but it's a distorted point of view, my sweet. We're model children—model. We're good-looking, we've got charming manners, and everybody except the stuffy Saxons loves us very much."

"Isn't that a little . . . conceited?"

"More than a little; I'm

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OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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No shortening or flour required! Empty one tin of Carnation into a saucepan, add 1 teaspoon salt, heat till small bubbles appear (about 2 minutes). Add 1 cup cubed or grated cheese. Stir constantly over low heat till cheese melts (about 1 minute). Makes 2½ cups sauce.

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The addition of Carnation Milk to tinned Tomato Soup gives it wonderful richness. Empty the tin of Soup into a saucepan, add half as much Carnation Milk. If you want to "stretch" the soup add water, too. Then heat gently (don't boil) . . . and enjoy a treat.

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 3 tablespoons sugar—caster preferred.
 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon gelatine.
 1 tablespoon boiling water.
 Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Whip Carnation Milk until stiff. Add sugar, vanilla, and dissolved gelatine. Whip until thoroughly mixed. Freeze rapidly in refrigerator trays. Makes 8-10 serves of the smoothest, creamiest ice cream you could wish.



swinging the pendulum to the other side, and between the two extremes—Uncle O's and mine—you'll settle plumb centre and get back all your nice normal outlook."

Paul still spoke calmly; he was at the bell, and he was pressing out a well-known signal upon it. T...E...A... She would understand it. A session alone with Uncle Oswald was always followed by a good, hot, soothing cup of T...E...A... "Was there anything else, darling?" he asked, the message ended.

"No—o." Elaine had almost recovered; she was sitting in her usual easy attitude and her mouth had lost its sad droop. "No, I don't think there was."

"Good—look, here comes Pety," said Paul, opening the door wider to admit her. "Put it down here, Pety—thanks."

"Nice time for tea," remarked Pety to Elaine. "I knew he'd upset you as usual. Biscuits there, but don't eat them. You'll spoil your real tea."

She went out and Paul poured out his mother's tea and took it to her with a biscuit.

"Here you are," he said. "What'll you do when I'm in far-off Africa and there's nobody to bring you round after his visits?"

"Don't talk about going," said Elaine. "It's horrid."

"It isn't horrid at all; you're going to fly out and visit me every second week-end. You've sworn."

"Yes," Elaine sipped her tea thankfully. "Now tell me about Selcourt Street."

"Terrible, and a total blank as far as results go," said Paul. "The house is appalling. Madame de Brulais is a fortune-teller and it's extremely unlikely that she had anything to do with the notice. She thought we'd come to have our fortunes told, and something she said to Uncle Hugo and Aunt Louise upset them pretty badly—something about that old affair of his in Burma. Pety says they haven't been home."

"No. She says they didn't even come back for lunch, which is rather unusual. Then—you're no further on, Paul?"

"I'm no further on. If Madame de Brulais put in the announcement, somebody must have written it for her, because her English slips off the rails badly at times. And if she did put it in, she must have done it in one of her trances, because she hasn't got a daughter, and if she did lure me to Selcourt Street, she obviously had no use for me once she'd got me there. She doesn't appear to know the first thing about the announcement, or about me, or about the Saxons as a whole. And she doesn't care. And I'm not sure that I care much, either."

"But Paul—"

"Well, all right—I care," admitted Paul. "I'd give a lot to know who put that an-

nouncement in, and why, but I'm not prepared to go to the lengths Uncle Oswald is going to in order to find out who and why. I've got five weeks left in England and I want to enjoy them, and if I can help it, I'm not going to spend them playing Sherlock Holmes."

There was a pause. "Your Uncle Oswald feels," said Elaine slowly after a time, "that some sort of explanation is due to—"

"To Ursula Hannington," finished Paul.

"Yes."

"Well, he's wrong," said Paul. "Ursula Hannington has been in his hair for years. I dropped her—and I'll tell you in the strictest confidence that it took some doing—long before the announcement burst in our midst."

"I can't say I liked her," said Elaine.

"She's all right in some ways," said Paul. "She's good company and she knows her way about and tells some good stories, but she's not for me."

"Did you," asked Elaine, reverting to Selcourt Street, "did you find out what it was that woman said that upset Uncle Hugo?"

"I heard what she said, but it didn't make much sense to me. He didn't say much when we got outside, but he gave me to understand that everything she'd said was quite authentic. He looked pretty green, and so did Aunt Louise."

"Did you come away with them?"

"Yes," Paul hesitated before going on. "Yes, I did, but I didn't go away when they did. I went back into the house."

"To see Madame de Brulais?"

"No. I... as a matter of fact, I went back to see a girl."

"A—you mean a girl?" asked Elaine in astonishment.

"I mean a girl," said Paul. "You mean a girl who lives there?"

"Yes."

"In that... that horrible house?"

"Yes."

Elaine considered this for a few moments.

"Well, then," she said at last. "She must be Helga, mustn't she?"

"No, she's not Helga," said Paul.

"Oh." The pause, this time, was much longer. "Did she know anything about it?"

"No, but she's going to try and find out something. I'm seeing her on Thursday. She—she works at 'Flora's'."

"Flora's." Bertha Pembury's?"

"Yes."

They were both silent. Something in her son's voice kept Elaine's eyes on him, and filled her mind with speculations which grew, it seemed to her, too wild to be entertained.

"It doesn't seem wise to me," she said carefully, "to get in-

Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

from page 54

volved with anyone—anyone of that kind, I mean, too deeply. The people in that house sound very, very odd."

"They are," agreed Paul. "They're very, very odd. All except Antonia."

"Antonia?"

"The girl."

"Oh. And—who is Antonia?" asked Elaine cautiously.

"You know as much as I do now," Paul told her. "She's young, beautiful, lives at Selcourt Street, and works at 'Flora's'."

There was a long silence. "But . . . Paul . . ."

"Yes, Mother?"

"She must be—"

Elaine looked appealingly at her son, and got no help from his deliberately expressionless face.

"If she lives there, she must surely be the one they called Helga? I don't want to be unpleasant about it, like your Uncle Oswald, but it does seem to me that there's a strong possibility that she—that this girl might have—"

Her voice trailed away uncertainly; then, as Paul still waited, Elaine's manner became a little firmer as she ended with more assurance. "Couldn't she have, as it were, forced you to go there, by putting that announcement in, and made sure in that way that you'd . . . you'd meet her? You must remember that she works



"Stop telling people we're the same age. That was when we were children."

at Lady Pembury's, and you've been there so often—she must have seen you, she must have known your name and address . . . You must admit, mustn't you, that it all looks very odd?"

"It looks very odd indeed," said Paul. "Everything in the evidence, as O'ssy would say, points to her."

"Then—"

"She had nothing to do with it," said Paul with calm finality.

"Oh." Elaine thought it over for a few moments. "How can you be sure?" she asked at last.

"In a thousand ways, five hundred of which are too nebulous to put into words, and the other five hundred of which'll have to wait until you see her."

"Am I going to . . . see her?"

"You are, darling. And when you do, you won't sit there trying to look like Sherlock, and fitting the pieces together."

"But—"

Elaine, for once, persisted—"but seeing isn't enough. Paul, a woman who did a thing like this would naturally not give herself away. The more suspicious things

looked the more innocent she'd appear. You can't, on the eve of going out to an important job, get yourself involved with a girl who might turn out to be—be underhand and scheming. You said just now that you want to enjoy your last five weeks—why can't you keep right away from that

place and forget the whole affair, and above all keep away from this Helga."

"Antonia." Paul looked at his mother's expression and laughed. "Darling, you look almost as gloomy as you did when I came in, and you're worrying yourself quite needlessly. Take it this way: I went to Selcourt Street in a highly suspicious state—yes?"

"Yes."

"I know that it looks as though Antonia's pretty deep in this—let's call it a plot. And yet when I see her, I know—I know—that she has had nothing to do with it. How do I know? Because I've got eyes, and ears, and a certain amount of judgment. That girl . . . she wasn't putting on an act. Mother, I'd stake my life on it, and I'm going to stake more than my life—I'm going to stake my happiness. Oh, it's all right, my sweet—it's all right."

"But, Paul—"

"Sometimes, Mother, you have to follow your instincts. I'm banking, in fact, I've already banked, on the assumption that Antonia is as good as the looks. I can't explain it, and it's no use trying until you've seen her yourself. If you don't know truth when it looks you in the face . . ."

He stopped and ended on a slower note.

"Don't judge until you've seen her—please, Mother! You see"—he went close to her and took her chin in his hand, turning her face up to his—"Antonia is the reason I'm going to keep the next weeks free. I need time, because I'm going to lay siege to a citadel." He released her and stood still. Elaine saw that he was smiling, but she saw, too, something in his face that she had never seen before.

"What is she like?" she asked quietly at last.

"Like?" Paul took a long time to consider. "Well, she's—she's got a fringe."

"A fringe!" Elaine's voice was a wall of dismay, and Paul laughed outright. There was no answering smile on her face; she sat in a fog of foreboding.

"Are you . . . are you quite certain she isn't—related to Madame de Brulais in some way?"

"She isn't related to anybody." There was a blithe note in Paul's voice. "She's a poor lil orphan and you've got to be very, very sweet to her, Lady Saxon, for reasons with which we shall not concern ourselves at present. See?"

"Yes," said Elaine truthfully, "I see."

The door opened and Petunia, leaning against it, watched with detached interest as Paul rubbed his nose affectionately against his mother's.

"Man outside," she announced at last.

"Hm?" said Paul dreamily.

"Man to see you."

Paul straightened and looked at her with surprise.

"Who?"

"Didn't catch the name. From Scotland Yard," said Petunia. "Shall I fetch him in?"

"No—wait," said Paul hastily. He was opening a door at the other end of the room. "I'm going into the library."

"Oh, Paul, no!" wailed Elaine. "You've got to see him."

"No—you," said Paul. "If you say I'm away for the week-end, he'll go away at once."

"No, he won't—he'll wait," said Elaine.

"On Saturday afternoon? No, darling, he won't. I'll pop upstairs until he's gone. Let him in, Pety."

To be continued

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MOTHER KNOWS A BEST!**

Savory and Sweet

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

IF you are looking for something in the way of a savory main dish or a sweet to end the meal on a pleasant note, there is something on this page for you.

Any one of the recipes will fit comfortably into an every-day family menu. They are easy to make, but have all the rich flavor of simple, home-cooked food.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

BEEF AND KIDNEY ROLLS

One and a half pounds topside steak (cut $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick), 3 or 4 kidneys, 2 or 3 rashers lean bacon, finely chopped onion, finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons fat, 3 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water, 1 chopped skinned tomato, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Trim steak, cut into pieces $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. Wash kidneys in salted water, remove skin and core. Cut into thin slices. Cover each piece of steak with thin kidney slices, sprinkle with 1 rasher of the bacon, finely chopped, and onion and parsley. Roll up, secure each small roll with coarse cotton, tying up like small parcels. Coat each roll lightly with flour and brown well on all sides in hot fat. Drain off excess fat, add balance of flour, and brown. Stir in stock or water, Worcestershire sauce, and tomato. When boiling, transfer rolls and gravy to casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until meat is quite tender. About 20 minutes before serving, carefully remove cotton from rolls. Trim rind from remaining bacon, cut into pieces and place on top of casserole. Continue cooking without lid until bacon is crisp.

BAKED TRIPE PATTIES

One pound cooked tripe, 1 egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon grated or scraped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 or 4 rashers bacon, thick tomato slices.

Cook tripe in the usual way until quite

tender. Drain well. Put through mincer, mix with beaten egg, breadcrumbs, mustard, onion, and parsley. Shape into patties about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Saute in small quantity good shortening in heavy pan until lightly browned. Wrap each patty in a piece of bacon, secure with a cocktail stick. Bake on a thick slice of tomato on a greased tray in hot oven until bacon is crisp. Serve hot.

CELESTIAL TRIFLE

One layer day-old sponge cake, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 or 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ packet cherry or raspberry jelly, 1 cup hot water; sliced peaches, whipped cream, cherries, and nuts to decorate.

Cut sponge into finger-lengths or small blocks according to size and shape of dish. Spread lightly with jam, sprinkle with sherry. Blend cornflour with milk, add sugar, and stir until boiling. Add egg-yolk and cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without allowing to boil. Fold in vanilla, stiffly beaten egg-white, and coconut. Pour over cake. When cooled, place in ice-chest or refrigerator. Dissolve jelly in

hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, pour over chilled custard. When set, arrange sliced peaches attractively on top, decorate with cream, cherries, and nuts.

AVOCADO COCKTAIL

One large avocado, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chilli sauce, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Blend chilli sauce with horseradish and Worcestershire sauces, add lemon juice, mayonnaise, and salt. Chill well. Just before serving peel chilled avocado and cut into cubes. Arrange in 4 or 5 glasses, add some of the sauce to each. Garnish with a sprig of parsley.

FRESH FRUIT FRITTERS

Fritter Batter: One cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm milk or water.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, add egg-yolk beaten with warm milk or water. Work flour in gradually from the sides, using a wooden spoon. Beat until batter is smooth. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Use as suggested below.

Pineapple Fritters: Cut fresh pineapple into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, remove centre core (or use tinned pineapple slices). Dip in batter until well coated. Fry in deep, fuming fat until golden brown. Drain well, dust with sugar, and serve with wedges of lemon.

Apple Fritters: Peel and core 2 large green apples, cut into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Dip in batter, fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain well, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon before serving.

Banana Fritters: Dip small whole bananas, peeled, into the batter, which may be flavored with grated lemon rind. Fry golden brown in deep, fuming fat. Dust with sugar before serving.

GROUND BEEF PINWHEELS

One medium-sized chopped onion, 2 tablespoons good shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 1 large grated carrot, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tea-

CELESTIAL TRIFLE illustrated at left is a simple sweet that looks good and tastes better. It is made up of cake, custard, jelly, fruit, and cream.



BEEF AND KIDNEY ROLLS, topped with bacon and cooked in a casserole, are good served with peas and baked tomato halves topped with buttered crumbs. See the recipe below.

spoon meat or vegetable extract, 12oz. shortcrust pastry.

Saute onion in hot shortening until soft and yellow but not browned. Add green pepper, celery, carrot, steak, and salt. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes. Blend flour with water, add meat or vegetable extract. Mix into hot meat, stir until boiling, simmer 15 to 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Allow to become quite cold. Roll pastry thinly on floured board, spread with meat mixture. Moisten edges of pastry, roll up like a Swiss roll. Cut into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce or chutney.

OLD-FASHIONED APPLE DUMPLINGS

Half-pound shortcrust pastry, 6 medium-sized apples, brown sugar, butter, 6 cloves, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Roll shortcrust pastry thinly, cut into 6 squares. Wash, peel, and core apples. Fill centres with brown sugar, butter, and grated lemon rind mixed together. Press a clove into each one. Stand each apple on a square of pastry, mould pastry around apple, pressing moistened edges lightly together on top of apple. Brush all over with water, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake on greased tray in hot oven and cook 20 to 30 minutes, reducing heat once dumplings have browned. To judge tenderness of apples, test by piercing with a fine skewer. Dust with icing sugar and serve hot with custard.

LEMON DELICIOUS

Two tablespoons butter, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 lemon, strained juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter until quite soft, gradually add sugar, and beat until white. Add sifted flour and salt, lemon rind and juice, and egg-yolks. Stir in milk, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into pie-dish, stand in dish of hot water. Bake in quick oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, and bake until set and lightly browned on top, about 40 to 45 minutes. Serve cold with cream.





Try the Blindfold Test



How good is your sense of taste? Make this test—it's fun. First, get a block of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate and one of any other brand. Break them into chunks and place separately into similar dishes. Then enlist an accomplice to aid and abet you (his turn will come later). Let him blindfold you. Then try each chocolate in turn . . . carefully . . . considering. Made up your mind? Then remove the blindfold and see which you liked best. The answer—almost certainly—will be

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Savory meat pie wins £5

A variation of steak and kidney pie, always a family favorite, wins the main prize of £5 this week.

A SMALL quantity of curry powder adds piquancy to the pie without overpowering the other flavors.

Consolation prizes are awarded to delicious fruit mince tart with apple meringue topping flavored with sherry, two savory sandwich spreads for lunchbox or party sandwiches, and an appetising and economical way of using best end of neck of lamb as a barbecue roast.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

SAVORY STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

One pound bladebone steak, 1 lb. ox kidney, 2 medium carrots, 2 onions, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 6oz. quick puff pastry.

Combine flour, sugar, salt, pepper, curry powder, meat or vegetable extract, and tomato sauce, mix to a paste with 1 tablespoon cold water. Cut meat into pieces 2 in. x 1 in. and dip into paste, coating well. Melt bacon fat in pressure cooker, add meat, and brown on all sides. Add chopped kidney, skinned and soaked, and 1 cup water, pressure cook 10 minutes. Add sliced vegetables, pressure cook a further 5 minutes. Place meat and vegetables in pie-dish, cover with pastry, and cook in very hot oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Hodgson, 323 Camberwell Rd., Camberwell, E6, Vic.

FRUITED APPLE MERINGUE TART

One 7 in. or 8 in. cooked pastry-case, 1 cup fruit mince-meat.

Apple Meringue: 1 orange peeled, cored, and grated cooking apple, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon sherry, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-whites.

Fill cooked pastry-case with mince-meat. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and beat to meringue con-



QUICK puff pastry tops this appetising steak and kidney pie. Shortcrust or flaky pastry may be used if desired. Pastry rose-leaves make an attractive garnish. See prize recipe.

sistency. Fold in apple, lemon juice, and sherry. Pile on to mince-meat filling and cook in moderate oven 12 minutes or until meringue topping is lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

SANDWICH SPREADS

Spanish Egg: Two large onions, good shortening, 3 medium-sized tomatoes, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste.

Fry onions in shortening until soft and yellow, but not brown. Drain off surplus fat. Add chopped tomatoes and cook with onions until soft and pulpy. Add beaten eggs, salt and pepper, stir over low heat until eggs are thick. Place in basin and when cool store in refrigerator or ice-chest. Will keep 4 or 5 days.

Mock Chicken: Three medium-sized tomatoes, shortening, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs (or less, according to taste), 2 large onions, salt and pepper, breadcrumbs.

Fry onions in shortening until soft and yellow, but not browned. Drain off surplus fat. Add tomatoes, cheese, salt, pepper, and herbs, stir over low heat until mixture is pulpy. Remove from heat and add sufficient breadcrumbs

to form a paste. Store in ice-chest or refrigerator.

Consolation Prize of £1 to E. M. Mills, Marion St., Suva, Fiji.

BARBECUE ROAST

One best end of neck of lamb (about 5 chops cut in one piece), 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 medium-sized finely chopped onion, 1 clove minced garlic, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 small tin tomato soup.

Place meat in baking-dish or small casserole with a little dripping and bake for 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove excess fat, heat together the remaining ingredients. Pour over meat in dish and bake 1 hour longer. Baste meat frequently with sauce. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Stacy, Seaview Rd., Yepoon, C. Qld.

MOTHERCRAFT

FROM infancy children's ears need special care.

Water should never be used for cleaning, as some may penetrate into the ear. Soft swabs of clean cloth moistened with olive oil should be used to remove any waxy discharge.

After washing a baby's head dry behind the ears thoroughly, as chafing or cracks behind the ears often take a long time to heal.

When a child has a bad cold or at teething times, watch carefully for any redness, inflammation or discharge of the ears.

If any of these signs are noticed take the child to a doctor for examination.

The general care of the ears and the methods of healing foreign bodies which have penetrated the ears are discussed fully in a chapter on nursery complaints in the parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 8/6, plus postage 9d. (1/6 registered mail).

Note: Names and addresses should be clearly printed in block letters.

Miss Precious Minutes Says:

CHEESE will not mould if it is covered with a damp cloth and stored in a refrigerator or ice-chest.

NEVER attempt to clean wood tableware by immersing it in water. Just wipe with a damp cloth and dry at once. An occasional rub with olive oil and a vigorous polish will help retain the protective sheen of the wood.

A RUBBER bicycle handle-grip slipped over the handle-end of a mop will protect furniture or walls from marks should the mop be rested against them.

WHEN using two, three, or four strands of wool in the knitting of a garment thread the strands through a four-holed button. This prevents tangles and makes knitting easier.

TO remove the odor of paint from a room stand several saucers of milk in the room. The milk should be renewed about every four hours.



IF MOISTURE seeps through a vase melted paraffin wax will make it watertight. See that the hot wax coats the bottom and sides and allow to harden before using.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 8868, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 669, G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for Beginners

F2649.—Easy to make beginners' pattern for a small girl's pinafore-dress and separate blouse. Sizes 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Special price, 2/-. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material for pinafore; 1½yds. 36in. material for blouse.



F2646

F2645.—Prettily flared skirt and separate shirt blouse. Sizes, blouse, 32in. to 38in. bust; skirt, 26in. to 32in. waist. Requires blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material; skirt, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price: complete, 3/6.

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F2646.—Slim tailored suit with a contrasting collar trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



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F2647.—One-piece daytime dress combines a moulded bodice and an all-round box-pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

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F2650.—Attractively styled three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Nightgown, 5yds. 36in. material and 3yds. 1½in. lace edging; slip, 2½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 1½in. lace insertion, and 4½yds. 1½in. lace edging; panties, 1yd. 36in. material, 2yds. 1½in. lace insertion and 2yds. 1½in. lace edging. Price complete, 4/6.

F2648.—Long-sleeved, lace-trimmed blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 5yds. 4in. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

F2649

F2648



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 480.—SHIRT BLOUSE

Tailored short-sleeved shirt blouse, obtainable cut out ready to make in striped bonnie price haircord. The color choice includes red and white, green and white, yellow and white, blue and white, and pink and white. Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 18/6; 36in. to 38in. bust, 19/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 481.—CHAIR-BACK COVER

The cover is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on British headcloth. The color choice includes blue, pink, natural, lemon, green, and white. Use contrasting colors for embroidery and machine or handstitch raw edges. Sizes 11in. x 17in., 4/3 postage 7d. extra; 17in. x 24in., 5/3, postage 8d. extra.

No. 482.—TABLE-RUNNER

The runner is clearly traced with a Jacobean design ready to embroider on fine linen in cream, white, and blue. Also obtainable in British headcloth in blue, pink, natural, lemon, green, and white. Sizes 11in. x 36in. Price: linen, 8/11; headcloth, 6/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 483.—WAIST APRON

A pretty apron style obtainable cut out ready to make in a flower-printed cambric. The color choice includes a floral design printed on a lemon or pink background. Size, medium. Price, 7/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 484.—BIB APRON

Attractively styled "cover-up" apron obtainable cut out ready to make in pin-spot summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, green, and red pin spots, all printed on a white ground. The contrasting narrow ribbon for finishing is not supplied. Size, medium. Price, 14/11. Postage, 1/4 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



480



481



482



484



483

For Going Gaily-

fashioned-for-flattery shoes with both country tang and city smartness. Elegantly crafted from fine leathers . . . marvelously comfortable. Fashionable colours—and priced so as to be kind to your pocket.



712 Stylish casuals, marvelously comfortable. Crepe, rubber or leather soles.



708

Tailored welts: smooth calfskin, softly polished, heeled with leather.



*LOOK FOR THIS LABEL AND THE DISTINCTIVE BOX.

WAS-82

Compare.

and you'll wear only

HILTON Nyloseal NYLONS

Make the Wear Test!

Make the Flattery Test! and you'll insist on original 'Nyloseal' nylons by HILTON. Not only does Nyloseal make your legs look lovelier, but "Nyloseal-Protection" means less snags than ever before.

Beautiful HILTON colours, and the "tone-on-tone" seams are fashion features that you'll love.

Waltz Dream . . . 12/11. Elation . . . 14/11. Petit Point . . . 16/11

A facelift for an old backyard

The remodelling of an unkempt backyard seems such an ambitious project that many home-owners assume it must necessarily be expensive. So they go along for years without getting any benefit from their outdoor space.

ACTUALLY, the backyard—or at least a section of it—can be one of the most useful “rooms” in the house.

Once this is recognised, the cost of remodelling no longer seems a waste.

The pictures on this page show how the new owners of a small property in an industrial suburb remade their tiny backyard.

The picture below shows the yard as it was when the family moved in. The one at top right was taken after it had been remodelled and the plants and shrubs had grown.

The owners consulted a landscape gardener to help make what they called a “roofless family room decorated with plants and sky”—a place that could bring sunshine and fresh air and nature into their lives.

This expert submitted a plan which took in the existing old wooden fences on two sides of the yard. The old tree in the centre of the only place available for a paved terrace was also preserved.

This tree gives welcome shade in the summer.

Someone had once paved round the tree. These bricks

were relaid in sand where needed to even the grade.

Box gardens made of timber were built on two sides connected by a low boxed “wall” between the terrace and the garden. This “wall” serves as seats for the children and protects the plants from tricycles.

The existing fences were strengthened and painted, and now look neat and trim.

The outlook towards two of the neighboring backyards was pleasant, so an open fence was built to permit a view of handsome old trees and shrubs. A tall, panelled glass screen serves as a wind-break.

On the opposite side of the garden, three solid panels painted in primary colors hide undesirable views of a neighbor's drying-yard and serve as “blackboards” for the children.

All kinds of interesting succulents and miniature cacti were planted, and geraniums were put in the boxed gardens.

Ornamental shrubs of various types were planted, along with a banana, a cotton-easter, philadelphus, and a range of fuchsias. In one corner a monstera deliciosa is thriving.

Advice to others

THE owners of this pleasant backyard press on these hints to others who may be contemplating a similar remodelling job:

The first important step is to seek the advice of a landscape gardener. The expert advice you buy from him saves time and money.

He knows where you can get the best buys in plants and materials. He knows where



AFTER: The remodelled backyard shown below. For years this yard had been little more than a place to pile rubbish. The new owners made it an “outdoor room” in which they can relax and entertain and their three children can play.

to get good labor — people who know what they are doing and therefore cost less in the end because there are no mistakes to be corrected, no learning at your expense, and no false starts.

But all this expert advice isn't much good if you don't know how you want to use the yard.

You must be more specific than “Fix it up,” or “It doesn't look right.” You must decide whether you want to eat, play, sit, sunbathe, or entertain there.

Certainly you don't want to tear down or rip out anything that will be useful.

This is advice that amateurs often find hard to follow. The present clutter looks so hopeless that they feel the first job is to clear away the mess.

On the contrary, the first job is to plan.

The landscape gardener can visualise how things could look once the disorder is cor-

rected, and how much use can be made of the existing materials and layout.

Once you know what you want to do, set a budget. Be realistic. The landscape gardener can plan intelligently only if he knows exactly how much he has to spend. Once work starts changes are expensive.

This doesn't mean that minor changes can't be made while the work is in progress.

Costs can be slashed if you are willing to wait until you or your landscape gardener happen to run across some real bargains in used materials.

You can cut the planting bill by one-third or more if you do the planting yourself.

HINTS FOR THE HANDYMAN

TO determine the color paint will be when it has dried out, put some on a white blotter.

BUILD a waist-high shelf next to the back door. Then, when any member of the family comes home loaded with groceries, books, etc., the parcels can be deposited on

the shelf, leaving the hands free to open the door.

HERE is one method of cleaning a marble-topped table or marble mantelpiece: Mix together with water two parts of bi-carb of soda, and one each of powdered pumice and chalk. Apply, let dry, rinse with salt water.



BEFORE: This is what the small backyard looked like before it was turned into the pleasant “outdoor room” shown in the picture at the top of this page.



She lost her teeth through Gum Neglect

“More than half of all tooth losses come from gum troubles,” say dentists

He saves his teeth with GIBBS S.R.

Gibbs S.R. does much more than get teeth clean and white . . . it protects them from their greatest danger . . . gum trouble. Today more teeth (often sound, healthy ones at that) are lost through gum troubles than any other cause. By far your most important question about toothpaste is: “Will it protect my teeth from gum trouble?” Gibbs S.R. does give you this extra care, because it's the only leading toothpaste containing Sodium Ricinoleate — used in the treatment of gum trouble. Get a tube today.



SPARKLING TEETH IN HEALTHY GUMS





BIG BUTTONS and a scarf collar are smart trimmings for this smart ribbed jacket, knitted in double crepe wool. Directions for sizes 34-36 inches are given.

Knitted coat has a longer line

This is an American hand-knit featuring the new longer line and warm scarf collar.

WORKED in rib pattern it can be the perfect coat for spectator sports-wear or an after-golf or skiing jacket.

Materials: 21 oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Waratah" double crepe wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 7, 10, and 11 knitting needles; 1 No. 10 bone crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34-36 in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23 in.; sleeve seam, 17 in.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows to in.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 131 sts.

1st Row: P 2, (k 1, p 5) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 5) to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until 68th row from cast on is complete.

69th Row: P 2 tog., (k 1, p 5) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2 tog.

Work in rib for a further 5 rows.

75th Row: P 1, k 1, (p 2, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 5, k 1) to last 7 sts., p 2, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 1.

Keeping continuity of rib, work a further 17 rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end of 81st and 87th rows.

93rd Row: P 4, (k 1, p 2, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 4) to end of row (104 sts.).

Cont. in rib without further shaping until 110th row above cast on is complete.

HER SKIN LURES

... FASCINATES

The secret is not her make-up, it's the morning and night beauty care with Mercolized Was Cream—the soft, soothing cream world-famous for the gentle way it cleans and rejuvenates the skin. Mercolized Was Cream stimulates and soothes. Keeps young complexion youthful, restores youthful beauty to "tired" skin. The loveliest women use it.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Keep it at home only 4/6 The Improvement on Face Cream

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 82 sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 64 rows in armhole shaping.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off remainder.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 63 sts.

1st Row: P 2, k 1, (p 5, k 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 5) to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until 68th row above cast on is complete.

69th Row: P 2 tog., k 1, (p 5, k 1) to end of row.

Work in rib for 5 rows.

75th Row: P 1, k 1, (p 2, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 5, k 1) to end of row.

Keeping continuity of rib, work a further 17 rows, decreasing 1 st. at beg. of 81st and 87th rows.

93rd Row: P 4, (k 1, p 2, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 4) to last 7 sts., k 1, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1 (50 sts.).

Cont. in rib until 110th row is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every alt. row until 39 sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until 55th row of armhole shaping is complete.

Neck Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row until 27 sts. rem.; then without shaping until 66th row of armhole is complete.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next and following 2 alt. rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 63 sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 5) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, p 1, (k 5, p 1) to end of row.

Complete to correspond with side already worked, working each row in reverse and commencing armhole

shaping after 111th row above cast on.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 58 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 28 rows, increasing 1 st. in last row.

Change to No. 7 needles and commence patt.

1st Row: P 4, (k 1, p 4) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 4, (p 1, k 4) to end of row.

Keeping continuity of rib, inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 8th row following until there are 81 sts. on needle and 104th row above cuff is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 35 sts. rem. Cast off.

SCARF COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 49 sts. on needle. Cont. in rib until collar measures 36 in. from cast on, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT BORDER

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 13 sts.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows until 66th row is complete.

67th Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, p 1, cast off 3 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 2.

68th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 1, cast on 3 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1.

Cont. in rib, making a buttonhole in 99th and every 32nd row following until there are 5 buttonholes in all. Work a further 2 rows. Cast off in rib.

LEFT BORDER

Work as for right border, emitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Sew borders into position, then sew buttons on to correspond with buttonholes. Sew collar across back and sides of neck, leaving the rest free. Work 1 row of double crochet around bottom of jacket. Press under damp cloth.

This design has been made available to us by "Harper's Bazaar."



A man will soon learn what every woman knows

my help is needed in the laundry..

to wash and wring that heavy weekly wash whiter, brighter, faster!

★ Yes. Just let a man do one week's wash, and he'll soon learn that washing is a full-size job, and half measures won't help. Only a full-size dependable Pope Washer with its deep, roomy, rustproof tub . . . it's exclusive Aquavane Washing Principle that washes more clothes cleaner, faster . . . and its big power wringer, can give you the help you need, and the extra leisure you long for. Choose a full-size Pope for your laundry—make me your servant—and you can say goodbye to weary work-all-day washdays forever!



★ EXCLUSIVE, GENTLE, THOROUGH 'AQUAVANE' WASHING PRINCIPLE



I symbolize the unique "Aquavane" washing principle. Inside the tub I create millions of activated bubbles . . . tiny pressure centres that surge through the wash, gently coaxing out all grime and stains, washing and re-washing every item in the tub . . . saving clothes, soap and hot water.

FULL SIZE! FULL VALUE!
FULLY GUARANTEED!

3 good reasons why
it pays to pick a

Pope Electric WASHING MACHINE

LIFETIME MAINTENANCE ★ 12 MONTHS GUARANTEE
Dependable as the product itself ★ 12 MONTHS FREE SERVICE

"How soon can I come to your home?"
• NOW AVAILABLE
• All Electric Models.
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AT ALL LEADING STORES!

Pope Products Limited • Perth : Adelaide : Melbourne: Sydney : Brisbane

CREAM-O-TARTAR SAVES—'MAKE THIS DELICIOUS

Peach Meringue Cake!



QUICK MIX PEACH MERINGUE CAKE

(Notes)—Have ingredients for cake ready first, and then make meringue before mixing the cake.

MERINGUE—Beat 3 egg whites with pinch salt until stiff. Add 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar and beat until stiff and dry. Beat in 1 cup sugar, gradually adding half of it by spoonfuls, beating until the mixture stands in peaks. The remainder to be folded in with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stand meringue to one side and mix the cake.

CAKE—Sift together 1 cup sifted plain flour, pinch salt, 2 level teaspoons Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, 1 cup sugar. Add 3 egg yolks (unbeaten), 1 cup top milk, 2 level tablespoons margarine or butter (melted), 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat for 2 minutes or until batter is well blended and smooth. Pour into 9 x 9 x 2 cake tin, greased and lined with greaseproof paper that extends 1" below rim of tin. Spread meringue over batter. With back of spoon shape "cups" in meringue to hold peach halves. Bake in slow oven (as for Xmas cake) for 50 minutes. Lift the paper and cake out of the tin when cooked, and place on cake cooler. Carefully remove paper. Place peach halves in cups—top with whipped cream and serve.



*A PINCH OF CREAM OF TARTAR IMPROVES ALL FROSTINGS, FONDANTS, AND ICINGS



Get that little extra from your cooking
with pure **Cream of Tartar**
—here's how!

Home-made Yeast—Keep this recipe by you and you'll always have yeast when it's wanted.
1 tablespoon Cream of Tartar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, warm water.
Mix Cream of Tartar, sugar and flour to a smooth paste with a little warm water. Bottle in the morning and yeast will be ready for use at mid-day. Sufficient for about ten tin loaves of bread.

Home-made Jam—Make them as never before with 1 teaspoon of Cream of Tartar to each gallon of jam. Cream of Tartar prevents sugar crystallisation and improves keeping qualities immensely.

Mashed Potatoes—Feathery-light mashed potatoes, white as snow... it's easy with a pinch of Cream of Tartar.

Stains on the Kitchen Linen?
Tea towels, tablecloths easily become discoloured with food stains. Get them white again with a tablespoon of Cream of Tartar to each saucepan of boiling water.

Keep cake-making costs down
—Substitute dripping (and a 1 teaspoon of Cream of Tartar per cupful) for more expensive shortening. Try it! You won't taste the difference.



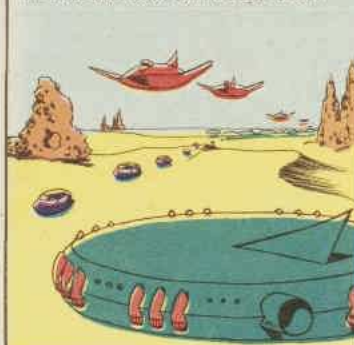
BUY A 4 OZ. PACKET OF PURE CREAM OF TARTAR FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY!

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trapped inside a space-ship which is taking them to an unknown destination. Mandrake believes they are being taken to another planet as specimens of earth

life. They approach a dark planet and Mandrake recognises it as Venus. When the ship lands, they find the atmosphere is pure carbon dioxide. Meanwhile, PRINCESS NARDA: Tells the story, but no one believes her, NOW READ ON:

AS IF ANSWERING LOTHAR'S QUESTION, LINES OF LAND AND AIR VEHICLES STREAM FROM THE DISTANT CITY, WELCOMING THE SPACE GIANT BACK FROM ITS GREAT VOYAGE.



THE VENUSIAN! THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THEIR CAPTORS, AS THE SHIP'S COMMANDANT STEPS OUT!



SO THAT'S WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE—THEY'RE NOT FLESH LIKE US, THEY'RE—PLANT MEN!

VEGETABLES? OR MUSHROOMS? WHAT THEY WANT WITH US!



ONE BY ONE, THE EGG-SHAPED TRAPS STOP BEFORE A LONG GLASS BUILDING—THE DOORS OPEN—



THEY ENTER A GLASS-WALLED ROOM—THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND THEM—



LOOK! MORE OF THE VEGETABLES! STARRING AT US!

NOT VEGETABLES! THE PLANT PEOPLE OF VENUS!

THE VENUSIANS STARE EXCITEDLY AT THE CAPTIVES FROM EARTH, WHO ARE PROTECTED FROM THE POISONOUS AIR OF VENUS IN THEIR OXYGEN-FILLED CELLS.



DO YOU SEE NOW WHY WE WERE BROUGHT HERE, LOTHAR? WE'RE IN A ZOO! AS EXHIBITS!

Huh? US—IN A ZOO?



WHERE ARE WE? WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS—BUT THERE'S I NOT UNDERSTAND.

WE'RE ON THE PLANET VENUS. THOSE "THINGS" ARE THE PEOPLE OF VENUS—WALKING INTELLIGENT PLANT PEOPLE.



TO BE CONTINUED

A LOVELY GLOSSY POLISH



The beauty and charm of cared-for furniture gives added dignity to home surroundings if it is cleaned and preserved with LIQUID VENEER. There's a new joy awaiting you in the possession of dressing tables, bedsteads, cupboards, chairs and sideboards glowing with LIQUID VENEER preservative polish. Just as good for your car. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

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PRICES 4 oz. 2/11, 12 oz. 5/9.
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Wawn's Wonder Wool BREAKS UP

CHEST COLDS

BRONCHITIS, 'FLU,
LARYNGITIS, MUMPS

Get fast, clean relief from chest colds, bronchitis, 'flu, laryngitis, mumps with soothing, medicated Wawn's Wonder Wool. The soothing "inner heat" of Wawn's Wonder Wool starts instantly to help break up painful congestion.

"Inner heat" of WAWN'S WONDER WOOL soon eases pain of RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS.

You can FEEL it heal!

Wawn's Wonder Wool "The MAGIC WRAP"

STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Chills Under Ribs, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be purified until kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which acts in 3 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendozo, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly eradicating the attack. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendozo from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.



Fashion FROCKS

"BEBE."—Infant's layette, including dress, petticoat, nightgown, matinee jacket, and pilchers, is obtainable ready to wear only. The set is obtainable in white flannel-ette or white rayon crepe-de-chine. Size, infants to six months. Price, flannel-ette, complete layette, 54/3; rayon crepe-de-chine, 84/-.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 59. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



BOURNVILLE KIDDIES are happy, active... a picture of health!

Keep them feeling warm and well right through Winter with daily cups of delicious, health-building Bournville Cocoa. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is more than a beverage—it's a sustaining food drink, chockfull of nourishment; makes the kiddies glow with warmth on the coldest day; and how they love its extra-rich chocolate flavour. You'll find it's the most economical food drink you can buy; there are 120 cups of health-building cocoa in every pound of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa.

You have cocoa in the kitchen—use it regularly; use it for drinking and for cooking too. 2/9d. half pound—5/3d. pound.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

makes you feel warm and well



Air-wick KILLS PAINT SMELLS

Here's how Air-wick works this magic. Place Air-wick bottle above smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends for the vapor is heavier than air. The compounds in Air-wick meet the smells as they rise and pair with them. Neutralising them. Killing them utterly. Only Air-wick uses 125 smell-destroying, air-freshening compounds as used in nature plus nature's miracle-working chlorophyll.

ONLY AIR-WICK CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL

Costs less than a penny a day to use. Sold at all chemists, grocers, general and hardware stores. Manufactured and Distributed by Harlicks Pty. Ltd. AWSJ:10



How to pick a Dependable Winter Medicine

Choosing a dependable winter medicine becomes a very simple matter if you remember one thing. Look for the name of the manufacturer. When a medicine bears the name of a trusted maker like **NYAL**, you can be sure that the product you are buying is the best that long pharmaceutical experience, pure ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce. Because the formula of every **NYAL** Medicine is plainly printed on the package, your chemist can recommend any **NYAL** Medicine with complete confidence. He knows precisely what each product contains—and what it is intended to do.



NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

Acts in three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs and colds. Soothes the inflamed membranes of throat and chest—clears away congestion and makes breathing easier—brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/9, 6/3.



NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP

Designed to give quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds, **NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP** is pleasant-tasting, wholesome and effective. Contains no opiates; can safely be given to infants from 3 months old. 2/9, 3/9.



NYAL CREOPHOS

After the weakening effects of coughs and flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. **NYAL Creophos** is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. **Creophos** helps clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow flu. 3/9, 6/3, 7/6.



NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR

A new type of cough treatment for coughs, colds, bronchitis and hoarseness with a three-way action. Cuts phlegm; eases coughing; and relieves tightness of the chest. Soothes sore inflamed tissues of throat and chest. 6oz. bottle, 5/6. 12oz. bottle, 9/6.



SOOTHING RELIEF FROM COLD SORES

To get positive, soothing relief—quickly—from cold sores and cracked lips, use **NYAL Cold Sore Cream** or **Cold Sore Lotion**. The **Cream** keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The **Lotion** dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either the **Cream** or the **Lotion** stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. **Cream** or **Lotion**—2/3.



NYAL FIGSEN

A gentle, natural laxative—ideal for the whole family. **FIGSEN** comes in two forms: **Regular** (the favourite laxative for children and adults)—**Double Strength** (for adults who prefer a slightly more positive laxative action). **Regular**, 2/3; **Double Strength**, 3/6.



NYAL

Sold only by Chemists



NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE

Specially formulated for children between the ages of five and fourteen years. This pleasant-tasting syrup contains only the finest ingredients which help to soothe the throat and chest, and stop constant coughing. 2/9, 3/9.

Aspirin-Codeine Tablets

Aspirin-Codeine Tablets	2/-, 3/3
Camphor Ice	2/-
Chest Rub	3/-
Chilblain Paint	2/9
Cold Sore Cream	2/3
Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
Corn Remover	2/3
Croup Ointment	2/9
Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir	3/6
Esterin	3/6
Huskeys	1/9, 2/6
Iodised Throat Tablets	2/-, 2/9
Kleer-A-Hed	2/6
Nasal Drops (Decongestant)	4/-
Quinine 'Flu Mixture	4/9
Sore Throat Gargle	2/9, 3/9
Vitamin & Mineral Tonic	6/-, 11/-
Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6
Worm Syrup	3/9